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APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. VII

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NO. 1

THE LOOTING OF ALASKA*

THE TRUE STORY OF A ROBBERY BY LAW

BY REX E. BEACH

I. THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY



ALASKA is the galley slave of the Union. Her chains were forged by some very vile politics. She has been ruined, rifled, and degraded by such practices as have seldom blackened the pages of American corruption.

To accomplish her debauch, our judiciary has been capitalized, and American courts of law exploited as a commercial investment. She writhes to-day under the same conditions at which our forefathers rebelled in King George's time, being our only possession—State, territorial, or foreign—to suffer taxation without representation.

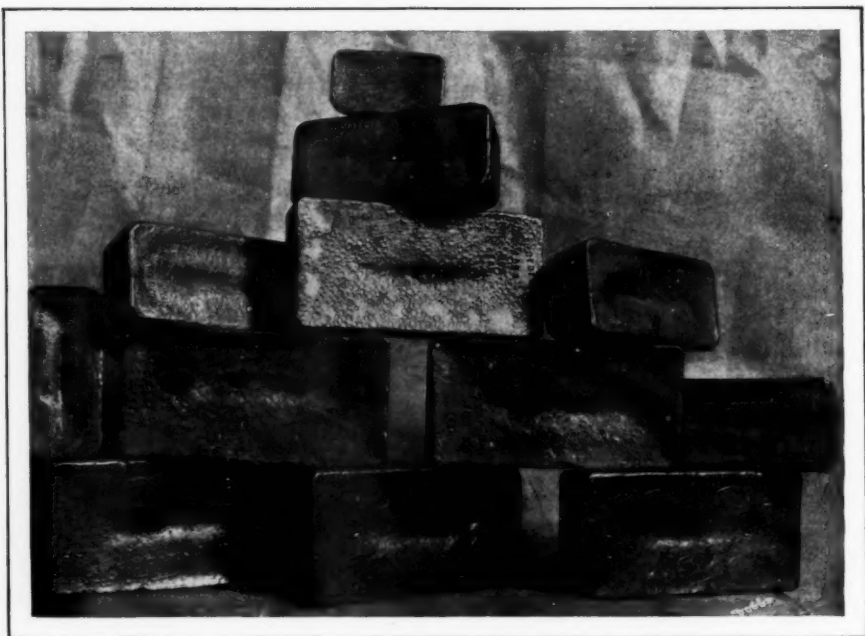
She has been licensed directly from Washington as a mistress for the politically unclean, has presented the unique spectacle of her court officials in jail yet drawing salaries through the bars, of high government servants

retained in office long after conviction in their own court of heinous offenses, of others defiled yet protected in their defilement, and she will show for years the print of the boldest political steal ever consummated in this country. Such an unbroken catalogue of disreputable officeholders has been saddled upon her that she now feels, when a man accepts a position in her government, he is, by virtue of his acceptance, a blackleg.

What are we to think of the conspiracy of 1900 wherein a coterie of exalted political pets stole the resources of a realm as large as Great Britain, France, and Germany, set up their marionettes in control, and took the richest gold mines since '49?

We haven't heard about it! Of course not. When the scandal came out, it was smothered and the public kept in ignorance. Criminals were pardoned, records expunged, thieves exalted to new honors. Your Alaskan remem-

* This is the first of a series of articles, which will run through five or six numbers. The author was on the ground during the occurrences of which he writes, a fact which gives peculiar force to the narrative.—The Editor.



MORE THAN \$200,000 WORTH OF LOOT

A thousand pounds of gold bullion at The Alaska Banking and Safe Deposit Co., Nome, October, 1904.

bers it, though—remembers when he was bound, gagged, and gone through by the basest officials that ever disgraced an appointment. He remembers how at headquarters the wheels of justice were mysteriously clogged, and how, when judgment of a feeble kind overtook the gang, they squirmed out of punishment. When he sees these men higher in office and more powerful now than then, with Russian fatalism he shrugs his shoulders and says:

"God is far off, and it's a long way to Washington."

The tale is worth the telling if for no other reason than to show what abuses are possible under our much-touted systems where we are supposedly equal in the eye of God and the law. What was done here to Americans close at home can be done more easily to those distant foreigners we are coming to rule, and to whom our doctrines are as darkness.

The outsider who knows Alaska not as a glacier-riven barren but as the greatest mineral possession we have, with centuries of undeveloped resource before it, will be interested in the story of its shame. It is a

recital of intrigue and pillage originating in the fertile brains of statesmen beneath the shadow of Washington Monument, stretching out to the westward and ending among the gold-bottomed placers of Nome. There is in it the contrast of the extra old and the ultra new, the foyer and the frontier, the white vest and the blue shirt. It has a backing of long toms and gold pans, writs and riots.

In order properly to understand what led to and aroused the lusts of the titled conspirators, it is necessary to go back through the early romance of a great gold strike and sketch the history of its development; to show how, out of a forbidding and unknown land peopled by Lap deer-drivers and shanghaied sailors, was wrought a wonderful country; how these aliens and a wandering crew of penniless adventurers solved the mystery of a rock-girt coast and gave to the world such tidings that in a night there sprang up a city of twenty thousand, with hotels, theaters, brass bands, and *tables d'hôte*; how a sick man dug into the beach sands where he lay and found such treasure that his fellow-argonauts swarmed out of the hills, tore down their houses, ripped up their

streets, and burrowed under the city of their making; how, when they had done this, a crew of political pirates made them walk the plank.

In 1865-66, before the Atlantic cable was completed and when Alaska was but a blank space upon the map, the Western Union Telegraph Company conceived the notion of establishing overland telegraphic communication with Europe, and sent expeditions to Siberia and Alaska to determine the feasibility of two transcontinental lines connected at Bering Strait by a short cable.

These labors were interrupted by news of the perfect success of the Atlantic cable, and both expeditions were recalled. In 1897, when the Klondike discovery electrified the world, a member of this forgotten expedition—one Libby—remembered that he had found gold in Alaska while surveying near Bering Strait thirty years before, and although this spot was many hundreds of miles west of Dawson City, he determined to return on a hunt for the stream. He took with him three others—Mordaunt, Melsing, and Blake, of whom only the last was a miner.

Libby and his friends landed about eighty miles east of the present Nome district, or a full two thousand miles from Dawson, being the first prospectors to invade the great Seward gold fields. At this point was a crippled trader and squaw man by the name of Dexter, as strong hearted a pioneer as ever blazed a trail; also two Swedes, one a missionary named Hultberg, the other a school-teacher, Anderson.

Some distance west, close under Bering Straits, is the harbor of Port Clarence where in summer the whaling fleets used to refit, ship their catch, and make ready to disappear again into the Arctics. When the Yukon steamers brought down the first gold-burdened Klondikers, their marvelous stories fired these whalers, as they had fired Libby, the surveyor, and, although distant two thousand miles from the Klondike mines, all, from master to galley boy, were for deserting on the spot. Many did, among whom was a Swedish tailor by the name of Lindbloom, who, while drunk in 'Frisco, had been shanghaied and carried north as a deck hand.

In addition to Libby's party and the whalers, there were also near here certain Laplanders imported from the old country and employed by the United States Government. The presence of a number of them is explained as follows:

During the first days of the Klondike, 1897, the cry of famine horrified the country and a certain missionary convinced our Government that American miners were famishing in Dawson. He conceived the scheme of driving a herd of reindeer into the Yukon valley for succor, these being the only beasts which could live and find forage on the journey. Accordingly, a herd was imported from Lapland and with it were brought native herders. At great expense the outfit was rushed across the continent, but not until its arrival at the Pacific coast was it learned that the starving Yukoners had enough to eat and indigestion besides.

This is a tender spot in official circles, and although the reindeer is a melancholy creature, wanting in humor as befits a beast reared in darkness, yet his dewlap shakes and quivers to this day at sight of a missionary.

It became necessary to put these deer somewhere, and, as others had been introduced into Alaska to benefit the Eskimos, these were sent there also, and the herder went along.

From such strange quarters did Destiny draw the men she had chosen, and by token of her paradoxical whims it was not the palsied trader whose years had been spent in hardship, the observant surveyor whose quick eye had seen the Sign, the hard-handed miner, nor any of their kind to whom the goddess bared her treasures—but to the runaway tailor with a thirst, the missionary consecrated to an unselfish life, and the Lapland deer herder.

During the summer of '98, Blake, the American miner, and Hultberg, the preacher, together with two Laps, went prospecting along the coast of Bering Sea out toward the straits. A storm arose, driving their sailboat into a strange river. This is the town site of Nome. It was a desolate outlook. A bleak, open shore, pounded by surf and backed by sodden miles of tundra, rising to low rolling hills barren of all but the ever-present moss, with here and there gnarled willows groveling in the creek bottoms. It was nearing fall and the nights were chill, hinting of the long winter close at hand. Although the summers are hot at this latitude, reaching a temperature of 110° F. in the sun, they are short—barely four months long. In June it is daylight always, the sun dipping shallowly below the southern sea for a brief hour, its heat during the rest of the day causing vegetation to grow riotously. Perpetual daylight is quickly succeeded by



THE GOLDEN SANDS OF NOME

Dredges, pumping plants, and devices stretching along the Arctic coast, where vast fortunes were dug from the beach.

lengthening nights of inky blackness, however, and when September comes the frosts are back again, the creeks are clogging, and the prospector lays aside his pan and shovel.

Taking their tools they went back to the hills, testing the gravel of the stream beds. The first creek wound past a mountain upon whose crest a great rock was balanced in the shape of an anvil, but Blake, the "experienced," noted how the willows grew, the quarter of the wind, and other things as essential, then stated that no gold was here and they should go on. Hultberg wished to stay, so, the others refusing to listen, he quit them and went back to his station, eighty miles. Taking Lindbloom, the ex-tailor, and a Norwegian deer herder, Linderberg—names to conjure with in the North now—these three returned to the creek with the anvil rock above it.

It seems strange that this man of God who had never seen a placer mine should choose this spot so stubbornly, and it is said in explanation that while digging with the first party, he found such prospects that he modestly refrained from divulging them, preferring to share his discovery with his own countrymen. No one knows this, of course, except Hultberg. At any rate, the three hurried back with two Indian boys as helpers, and although not one in the party knew a placer from a potato patch, not only did they discover every rich part of Anvil Creek, but every rich stream in that whole vicinity.

Staking out some claims, they went back to the Mission at Golovin Bay, and made known their doings to a few friends—among others, Anderson, the school-teacher. As none of the crowd knew much about Uncle Sam's mining laws, they felt it incumbent to take in with them the wisest man in the village—so chose Dr. Kittleson, a Government employee—also a man named Price. These they swore to secrecy, and the party returned to the new creek for the third time, and amended their locations to conform to the laws, organized a mining district, and elected from among their number a recorder with whom to file their notices.

The process of acquiring Government mineral land is simple. Every man may stake one claim of twenty acres on each creek, and to do so he marks the boundaries of his land with stakes, blazed trees, or monuments so that the next comer may observe his priority and not encroach. Upon one of these

monuments he posts his location notice describing the ground he claims. A copy he files with the nearest mining recorder, who places it on record. If the district is new, isolated, or without courts, the miners elect some one to act as recorder. These steps were taken by the discoverers.

When the little party of American miners heard of this strike, they swore that they had been dealt to from the bottom of the deck and were entitled to a share of the riches, because Blake had been with Hultberg when he found gold. This hugely amused the lucky ones, who reminded them that Blake, from his wide experience, had refused to stay, while the simple-minded missionary had returned and made his discovery. Seeing that this would not work, the honest prospectors recalled a provision of the law to the effect that none but citizens of the United States, or foreigners who have declared their intention to become such, are permitted to hold mining claims. The Swedes were not naturalized. This opened a loophole through which an American might squirm, so they jumped such claims as they figured could be held.

To jump a mining claim is even a simpler process than to stake one. The jumper posts notices on the monuments, stating that he has relocated the premises, then files a copy of his relocation notice with the recorder. He either takes possession and forces the original staker to bring suit and oust him, or brings suit himself to eject the other. In those days, before law came into the land, such matters were argued before miners' meetings and a popular vote was taken on the merits of each case. Here was a question of citizenship, a complicated and purely technical one, so these jumpers lay back awaiting the arrival of courts and taking no immediate action.

Meanwhile, as winter settled, the news spread in those mysterious ways of desolate lands, and men materialized out of the uninhabited hills as the armed warriors leaped from the earth when Jason sowed the dragon's teeth.

The Laps were first on the ground, for they used the Government reindeer, while the miners, scattered up and down the coast for many miles, dragged their sleds by muscle, sweat, and profanity. Men stampeded from Saint Michaels, the nearest trading post, slipping away under cover of darkness, and racing madly to outstrip their friends. The news fled up along the reaches of the silent Yukon to the other camps, to Circle City, to



"ROCKERS" AT WORK

The most primitive method of mining.

Forty Mile, to Dawson, and bearded men loaded their sleds in the night time, tightened their snowshoe thongs, and began the long race down the winding river. The price of dog teams trebled in a day, men sold their holdings to join the rush, and there was talk of nothing but the new strike away out near Bering Strait.

The adventuresome ones came wearily in from all sides during the winter, gaunt, ragged, and travel worn, arriving to find the land from sea beach to sky line plastered with unpronounceable names of Laplanders, Finlanders, and Swedes, written in hieroglyphic. These late comers swore that no skin-clad barbarians should euchre them out of their birthrights and proceeded to jump every claim whose location notice bore a name ending in "son," "berg," or had three consonants in a row.

One Government employee stationed at Saint Michaels used Uncle Sam's reindeer on a sledge trip to Nome and staked a claim which he sold for seventy-five thousand dollars the next summer, after taking out some twenty thousand dollars.

Now, when the alienship question arose, it

created consternation among the discoverers, but few of whom had declared their intention to become citizens. Although none of them dreamed what riches the future held for them, yet they were panic-stricken at thought of losing their rights to whatever it might be.

Linderberg, the deer driver, was of these. At Saint Michaels, near by, was a court official with powers approximating those of a justice of the peace, and before him the new-born millionaire made declaration of his intention to become a citizen of the United States. He was followed by all the others. Everything being grist that came to this commissioner's mill, he hatched out American citizens like an incubator, although by law he had no more power to do so than he had to appoint a minister to the Court of Saint James. Be it said that he had ambition to break into this good thing in a capacity more active than that of the oil stove in the machine, and it came. He secured a one-quarter interest in two claims, which made him rich.

With the spring of 1899 came a horde of strangers. These were the less adventurous ones, who had not risked the long winter trip

by dog team. The first spring steamers, loaded to the gunwales, brought them down the Yukon, while the rickety fleet of stern-wheel, side-wheel, gasoline, and steam craft, which had been knocked together overnight for the Klondike rush two years before, brought back the crowds they had taken into the Canadian fields. The news of the Nome strike had reached the States, and some few came up by ocean steamer from Seattle and San Francisco, but not many. It was too new as yet. Some Swedes had rocked out a few thousand dollars in the late fall—that was all. There was nothing definite. Not so with Alaskans. They knew what those scanty yellow ounces meant and they came by steamer, by skiff, by skin boat and kyak. No man walks here in the summer—the distances are too magnificent. A city grew between dawns, a city of gleaming white canvas which hardened to frame and zinc as the weeks passed. Although the land was as barren of timber, the beach was piled high with driftwood, and as the days grew long and the nights warm, life was pleasant.

Gamblers and women were close upon the heels of the first comers, as is ever the case.

Saloons and dance halls appeared. Music and the rattle of dice sounded through canvas walls. The workers swarmed over the hills, and although the signs of gold were everywhere, there was no vacant ground left. The Swedes had taken it all. Now began the trouble which led to the great conspiracy at Washington.

The Swedes had hustled onto their mines early in the spring, ahead of the jumpers, and found the richness so startling that they lost their heads, played roulette with stacks of double eagles, and ran to such excesses that the cupidity of the newcomers was inflamed.

So many claims had been jumped, and the rich claims had been jumped so repeatedly, that the tangle was frightful. As there was no law in the land to straighten it out nor hold the greedy ones in check, the newcomers got together, deciding to sponge off the whole slate, start over again, and grab a piece in the scramble. A miners' meeting was called for July 8th, and although the original discoverers were in possession of their mines, knowing nothing of the plan, it was arranged to introduce a resolution to overthrow the laws of the entire district, and make void all



TRAFFIC ON FRONT STREET, NOME

existing locations. Accomplices of the ring-leaders stationed themselves on the distant mountain crests above the rich creeks, to watch for signal fires. When these were lighted, in sign that the motion had carried, they were to swarm down upon the placers and throw off the Swedes.

An army lieutenant named Spaulding, with a few soldiers from the new military post at Saint Michaels, had been sent to preserve order. One might wonder how enlisted men drawing thirteen dollars a month could be held under authority where common labor brought ten dollars a day and where rumor had painted the hills yellow with gold, but not one deserted or forgot his obligation. A splendid example.

This miners' meeting was held in a saloon, the largest building in the camp, and comprised as desperate and disappointed a crew of adventurers as may well be pictured: strong, rough men who felt that they were the law of this land and that there was no other, that in their might lay the right to do as they chose. They had grown to rely on themselves and to despise restraint, true products of the frontier, many of them, and dangerous to balk.

When the resolution to abrogate the existing titles of the district was offered, Lieutenant Spaulding marched his three men through the crowd and up to the chairman's platform. The soldiers wore side arms and had fixed bayonets.

"Gentlemen, withdraw that resolution!" he cried.

"What for?" they shouted. "We make our own laws. What do we care for you and your soldiers!"

They argued and some one yelled:

"Don't let him bluff you." The proposers refused to do as he directed. At that he opened his watch and said:

"I will give you two minutes to withdraw that motion. Then I'll clear the hall."

At the end of the time he prodded the mob forth with his three bayonets and all that afternoon broke up the angry groups as they gathered.

Bonfires did not burn that night.

At this meeting was present a lawyer by the name of Hubbard, a man who had been private secretary to Attorney-General Miller under President Harrison's administration. He was of some ability and had considerable familiarity with the methods of the Department of Justice and officialdom in general. As the summer advanced, the property owners became alarmed at the amount of litigation

threatening, so employed him as counsel, in which way he learned many of their secrets and the marvelous richness of their holdings.

With him originated the germ of the Great Steal. Now appears the intellectual man in place of the horny-handed miner. Following the latter's failure comes the graft of the high-class politician, Italian in its ingenuity, American in its daring.

A judge was hurried from Nome to Sitka; two thousand miles away, in time to hear a few cases founded on the citizenship proposition. He laid down the law against jumpers, for although the statutes state that none but citizens or those having declared their intention to become such, before proper officials designated, can hold title to mining claims, yet it has been firmly established by courts of different States and by the Supreme Court of the United States that the question of alien ownership cannot be raised against the claimant by any one *except the United States Government*. In other words, paradoxical as it may seem, no mere citizen can raise the issue, this being a prerogative of the Government. This meant that the Swedes and the Laps would hold their mines, but Hubbard snapped his fingers! He knew a trick or two. If the United States laws, as applied to Alaska, could be changed on this one point, ownership would revert to the jumpers! He knew that Congress intended drafting a civil code for Alaska. He had friends in Washington. Therefore he acquired jumpers' titles in any way he could. He formed a partnership with two other lawyers of like caliber to himself—Beaman and Hume—in whose hands many of the plaintiffs had placed their suits for prosecution, thus securing contingent interests in the titles which Judge Johnson had just declared null and void. When he had done this, Hubbard went to Washington.

It has been necessary to go back thus far to get an understanding of the conditions which made possible the crime. Here were many marvelous mines held by men not only ignorant of our laws, but wanting in education, their claims smothered under a confusion of lawsuits. Here was a Congress about to draught a code for Alaska, ignorant of the country, the conditions, and the wealth involved. Here was a lawyer who *knew*.

His work was made easier by the fact that Philippine matters took much time just then, and, in straining their eyes to the Orient, our legislators looked clear past Alaska—all but a few who had meanwhile met O. P. Hubbard.



BOUND FOR THE STRIKE 2,000 MILES AWAY

New characters now enter—United States senators, judges, and that twentieth-century product—the political boss. Not the common municipal vote getter, the manipulator of primaries, but the man of riches, respectability, and standing, who plays the game for gold, not glory. Such a man is the “Senator Maker” of the Dakotas, Alexander McKenzie. Inasmuch as he fills a prominent part in this story—is to-day the political czar of the Northwest, as well as the most heartily hated man who ever crossed the fifty-third degree of latitude—he is worthy of note.

He is a giant in build, and, although of no great education, has the shrewd, well-balanced common sense of the Scotch-Irish. A pioneer of the Dakotas, he has played an important part in their development, is a friend of President Roosevelt, as he was of McKinley, Mark Hanna, and others in high places. In the early days he worked on the grade of the Northern Pacific Railway and later became receiver of a part of the road he had helped to build. He is a natural politician and has been for years the lobbyist for the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern railways, while, aided by their influence, he boasts the ability to deliver whatever is needed in his country from United States senators down. He has the indispensable power of binding men to him with bonds unbreakable—has been a banker, is a man of means, stands high in Bismarck socially, holds in his hands the politics of North Dakota, and, although honors are his for the asking, prefers to play with the men who crave them.

He is in many ways the most remarkable

man of the Northwest, and it is problematical whether he would have succeeded better in his career had he been equipped with an education, or whether his combination of natural genius and acumen was not precisely adapted to his environment. He is generous, and big in the wider sense of the word. He never turns down a comrade in trouble, is a firm friend, and an implacable enemy. While sheriff and deputy marshal he earned the title of a good officer. He was without fear and always got his man—traits which make for popularity in any land.

“You can’t get enough money together in one spot to bribe him,” his friends assure you loyally. “He’s absolutely honest.” They are ready to back this claim by wager of battle.

“How is he in politics?” you ask.

“Oh, he’s honest there, too—but—he can think of *more* ways to gain his end than anybody you ever saw.”

To-day he is in fact the Republican Party of North Dakota. There is no one in his class up there. Nor does this prestige apply to his own State alone—he is the biggest “hidden” politician in the whole Northwest, meaning by the adjective that he seeks no honors for himself. He is a member of the Republican National Committee, also of the Republican Advisory and Republican Executive committees, smaller bodies which really do the work and mold our political destinies.

Such a person as this Scotch-Irishman was eminently fitted to take in hand the Alaskan matter, and when Hubbard presented it to

him, he grasped its possibilities. Together they went to Washington, D. C., along with one Robert Chipps, a man from Nome who had jumped the mine of Linderberg, the deer herder. They incorporated the Alaska Gold Mining Company, capitalized at fifteen millions of dollars under the laws of Arizona, forty-nine per cent of the stock being set aside to pay for jumpers' titles, while the remaining fifty-one per cent was to be distributed among McKenzie's moneyed and political friends to secure their financial and legislative backing. Chipps was paid seven hundred and fifty dollars in cash and three hundred thousand dollars in stock for his supposed title to one claim, while Hubbard made a similar deal for his holdings.

McKenzie introduced both Alaskans to his political friends—among others Senator H. C. Hansborough of North Dakota and Senator Carter of Montana, whereupon these lawmakers became most aggressively active in Alaskan legislation.

It appears, in the light of later developments, that the scheme, as worked out, was to seize and operate the rich Nome mines for the Alaska Gold Mining Company, bring back the bullion obtained in this way, place it on exhibition in New York City and elsewhere, then sell the fifteen million dollars of capital stock. This could be done by showing a vast profit for the first season's work and ownership of the marvelous property. The originators of the scheme purposed obtaining title to the mines either by act of Congress or by decisions of their own courts to be established in Alaska. In case the real owners contested their action, there would be a long delay pending settlement in the higher courts and meanwhile they could take the profits of the first season's work, sell their stock, then step out, leaving the public to bear the fight.

To do this it was of course essential to control the Alaskan courts absolutely, so they cast about for a facile judge who would pledge himself to do their bidding. This man was obtained in Arthur H. Noyes, of Minneapolis. With laws of their own draughting, administered by courts of their own making, Alec McKenzie and his astute friends did not see where they could lose.

Having traced the history of those events which incited the cupidity of the conspirators, having shown the conditions which made possible their plans, and having mapped their method of accomplishing it, I propose next to show how they undertook, through the Congress of the United States, to legislate into their own hands the riches they coveted. To me it seems as daring a thing as was ever conceived.

I shall show how they failed in this by a "fluke," yet how they stole the treasure anyhow, regardless of authority, law, or precedent; and how it is possible in this enlightened day for a band of determined and unscrupulous men, with political backing, to rape a whole country—not a country of ignorant blacks under martial law, but a land peopled by independent, progressive Americans. It is of interest to learn how, sheltered by influence and the law, one may steal the wealth of a Solomon and escape punishment.

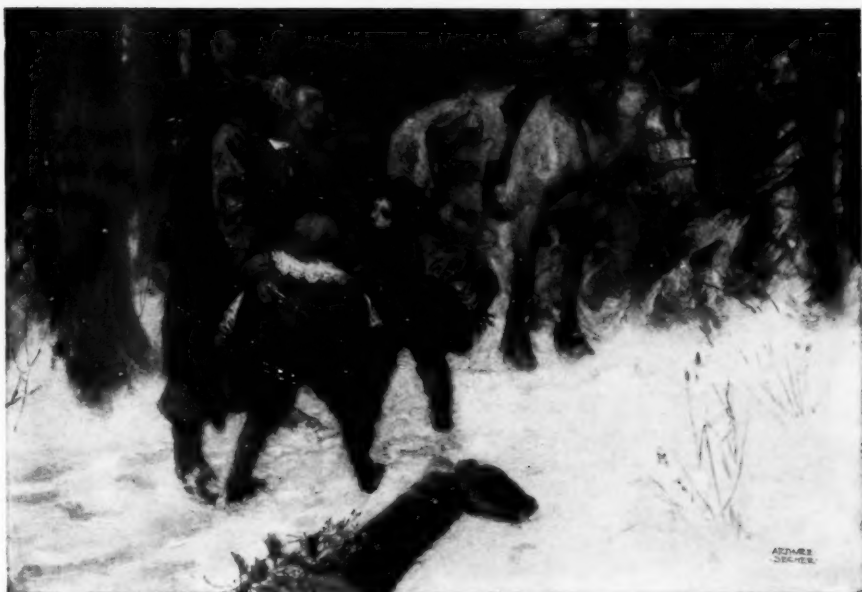
An American traveling in Russia in 1832 was asked upon what America prided herself. He said, "Upon the purity of our women and our judiciary." As to the latter, *O tempora! O mores!*

The ability of our politicians to do in times of peace what was done here is a menace to our national integrity, and the story should form an interesting commentary on the methods employed in at least one branch of our public affairs.

SUNSET

By BETH SLATER WHITSON

SHOULDER to shoulder stand the rugged hills,
 A crown of gold upon each purple crest:
 Atremble lies the valley at their feet,
 Day's afterglow upon its pulsing breast:
 Gaunt, hurrying shadows follow silently
 The ever-fleeing glory in the West



"I dismounted and beat their heads together."

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF A LADY

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

BY ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE

Author of "Nancy Stair"

I



THE king desires the matter to die in silence and I have no wish to oppose him; but there is no reason why I should not set down for a few the story of an armed invasion which will never find its way into the printed pages of Scottish history.

Sitting in my gray, smoky office in Edinburgh one afternoon I looked up from my papers to find a Hieland man, hard ridden, standing beside me.

"Mr. MacLean?" said he.

"The same," said I, with a bow.

"His Grace of Carfrae desires that you

come to him at the earliest instant possible."

"He is ill?" I asked with anxiety.

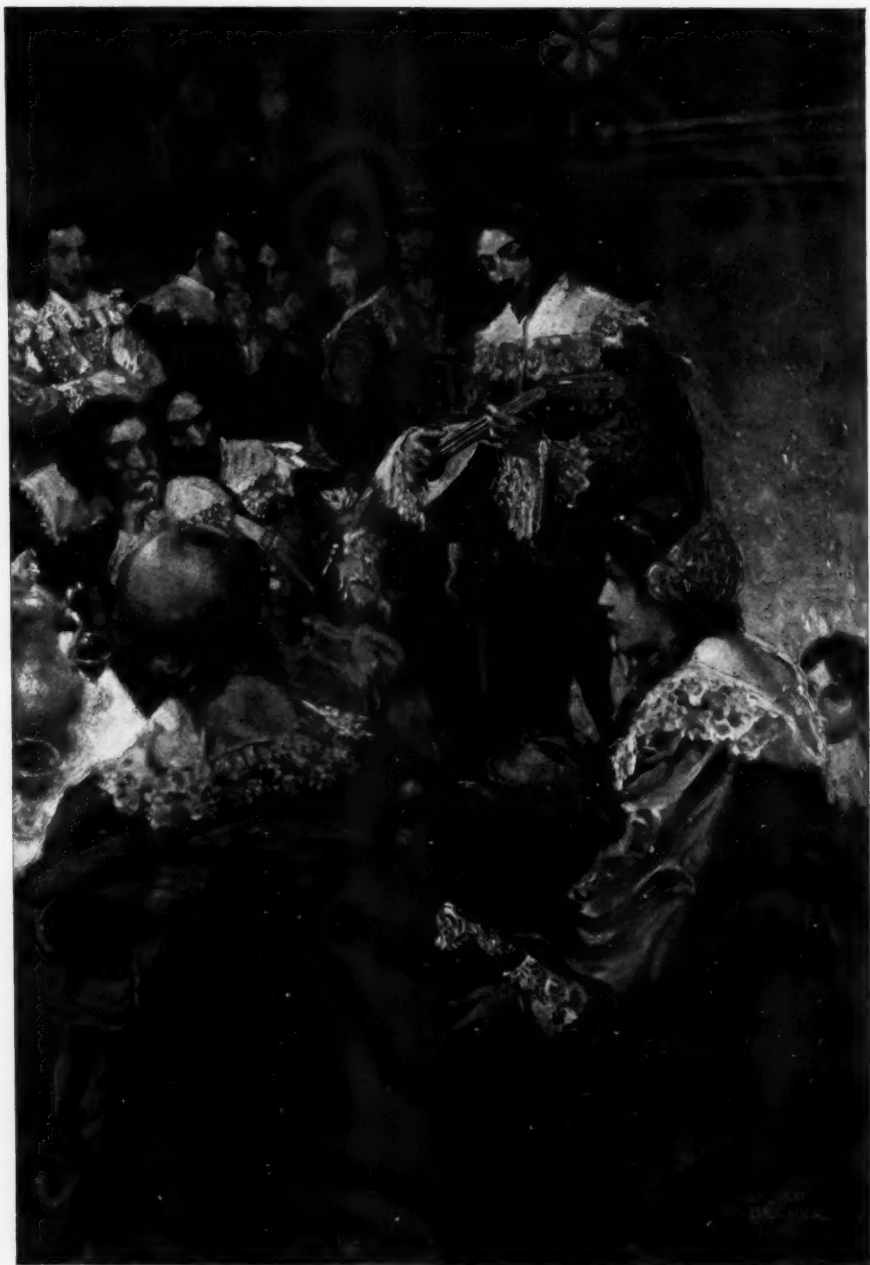
"He has been very ill," the man answered.

"Say to his Grace that I will set out tomorrow," said I.

"Gude e'en," said he.

"Gude e'en," said I, and out he clattered as unceremoniously as he came. In all the fifteen years I had been lawyer for John of Carfrae he had never asked me from my office before and I felt that some serious business must lie at the bottom of the request.

It was three days before Christmas, the weather being still fine and open, when I took



"He stood by the great oak chimney-piece, near to the Lady Iseult, and sang."

my Uncle Pitcarren's mare, an animal with a furtive eye and an abandoned character, and set out for the Highlands to discover what the Duke wanted with me.

Previous to leaving Edinburgh, my uncle described this beast to me as "a gentle and reasonable animal," and I have since wondered with what he compared her, and, unless he took the wild ass of the desert as a standard, he proved himself a profane shuffler with the truth, for the creature had a mouth of iron, a gusty temper, and a bad habit of shying; besides which she took unwarranted objections to certain roads, and after looking down them would go on, in loose-gaited idiocy, until she found one to her fancy; all of which vagaries of conduct led to my riding to Carfrae Castle along a very unusual way. And so it fell that in a small fir wood, on a beast-selected path, I chanced upon The Two.

They carried a Yule log between them, with holly and mistletoe upon it, the one in scarlet with the yellow hair leading, the dark one in green behind; and together they would not have made up the height of a man.

They were the handsomest lads I ever saw, jaunty and graceful, with lovely, serious, unafraid eyes, and as they went along the one in front said softly over and over to himself, as though it were a song, "Thou liest! Thou liest! Thou liest!" at which the dark one dropped the end of the log he carried, and in a minute they were hard upon each other, fighting like wild cats. Fearful lest they might do some damage, even with their puny fists, I dismounted and beat their heads together until they came to their senses.

"Imps!" said I. "Devil-children! What in Heaven's name do you beat each other for?" and I held them apart at arm's length, the mare looking on meanwhile with her head on one side, in a contemplating, human way.

"Angus lied. He always lies," said the fair one, looking the other straight in the eyes.

"I'll break thy head for the saying of that, brat!" cried the dark one, with a man's decision, and here I broke into the talk.

"Seeing that ye're now nearly men" (they were of eight or nine years each, so I knew the way to flatter them), "can't ye allow the law to settle the dispute between ye and not fly at each other like cats, or dogs, or children? Now I am a lawyer, sent for by the Duke himself to attend to matters for him. Suppose you rest your case with me."

This view of the affair pleased them high-

ly, and I set them on the log which they had been carrying, to hold a court of inquiry.

"What is thy name?" I said to the fair one.

"Geoffrey Charles Molyneux Aytoun, eldest son of Sir Robert Aytoun."

"And yours?" to the dark one with the flaming cheeks.

"Angus St. John Frederick Errol, Earl of Glengyle. There's a Charles in it, too," he added, looking at the other with disdain; "but I leave it out, because he has one, and I shall be like him in nothing."

"Where do ye live?"

"At Carfrae Castle."

"At Carfrae Castle?" I repeated, a bit dazed, for I knew John of Carfrae's affairs as well as I knew my own, and had heard no word before of these small men.

"He stands godfather to both of us, although we are not kinsmen," explained Geoffrey, "and having no fathers we are sent to live with him."

My sympathy went out to his Grace before I asked:

"And the cause of the quarrel?"

"We're in love," they announced in a breath, and the dark one added, "with the Lady Iseult." And at the name, they both uncovered.

"And Angus said that yesterday she kissed him, which I know to be a lie," explained Geoffrey.

"How dost thou know it?" I inquired.

There came no answer.

"How dost thou know it?" I repeated.

"I believe it to be a lie," he said firmly. "She kisses none—and when I grow up I shall marry her."

"She kissed me," said Angus, with no protestations, but with an intensity I had not believed possible from so small a creature; "and I shall marry her myself."

"Why should not both of you marry her?" I suggested amiably.

"It is not done," said Angus shortly.

"And for this reason," Geoffrey explained, "we must fight each other always, until one is killed."

"The Lady Iseult lives at Carfrae Castle, too," the dark child interrupted; "and she is the daughter of his Grace, though there is something strange about it, which Geoffrey and I cannot discover. And you are the writer from Edinburgh, sent to settle things!" he cried of a sudden, with a smile of uncanny knowledge. "Geoff and I know all about



"The two men-children, with uplifted faces, said, 'We swear.'"

you. We know," he added, "all about everything."

Learning that we were near Carfrae, I put the two small creatures upon the horse and set the mistletoe and holly in their hands. As we came under the stone griffins of the gateway, it fell that the Duke on horseback, with two gentlemen in attendance, stood near, overlooking some repairs.

I thought his Grace much broken since his last visit to Edinburgh, grown grayer, with deeper lines around the mouth, and eyes tense with suffering.

"God save ye, Mr. MacLean!" he cried. "For which of your sins have ye fallen in with The Two? It's a thought from heaven that they haven't killed ye."

"Oh," cried I, although I felt far from sure of the fact I was stating, "we are already great friends!" As I spoke, however, the mid-gentlemen nodded a grave assent, slid from the horse, and after a couple of passes at each other, took off to the castle at breakneck speed.

It was the same night, in my own room, after the wine was brought and we sat alone together, that John the Duke said:

"Mr. MacLean, ye've a far reputation for wisdom and silence, and I'm needing something of both, which is why I sent for ye. I've been ill—ill to death, Neil Archie," he said sadly, "and my daughter Iseult has been much upon my mind. There is no cause to blush at the naming of her, as ye know, for her mother was my wife by the Church, if not by the State. The king divorced us, or, to be nice in language, proved that we had never been married. Ye know the tale; but the fact is, this girl, who is my heart itself, is like to fare badly after I'm gone, unless matters be pretty stiffly arranged. The king made some provisions—" and here he looked around cautiously, and added, "but of that anon."

"There is, too, the matter of an entail to be broken, and many odds and ends of business to be settled, and so ye can just make up your mind to dwell some weeks with us. Ye've come at a merry time, and there will be great folks for you to meet in with, for we are hourly expecting Edward, Duke of Lorraine, who is from France, making a tour of the Three Islands, and," and I thought a queer note came into his voice at the mentioning of the name, "and Sir Henry Annesley."

Why Henry Annesley was in the Highlands at all was a question beyond my answering,

and I thought with a grim humor of how little pleased he would be to find me there, for I knew more of him than he desired.

He was an unworthy son of the "Fighting Annesleys of the Border," well known in Highland song and story for their daring and their loyalty; a stately devil, but at first sight of him a discerning person knew that the deil had more hand in his making than the saints.

He was a man who disagreed with none, who followed rather than led the talk, and yet the talk went ever as he wished; who obtained what he desired, by working through others rather than coming out openly and fighting for his rights; a bold, resourceful man, indicted for treason to King Charles on the charge of breeding an insurrection in the Lowlands (a matter openly known to be true of him). But he no sooner heard of the accusation than he brazenly set sail for London, and soon had the whole court at his feet, and the women vowing the shame that "such a visible man should be so falsely accused."

These remembrances of him passed through my mind, as illogically as I set them down, before I asked:

"And why is Sir Henry bidden here?"

"He is in a way self-invited," answered his Grace.

"On his own business?" I inquired.

"He gives forth that it is the business of the king."

Next morning I heard the blare of horns, which announced the coming of the royal guest, far up in my turret window, with the ivy peeking in and the rooks cawing at me, and fell to wondering about many coming events, dwelling with some amusement in my thought upon The Two. As I sat, my half-unpacked belongings all about me, I heard a tremendous clamor at the door, and thinking the castle on fire, opened it in haste. The Scarlet boy almost fell into the room as I did so.

"I got here first," he cried panting. "They've come; and the Duke is as he should be, grand and silent; and when we were alone with him asked no questions of us as to ourselves or others; and he is big, bigger than the king; and where he is, one looks only at him, none other. But Sir Henry, we do not like him! We will give it him, Angus and I. Damn Sir Henry!" he cried, bringing his little fist down with great vehemence and speaking the oath in the grand manner, with an off-hand seriousness. Before the words had died

away, they were repeated by the Green One, who had entered unannounced.

"I say, too," he cried—"although I hate to agree with Geoffrey in anything—I say, too, damn Sir Henry Annesley! He is a goat!"

Then fell a pause, after which the Scarlet boy announced suddenly:

"We are not allowed to be here."

"I should have surmised as much," said I, with a bow.

As I kept on at my work, they leaned their small bodies against me, bannocks in hand, a terrible intensity of purpose showing in their childish faces.

"We gave it him last night," said the Scarlet One suddenly.

"Who?" said I.

"Sir Henry Annesley," answered Geoffrey; and then, "While you were at supper we inked many of his papers. There is little that puts a grown person in such a rage as that. We have tried other things, Angus and I, but nothing is so good as that." "I should," said I with feeling, "believe that to be entirely true."

"We have seen the great Duke in the garden already this morning," Geoffrey broke in "and we like him, though we hate to like the same person, and we have sworn a solemn vow together, we three. He is to marry the Lady Iseult now, and when we are quite grown men, will fight us for her, all three together, in a beautiful bloody battle, and we may all be killed." He dwelt on this gay thought for a space with an uplifted expression. "But if any live, he shall have her for his wife, and, that being fair, we are all bounded together against Sir Henry." And with the bannocks in their little fists, they raised them high—"Damn Sir Henry Annesley!" they said together, as though trained for a chorus.

Frightened at my temerity, but moved by an adult conscience, I advised them against such language, but with caution and a care to retain my standing in their good graces.

"If he shouldn't be damned, why does he snoop?" asked Geoffrey, with the air of asking the unanswerable.

"What is 'snoop'?" I asked.

"In an' out like a goat, between rocks!" answered Angus; and he made motions with his black head of poking into things in different directions. "And he hunts for something always, among the books. We watched him, Geoffrey and I; and last night he listened by the door when you and Duke

John talked together. What does he hunt always?"

I could not answer the question, nor can I honestly say I gave much weight at the time to the talk of The Two, beyond thinking it childish prejudice; but I prayed Heaven right heartily that they might refrain from "giving it me" as they boastfully recited they had done to Sir Henry, for I had papers of great importance put in my charge by Carfrae; and with this thought in my mind, removed the little fellows from temptation by going forth with them into the shrubbery.

Coming into the open ground before the main entrance an hour later, I found Sir Henry Annesley descending the steps. He wore a greatcoat of palest blue, fur trimmed after the French fashion, and a tight-fitting English hat with a diamond buckle. In his gloved hand he held a delicate cane, beribboned, and as I drew near, he raised his hat at arm's length in a pronounced and elegant salute; but more, I thought, as one who practiced his manners than as a man desirous of showing courteous recognition.

Although I am not one given to considering externals, I thought what a queer picture we made, he in his fashionable attire, young and handsome, and I in black, with a gray wig—the two of us bowing and scraping at each other against the gray of the castle, in the strong light of the newly risen sun.

As I drew nearer, he descended the steps to meet me, a smile on his lips.

"Ah," he said, "Mr. MacLean, it's some years since I had the pleasure of meeting with you in London!"

"To be accurate," I returned, "three years and seven months."

"Ah," and a bit of a sigh escaped him as he spoke, "I thought it had been longer! I recall ye were sent for by the king concerning the Edinburgh riots. Ye are a known Loyalist, Mr. MacLean."

"As are all Scotch gentlemen, I hope," I rejoined, looking full at him.

"True, true!" he acquiesced. "And it must be very pleasant to have the power to straighten trouble everywhere, as ye have, Mr. MacLean," and he bowed as he made the compliment.

"Ye are pleased to flatter me, Sir Henry," said I.

"Nay," he answered. "Why, even now I understand his Grace has sent for you to get the law on certain points which none but you can give."

"Indeed," said I.

"The Glenmuir entail is to be broken on behalf of the Lady Iseult," he went on, half-questioning, half-asserting.

"So?" said I interrogatively.

"I have heard that the Duke has said that sooner than leave her portionless he would sell Ardsley itself."

"Yes?" said I questioningly.

"Or the family jewels."

"Yes?" I repeated.

"I heard in London, as a vague rumor, however, that the king himself had made provision for her," he went on.

"Yes?" said I again, with much suavity.

"As amend perhaps for the marriage annulment," he continued.

"Yes," and this time I used a downward inflection.

"Dost thou know aught of this?" he asked in an intimate tone.

"Sir Henry," I answered, "there is but one way I could know such a thing of a certainty, and that is by having his Grace of Carfrae tell me; and what his Grace tells me is business; and what is business is confidence; and therefore not to be repeated. The law has a very nice code in such matters; a very nice code," I repeated. "You should," and here I paused, snuffbox in hand, looking him serenely in the eyes, "you should study the law, Sir Henry!" He bowed, smiling.

"Had there been more gentlemen in the profession, I might have done so," and saluting he went down the path; humming to himself with a smile as he disappeared among the bushes.

I was bidden to the banquet that night, and although I sat far away at the lower end of the table, I saw how well The Two had judged. There is no use writing of Edward of Lorraine, for the world knows him for what he is—handsomer than any man has a right to be, with an eye to thrill women and make men remember that Charlemagne's blood is in his veins, and that a quarrel for a good cause is the breath of his nostrils. His skin, dark by nature, was browned by his soldier life; his hair, worn too short for fashion, was dark; as were his eyes, which were black-lashed, with noticeably heavy brows. His smile was sweetness itself, denoting one easily pleased and thoughtful of others, and I noticed that the gentlemen in his following were wont to touch his shoulder or his arm in a familiar and loving manner, as they spoke to him. After a jest, his laugh rang first, his praise

was most openly spoken, and taking him all in all I never met a more lovable, devil-may-care, handsomer gentleman, nor one whom I should desire less to cross in love or war.

It is difficult in the extreme to set him side by side with Sir Henry Annesley without placing the last-named gentleman on the dark side of the lantern. For Lorraine's manliness and carrying of things before him by sheer physical attraction made Sir Henry's reserve and breeding catlike and feminine. His ringing laugh of approval turned Annesley's smile into a self-conscious courtesy; and, to sum it up, when his Grace of Lorraine took the stage, Henry Annesley was pushed somewhere into the wings.

There were none but men at the supper and we sat late; but after, in the great hall, the Duke asked that his daughter should come to sing for us. I shall never forget her coming, this rose among women, this Lady Iseult, for as the tapestry fell behind her, she stood before me a woman of my dreams.

His Grace of Carfrae rose and gave her his hand to lead her toward us, and there was a melting tenderness in his eyes as he brought her forward, and as much pride as tenderness; and as he presented her she bowed, with no courtesying, and said, "Gentlemen!" as a girl queen might have done.

"She was of an ivory fairness, and her hair, the color of a chestnut burr, fell in two great braids below her knees. Her eyes were a greenish gray, black-lashed, with a silver sheen over them. She was willow slender, going always with great grace and no noise."

This is what Melville, the court chronicler, wrote concerning her in the Family Book, and none but a dry old fool such as he is could have set her forth so inadequately, saying not a word of her mouth, which drew back like a scarlet bow over milk-white teeth; nor the dimple in the left cheek, to kiss which a man might have surrendered his religion; nor her voice like a bird's call; nor the fine straight blackness of the eyebrow; nor the tender audacity; nor the nature which would craze the man she loved by a day-long indifference, to smother him with kisses in a surrender of tenderness at night.

But it was not of her ivory fairness I thought as she came near me; nor the brown hair with a jewel on the forehead; nor did the dimples or the low voice mislead me, for I read on the instant that here was a girl in whom pride was as strong as loving tenderness, and willfulness as loyalty.

Nearest her were Sir Henry Annesley and his Grace of Lorraine; and as she leaned toward them, the red rose she wore at her breast became unfastened, and both reached to save it; but it was Edward the Duke who caught it and kissed it as he fastened it in his lace, crying gayly:

"It is mine by right of contest," and though all laughed it seemed to me that the passage of eyes between Sir Henry and his Grace was far from friendly.

After her coming Lorraine left the chair of honor by the fireside and sat on a low bench near the Lady Iseult, and I heard her say:

"You are far from your home and in a strange land, your Grace"; and he answered—and one understood by the look the stories of his carrying everything before him by assault:

"It is no longer strange, since your coming," and when their eyes met, hers fell before his glance so that her father noted it, for he told me after, that never before had he seen those beautiful eyes droop at the gaze of any human being.

And John of Carfrae asked that her harp be brought, and while we waited, Sir Henry gave a toast.

"To the fairest lady in Scotland!" he called out.

"Nay, I amend it!" quoth Lorraine—"in all the world!" And we drank.

No sooner were the glasses set down than Lady Iseult cried—I speak the truth as I hope for heaven:

"And where is Neil Archie MacLean?"

"Here," cried his Grace of Carfrae, "hiding as usual behind others. Come out, Mr. MacLean," and as I reached her she took my hand and held it in both of hers, saying with warmth and kindness:

"I can never tell how glad I am to meet with ye, Mr. MacLean, for ye're everything to his Grace; he does nothing without ye.

"Can we build the west wall?" says I.

"Ask Neil Archie," says his Grace.

"Can the tapestry chamber be changed?"

"I will ask Neil Archie," says his Grace.

"Will it rain to-morrow?"

"I'll write Mr. MacLean concerning it," says John of Carfrae.

"Oh," she went on, changing her jesting tone, "ye're just everything to him, and I love ye for it with all there is of me!"—and seizing a glass (it's the truth, as I live by bread) she called, "Gentlemen, a toast! To the best lawyer in Scotland—or"—and

here she looked sidewise at Lorraine with a smile—"in the whole world—Neil Archie MacLean!" she cried, and draining the glass, she broke it on the hearth.

"And that's what I think of ye," she added.

I set this story down for no self-glory, but to show the nature of her, for here was royalty under her roof and it was to her father's old lawyer man that all her thought turned.

When the harp was set, I saw her go to John the Duke and lay a hand on either shoulder, coaxingly.

"But they should be in bed," I heard him say.

"But they are not," she answered; "and they love a tale more than aught else in life."

"Have your way, have your way!" he said; and upon this The Two were brought in, and as they sat beside her, there was in their beautiful faces the prescience of the great first love of manhood and remembrance of their mother's bosoms.

And Iseult told a tale of love—and never did I hear such a-telling; for when the one of whom she told was merry, her face shone with gladness; and when the tale grew sad, her voice drooped and one could have sworn there were tears in her eyes.

A silence fell after the story, for we were taken out of ourselves by the gift of this beautiful girl, when some one asked his Grace of Lorraine to sing, for it was a known thing that he sang as well as he fought. So a lute was brought to him by one of the men, and he stood by the great oak chimney-piece near to the Lady Iseult, and sang.

It was a brave picture he made, with the lady beside him in the carved chair, the men around in groups, the dogs crouched by the table, and the fire roaring up the chimney into the Christmas night. And the song! It was in that that this headlong wooer won our hearts. I have no skill to remember words and could never tell when measures are scant or over full; but of the meaning of the tale, the desire within the voice, a man would have been a dry fool to have stood in ignorance. It went like this, the sense of it, that is:

LORRAINE'S SONG

There was once a minstrel in a very far land.
He came to a castle garden and met a great lady;
And he sang to her, and after cried, "Give me alms."
And she said, "I have nothing."
"The rose at your breast," said he;
And she threw him the rose.

The moon shone bright on the white flowers round her casement.

The minstrel sang a song of love below.

The lady looked out—"Give," cried the singer.

"I have naught," she said, but her eyes told another story.

"Give yourself, give yourself," cried the lover.

"I cannot give," said the lady, "what you have already taken."

There is, I am aware, something lacking in the song as I have set it down—a certain foolish sound, such as poetry is supposed to have; nor do the lines end in words sounding something alike, as I am told good songs do. But those are mere details, for in poetry, as in the law, the sense must be the important thing, and that, I believe, I have set forth with clearness. And when the Lady Iseult arose to go, 'twas his Grace of Lorraine who held the door for her and smiled in her eyes with a meaning that set her being all aglow, so that her maid told my man, Irwin, that all night her lady sat by the window with a smile upon her face, looking forth into the night.

The next morning, before the sun was well risen behind Ben Lokar, I was for my walk, when I came upon The Two. They were busily digging in a far part of the policy, burying something very deep. It was on the end of my tongue to ask them what they did, when the Lady Iseult, in a brodered green robe, a silver hood upon her head, with furs about her, came along the yew hedge; and instantly they stopped their work and made obeisances to her with great dignity.

"Good morning, Mr. MacLean," she said, smiling at me and taking a boy on either hand. "These are my knights; and none could ask better or braver or more honest ones. The tales of chivalry have got into their heads too strongly, perhaps, for the comfort of others, but we 'make believe' together and are very happy, The Two and I."

Although I was much at work that day, with scant time for wandering around, either on horse or foot, I knew that Lorraine was with the Lady Iseult constantly, circumventing the attentions which even I could see Sir Henry Annesley was anxious to show her.

On the Sunday which fell between Christmas and New Year's, after the dinner, I slept for a space in the great chair behind the arch in the library, to be awakened by the sound of voices, and I found for myself how far the love-making had gone. His Grace of Lorraine stood by a table strewn with cards, and the Lady Iseult, who had just come in from walk-

ing, was by the fire; and I heard her teasing sweet voice say:

"Give me the cards. Dost thou not know I am a witch and can foretell thy fortune?" and she spread the cards upon the table.

"Thou wast born," she said at length, "very young."

"Indeed!" said Edward, with a laugh.

"And by this card I see plainly that thy grandpère is probably an orphan."

"True again," cried Lorraine.

"This one tells me that thou likest thine own way."

"I am a man," returned his Grace.

"By these three cards—and the stars—I can see a woman in thy life. She is dark——"

"Fair," said Lorraine.

"With black hair——"

"Brown," corrected his Grace.

"Black eyes."

"As gray as water," cried Edward.

"Beware of her. It is written that she will make thee great trouble."

"In faith she's done so already. Ah, Iseult!" he cried, putting the jesting by, "tell me thou lovest me?"

"And if I will not?"

"Tell me, Iseult, thou didst last night."

"Last night was last night"—and she drew her eyes together with a funny laugh—"and I forget excellently well."

"Tell me that thou lovest me!" Lorraine repeated.

"An' if I will not, as I said before?" imitating her own speech.

"If thou wilt not, I will take thee in my arms and kiss thee till there is no breath left in thy sweet body——"

"An' if I do——?"

He came nearer to her. "I will kiss thee then till there is not a breath between us."

"It appears that I am to be breathless whether I speak or am silent," she said, with drooped lids to hide the merriment in her eyes. "Therefore will I make no choosing, but—go to mend the pens."

"Tell me, Iseult," cried Lorraine.

"I will not; I go to mend the pens."

"Tell me, Iseult," he repeated; and this time he reached his arms toward her.

"Thou canst not touch me," she said, looking him fairly in the eyes, "not unless I will. And so"—she walked backward toward the door, laughing and stepping to her own words as to music—"and so—I—go—to—mend—the—pens."

"Ye are right," Lorraine said gloomily

enough; and he put his arm above his head on the casement rail, and leaned against it with his back to her. And at the sight of this, such is woman's nature, the Lady Iseult threw the pens to the floor and came to him, saying:

"Thou knowest it, heart of my heart, there is none else. I love thee even as thou wishest. Thou art all! all! all! My king!" and the illumined foolishness on Edward of Lorraine's face at touch of her was a thing to make men tremble, at the danger in which each of us lives from the disease of love.

And then, with no flinching and no shame, she told of her birth and rearing, and feared that because of these his Grace could never take her for his wife. He laughed at her with a merry scorn, and swore that nothing on earth should part them, and that no one ever loved who loved not at first sight, and that he had loved her these thirty years, for it was of a woman like her that he had always dreamed. And with this talk the time passed until the supper, after which his Grace of Lorraine asked the Lady Iseult from John of Carfrae, that he might have her to wife; and Carfrae vowed most explicitly to his Grace of Lorraine that Iseult Gordon was but his natural daughter in the law, and for that reason no fitting match for the head of the house of Lorraine. With which facts Edward the Duke said he was well acquainted, but that they weighed not one straw in his mind; and his passion was so high he swore that it would be ill for any that should cross him in this affair, which was that of his life.

So for a fortnight things passed until suddenly a messenger arrived, saying that his Grace must depart in all speed for France, for the country in his part was so turbulent that the uprising threatened the lives of his own family; and the Duke put a betrothal ring upon the hand of the Lady Iseult and told her that ere the falling of the leaves she should be his wife; and so he left her.

And this event falling the night before I was to leave the castle, I traveled with the Duke and his retinue as far as Edinburgh, where we parted with mutual good will. And before he left Carfrae, he called The Two before him in the supper room, and, giving to each a small sword, which he had had made, he commended to their care the Lady Iseult, having them swear on bended knee to watch, guard, protect, and honor her; and the two men-children, with uplifted faces, said, "We swear," and kissed the cross of their mimic swords; and none of us who laughed at it as a

play, thought of the part these children were to take in a great tragedy because of the words they swore.

Whether it was my journey home or the overwork due to the accumulation of business during my absence, I cannot tell, but the week following my return to Edinburgh I was taken with a fever and lay for nearly a month at death's door; and the first news I had when recovered was of the death of John of Carfrae, which event had occurred the day after my parting from him; and that many changes had taken place at the castle; that The Two had been sent to their homes, and everywhere the deepest mourning.

And for two months more I heard nothing until there came a word, like a clap of thunder, that the Lady Iseult was to marry Sir Henry Annesley. The news came by post, written in her own hand, and yet I sat staring at the writing like a gaby, wondering if my wits had gone with the fever.

Here were things to be done, for my old love of John the Duke spoke to me, and with small ado I set out for Carfrae to discover the causes of such a change of heart.

Hugh Valdivaloch, the former Duke's own man, in dismal black, with a long face, met me at the door and took me to my old chamber in the turret.

"For God's sake, Hugh," I cried, "what does it mean?"

"His Grace of Lorraine left and wrote no word," he answered; and from him I gathered that though letter after letter was sent to Lorraine in France by the Lady Iseult, none was answered, not even in the dreadful time after her father's death.

But one night all uncertainty was set at rest by a messenger who came with a letter, written in Latin, for the Lady Iseult. He told in the servants' hall that there was no answer, and saying farewell in English of a particular vileness, departed as quickly as he came. And this letter contained the news of the marriage of the Duke to his royal cousin; and there was no word of regret or affection or memory of the past in it whatever.

And the Lady Iseult fell as one dead, and Sir Henry Annesley was for setting forth to France and challenging the Duke to single combat for having neither the honor nor the sincerity of a gentleman. But because she still loved Lorraine, Lady Iseult used her persuasions to prevent him, and soon after, from admiration of his loyalty to her, she promised her hand in marriage to Sir Henry Annesley,

although she told him frankly that such love as the Duke had killed could live in her heart no more for any man; but, she said, her life at Carfrae Castle, with the remembrance of a dead father and a dead love, was not endurable, and if he would take her to the Lowlands, she would do all a woman might to make him a loyal wife.

I was so outdone by the whole affair that I was not nice in choosing words to Lady Iseult concerning her conduct, but I had my answer:

"Why do I do it?" she cried. "What else shall I do? What I have suffered because of my birth ye'll never know. While John of Carfrae lived, I was saved much; but now—the women—aye, even in Carfrae town—pity me. It's 'poor lassie,' I," she cried, "who am the Duke of Carfrae's own daughter with the Church's blessing! The women!—Heaven preserve me from the women! Do ye think that I'll stay here to have the Glenmuir's lady and his five plain daughters pity me as a nameless girl and a jilted bride? I will not! Better anything than that!"

Finding that I could do nothing to change her, I stayed to see the sacrilege of that marriage, for I knew Sir Henry Annesley for what he was, a villain and a traitor to the king.

Before they left, I, as lawyer to the late

John of Carfrae, stated the right handsome settlements which his Grace had designed should be hers upon her wedding day, and then did give to her a casket of size, made of iron, with a strong and subtle lock, as I had sworn to do; and say, that by a word of the said John of Carfrae, this casket was to be hers upon her marriage day; and she, having fear for what it contained, did send for her husband, Sir Henry, and in the presence of witnesses caused the box to be opened. And upon the top was a letter, unsigned, but proven after to be in the hand of his Royal Majesty Charles, stating that the contents were for the wedding portion "of her known as Iseult Gordon," but to be kept as unknown dowry, so that the man who married her should do so for love alone.

And everyone stood around with interest until the inner box was opened, when there was brought forth jewels of such splendor as none of those looking on had ever seen, diamonds and rubies of great size, and ropes of pearls, and a necklace of turquoise worth the castle itself. All of which the Lady Iseult did give with carelessness into the keeping of her husband, saying only that she was glad his love had not been rewarded by a dowerless bride. And they departed out of the Highlands together, to Annesley Towers, near the town of Landgore.

(To be concluded.)

WISDOM

By HARLEY R. WILEY

LIKE doves our strong-winged hopes go out
To speed their flight through unknown space,
Like tired doves they curve about
And find no safe abiding place,
Till Wisdom's window open swings
In some sweet Ark of lowly things.

Our science weighs the suns and fills
The patient Earth with wordy strife,
But Wisdom slowly climbs the hills
And leads the halting steps of Life;
Though Knowledge scurries wide and fast,
'Tis Wisdom finds the trail at last.

God gives the soul to learn in time
That Wisdom haunts the lowly ways,
That simple things are most sublime
And strength is found in thoughtful days,
That close to Heaven, at sorest need,
The quiet paths of Earth may lead.

COMEDY

OF ONE KIND OR ANOTHER

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS



THE critic of the acted drama is unfortunate in not having in English all the terms he needs to describe accurately all the things of the theater; and it is hard for him to resist the temptation to use the French *dénouement* and *encore* and the German *Titel-rolle*. And his misfortune is increased by the fact that there are words in English which are sadly deficient in precision. For example, two of the most important, "tragedy" and "comedy," are applied loosely; and even when taken together they fail hopelessly to cover the field which seems to be divided between them. The setting up of these two words over against each other would appear to imply that any play which is not a tragedy must be a comedy, and any play not a comedy must be a tragedy. But this is obviously absurd; and there are plays aplenty which are neither tragedy nor comedy, and which also are not even "tragic-comedy," in any of the many shifting meanings of that bastard term.

Both in English and in French "tragic-comedy" had a long struggle for life; and finally failed to establish itself in either language, although Corneille used it to describe his "Le Cid" and Fletcher to describe his "The Faithful Shepherdess." Even in Fletcher's time, three centuries ago, its proper application was so doubtful that he was forced to declare his own definition in his preface to this pastoral play: "A tragic-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect that it wants death, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people." To-day we have no

special term to apply to a piece such as Fletcher here describes, and the best we can do is simply to call it a "play." But it would have been convenient to be able to use "tragi-comedy" to describe Mr. Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers," which although satiric in intent skirted the edge of tragedy; indeed, it is said that one manager declined this drama because he did not believe that the public would take any interest in a play which began with a funeral and which ended with a suicide.

For a variant of the type of play which Fletcher and Beaumont originated and which Shakespeare took over from them (in "A Winter's Tale," for example) there has been suggested the appropriate term of "dramatic romance." And here again is a convenient term to describe certain modern pieces only too prevalent in our theaters of late, most of them dramatizations of semihistorical and wholly fantastic tales of adventure, such as "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

The word "tragedy" seems to convey a fairly simple idea; but, as Fletcher remarked, it connotes a deadly termination of the story, and so it apparently excludes all those serious dramas which fail to end fatally. On the other hand, the word "comedy" has been broadened to include all the manifestations of the comic spirit on the stage—the lyrical burlesques of Aristophanes and the acrobatic farce of the Italians, as well as the brilliant satires of contemporary society such as Sheridan and Beaumarchais gave us. That is to say, "tragedy" is applied strictly to only one of the several types of serious drama, the one in which death rings down the curtain; whereas comedy is stretched to include every kind of humorous piece. As a result, we have no name for the special type of comedy

which corresponds to the special type of tragedy—the comic play which deals with life sincerely and satirically, without exaggerated caricature in the character-drawing and without extravagant fun-making in the episodes.

"High comedy" is what one might call the play of this class, taking as our typical specimens "Les Femmes Savantes" of Molière, "The Way of the World" of Congreve, "The School for Scandal" of Sheridan, and the "Gendre de M. Poirier" of Augier and Sandeau. In this wise and witty "comedy of manners"—to give it another name, more widely used but less exactly descriptive—the action, however serious it may seem, never stiffens into actual drama; and, on the other hand, however amusing it may be, it never relaxes into the robust and boisterous mirth of mere farce. Rich as is the dramatic literature of the world, the plays worthy to be classified under this head are surprisingly few. Modern British dramatists have given us occasional specimens of this difficult form, Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," for example, and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "The Liars." The Greeks, from whom we have perfect examples of pure tragedy, left us not a single specimen of high comedy—although, of course, it is possible that one might be discovered amid the plays of Menander, if we could replevin them from oblivion.

What is even more curious is that there is not really a satisfactory specimen of high comedy to be selected out of the immense mass of the Elizabethan drama. No one of Shakespeare's comedies and not one of Ben Jonson's conforms to this special type. The comic dramas of Ben Jonson belong to the class known as the "comedy of humors"; and the best beloved of Shakespeare's lighter plays, "The Merchant of Venice" and "Much Ado About Nothing," are preferably to be described as examples of romantic comedy, the form which the great dramatist specially affected and which he improved for his own use, even if he took the suggestion of it from Greene. In this romantic comedy we find Shakespeare sustaining the interest of the more playful theme, with which he is chiefly concerned, by the powerful episodes of an underplot which is allowed at times to become almost tragic in its intensity.

However delightful may be the romantic comedies of Shakespeare, with their unceasing poetic charm and their masterly contrast of character, they have not afforded a model to

modern dramatists, who seem to have felt that this type of play was a special product of the semimediæval, semirenascence theater of the Elizabethans and that it would not flourish in our modern playhouses, roofed and lighted and set with realistic scenery. Indeed, the only poet of the nineteenth century, who was attracted to this Shakespearean form, was Alfred de Musset; and it must be remembered that the most of his dramatic fantasies, passionate, yet mocking, were not originally intended for the actual theater.

On the other hand, the "high comedy" of Molière, prepared for a playhouse which was modern in the most of its conditions, has served as a model for Congreve and Sheridan, for Augier and Sandeau, and for all who have since essayed the "comedy of manners." That only a few have been able to handle this form successfully is evidence that it is inherently difficult. Apparently the danger is twofold, and it is very like that which confronts the lyricist who ventures upon true *vers de société*. The playwright, who ought to make his plot the result of the clash of character on character, is tempted either to surcharge his story with sentiment or to permit his sense of fun to run away with him. In the one case, the plot ceases to be comic and becomes unduly emotional, as happened in "Froufrou," which begins in the best vein of high comedy only to sink at last submerged in sentimentality. In the other case, the play becomes wholly comic and abandons sentiment for breadth of humor, as happened in "She Stoops to Conquer," which fails somewhat to justify its claim to be considered as a "comedy of manners." In fact, if we closely scrutinize Goldsmith's dramatic masterpiece we find in it what may aptly be called "fun for its own sake." An element of frank farce makes itself evident; and a similar farcical excess is discoverable also in "The Rivals." Probably this is what Mr. Pinero had in mind when he ventured to define a "comedy" as "a successful farce written by a deceased author."

Often has "farce" been seized as a term of reproach to hurl in the face of a living playwright; and "melodrama" has also served many times as a missile of offense. But even if they are less noble, farce and melodrama are types of play quite as legitimate as comedy and tragedy, and, to the student of the development of the drama, each of them has an interest of its own. All the more reason is there then that the two words should be defined,

and that we should be able to see why farce and melodrama are properly held to be inferior to comedy and tragedy. The cause of this inferiority is simple and it may be stated simply. In high comedy (the comedy of manners) and again in the serious drama (of which true tragedy is one class), we perceive that the plot is made by the characters, that the characters dominate the plot, and that the plot is what it is solely because the characters are what they are. But in farce, and again in melodrama, the reverse is seen to be the case; the plot, the situation, the incidents are the controlling factors, and the characters are only what the plot allows them to be or forces them to be. They exist solely in order that they may do what their maker bids them, instead of going forward, apparently of their own volition, impelled by the logic of their own individuality. In high comedy, (in "Tartuffe" and in "The School for Scandal") and in true tragedy (in "Ædipus" and in "Othello"), the successive events of the story are brought about almost inevitably, as though they could not happen otherwise; whereas in farce and in melodrama the action of any character may be arbitrary at any moment. Applying this test we discover that "Leah Kleschna," ingenious as it is, and dignified as it is, falls within the definition of melodrama, while "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in spite of its lighter passages, reveals itself as tragedy. And there would be few to deny that Ibsen's "Ghosts" is pure tragedy and that it is the most powerful and appalling tragedy written in the nineteenth century.

If the characters seem to lead an independent life of their own, existing apart from the circumstances in which they may happen to have been presented, if they linger in our memories as fellow human beings, whose course of conduct we can venture to predict from what we already know of them, then the play in which they appear is not fairly to be classified as farce or as melodrama. But if the characters fade into nothingness when we seek to separate them from the events in which they took part, and if their movements have been so illogical and so completely controlled by another will than their own, that we are ever left in wonder as to what they will do next, then the play in which they are puppets is farce or melodrama.

If we apply this test sincerely we shall find ourselves declaring that at least a dozen of Molière's most joyous pieces are farces—

excellent farces, beyond all question, but farces, after all. Furthermore, we shall find ourselves putting the same label on at least two of Shakespeare's plays, "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; while yet another of his so-called comedies, "The Taming of the Shrew," is not only farce but farce of the most violent type, of the slapstick and knockabout variety. And we shall be forced also to record that not only "Titus Andronicus," the rank tragedy of blood, revised by Shakespeare in his dependent youth, but also the "Cymbeline" of his later years, are both of them melodramas, and that neither of them is a masterpiece of plot-mongering.

When two surviving comrades of Shakespeare, years after his death, piously gathered his plays into a single folio volume—the most precious possession of all modern literature—they risked a rough-and-ready classification into three groups, comedies, tragedies, and histories; and even then they could find no fit place for that nondescript narrative in dialogue, "Troilus and Cressida." Later criticism has accepted as fairly accurate the grouping together of the so-called "histories," since the loosely knit pieces thus assembled are all of them "chronicle plays." The group of tragedies is now seen to include not only true tragedies like "Macbeth" and "Othello," but also at least one specimen of the "tragedy of blood," which was the Elizabethan parallel to our latter-day Bowery melodrama. But the designation of the plays in the third group is unsatisfactory and misleading, however wide an extension may be given to "comedy." Even if we might fairly include under this head the romantic comedies and the farces and such humorous fantasies as "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," wherein we find fairy folk commingling with our grosser humanity, even then there are the "dramatic romances" (of which "A Winter's Tale" is an example), and surely these are not rightly to be called comedies. And when all is said, we cannot but feel that "comedy" is absolutely the one word most inapplicable to "Measure for Measure" and "All's Well that Ends Well," those somber plays of unlovely intrigue wherein Shakespeare dealt with themes which were unworthy of him and which not even he could make worthy.

We may rest certain that if Shakespeare were to return to life to-day he would waste little of his time on the immense mass of contradictory criticism with which commentators have obscured his works. When he was alive

he never took himself too seriously; and if he came back to this modern world of ours, he would find many things more interesting than to grope through guesses of all sorts about his intentions in this or that play which he wrote primarily to please the theatergoers of his own time and secondarily to express himself as he was at that particular period of his life. Probably it would surprise him hugely to learn that the plays, which he did not even take the trouble to have printed, were deemed worthy of study in our universities, and that critics were engaged in classifying them, setting down this as a tragedy of blood, and that as a dramatic romance, a third as a romantic comedy, and a fourth as merely a farce. If asked whether "Troilus and Cressida" ought to be grouped with the tragedies or with the comedies or with the histories, he might answer only with a shrug of the shoulder. How little he would care with what label we may choose to tag any play of his, we can judge by recalling how he makes the pedantic *Polonius* prose forth a long list of the contemporary classifications: "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited."

Shakespeare himself, like the playgoers who thronged the Globe Theater to behold the plays he had written to please them, gave no thought to any question of classification, and as long as the plays did happen to please them, neither he nor they cared whether any particular piece was to be termed a romantic comedy or a dramatic romance. In writing the play he had done what he was moved to do, and they enjoyed it unthinkingly, as do the modern playgoers when they flock into the theater to-day to see one of his masterpieces performed, not asking themselves whether it is fish or flesh or fowl, but taking their pleasure as they find it set before them. And in this respect, at least, the professional playwrights of our own day resemble Shakespeare; they do not care what category the critics may choose for a play of theirs as long as the public crowd to behold it. Whether we call "Nathan Hale" a chronicle play, or a history, or a tragedy, matters little to Mr. Clyde Fitch; and it makes no difference to Mr. Augustus Thomas when attention is drawn to the fact that "The Earl of Pawtucket" is not truly a comedy but only a farce.

But even if it is true that artists, and also the broad public to which true artists must appeal, give little thought to these questions of

classification, and even if an undue deference to any theory of rigid demarcation would probably hamper the artists themselves in the full employment of their powers, as it hampered the French dramatic poets of the eighteenth century, nevertheless the classification of the critic, looking back over the completed work of the author, has a utility of its own, and the student of dramatic development finds his profit in it. There are advantages in decomposing the group of so-called comedies contained in the Shakespearean folio and in assuring ourselves that some of them are really not comedies at all, and that others are frankly farces, and that no one of them belongs to the special class which has been called the "comedy of manners." Classification is an instrument of precision; and by its use we may measure more exactly the special qualities of the genius we are seeking to understand.

We may smile at the long list which *Polonius* rattles off glibly, and we may be sure that Shakespeare meant us to smile at it; but none the less is classification the beginning of knowledge. The student has got hold of something solid when he finds out for himself what need there was for a term like "tragic-comedy" in both England and France in the seventeenth century, and why the eighteenth century saw in France the development of the "*comédie-larmoyante*" (known in English as "sentimental comedy"), and of the "*tragédie-bourgeoise*" (known in German as "tradesman's tragedy"). He has made an advance in knowledge when he ascertains just what a "ballad opera" is and a "musical comedy," an "*opéra-comique*" and an "*opéra-bouffe*," and when he can trace the influence they have exerted on one another. He will find his account in grasping the exact scope of the English "heroic play," and the Spanish "comedy of cloak and sword." He will gain if he keeps clearly in mind a working definition of farce and of melodrama, to enable him to perceive more swiftly the relation of the former to comedy and of the latter to the serious drama.

Of course, it is needful for us always to remember that classification is a means only; it is never an end in itself. It is useful only in so far as it enables us to appreciate the exact position of the more important plays which have come down to us from the past, and to measure the value of the more important of the plays which are now proffered to us in the present day. It is a constant aid to the apprehending of the significant fact that the

development of the drama has been continuous, and that it is subject to laws which reveal themselves at work in every period. Although the past and the present may seem very unlike they have many aspects in common; and therefore it is an advantage to the critic of the acted drama of our own time as well as to the historian of the dramatic literature of other centuries, to be able to explain the one by the aid of the other.

The likeness of certain ancient manifestations of the drama to certain modern manifestations is as easy to exaggerate as it is impossible to deny; and there is no occasion to give undue weight to the suggestion that the lyrical burlesque of the Greeks reveals a certain similarity to the nondescript medley made familiar of late in America by Messrs. Weber and Fields, just as the comedies of Plautus show a certain likeness to the plays of tenement-house life in New York put together by Mr. Edward Harrigan. So there were analogues of the modern swashbuckler romanticist pieces in Spain in Calderon's time, just as there were in Shakespeare's time English analogues of the modern Bowery

melodrama. The precursor of the "problem play" of Ibsen can be found more than once in the list of Molière's works, where it is possible also to discover an anticipation of our latter-day "musical comedy." The rather primitive form of the chronicle play, with which are to be classed all of Shakespeare's histories, and which preceded and made possible the development of true tragedy in France as well as in England, reappears in the "Napoléon" of the elder Dumas, in the "Marie Antoinette" of Giacommetti, and again, recently, in the "Ulysses" of Mr. Stephen Phillips. And for a final illustration of these survivals of form and of these reincarnations of spirit, take the "comedy of humors," which Ben Jonson built up solidly with his robustly imaginative exaggerations, which often strike us nowadays as lugubriously unfunny—for in nothing is the taste of man more fickle than in the things he is willing to laugh at—and set these by the side of the many dramatizations of Dickens's loose-jointed serial stories, in which we cannot fail to find the same violent distortion of character into a caricature of our common humanity.

THE CHARACTER OF THE SEA

By JOSEPH CONRAD



THE love that is given to ships is profoundly different from the love men feel for every other work of their hands—the love they bear to their houses, for instance—because it is untainted by the pride of possession. The pride of skill, the pride of responsibility, the pride of endurance there may be, but otherwise it is a disinterested sentiment. No seaman ever cherished a ship, even if she belonged to him, merely because of the profit she put in his pocket. No one, I think, ever did: for a shipowner, even of the best, has been always outside the pale of that sentiment; embracing in a feeling of intimate, equal fellowship the ship and the man backing each other against the implacable, if sometimes dissembled, hostility of their world of waters. The sea—this

truth must be confessed—has no generosity. No display of manly qualities—courage, hardihood, endurance, faithfulness—has ever been known to touch its irresponsible consciousness of power. The ocean has the conscienceless temper of a savage autocrat spoiled by much adulation. He cannot brook the slightest appearance of defiance, and has remained the irreconcilable enemy of ships and men ever since ships and men had the unheard-of audacity to go afloat together in the face of his frown. From that day he has gone on swallowing up fleets and men without his resentment being glutted by the number of victims, by so many wrecked ships and wrecked lives. To-day, as ever, he is ready to beguile and betray, to smash and to drown the incorrigible optimism of men who, backed by the fidelity of ships, are trying to wrest from him the fortune of their house, the dominion

of their world, or only a dole of food for their hunger. If not always in the hot mood to smash, he is always stealthily ready for a drowning. The only amazing wonder of the deep is its unfathomable cruelty.

I felt its dread for the first time in mid-Atlantic one day, many years ago, when we took off the crew of a Danish brig homeward bound from the West Indies. A thin silvery mist softened the calm and majestic splendor of light without shadows, seemed to render the sky less remote and the ocean less immense. It was one of those days when the light of the sea appears, indeed, lovable, like the nature of a strong man in moments of quiet intimacy. At sunrise we had made out a black speck to the westward, apparently suspended high up in the void behind a stirring, shimmering veil of silvery blue gauze that seemed at times to stir and float in the breeze which fanned us slowly along. The peace of that enchanting forenoon was so profound, so untroubled, that it seemed that every word pronounced loudly on our deck would penetrate to the very heart of that infinite mystery born from the conjunction of water and sky. We did not raise our voices. "A water-logged derelict, I think, sir," said quietly the second officer, coming down from aloft with the binoculars in their case slung across his shoulders; and our captain, without a word, signed to the helmsman to steer for the black speck. Presently we made out a low jagged stump sticking up forward—all that remained of her departed masts.

The captain was expatiating in a low conversational tone to the chief mate upon the danger of these derelicts and upon his dread of coming upon them at night, when suddenly a man forward screamed out, "There's people on board of her, sir. I see them!" in a most extraordinary voice, a voice never heard before on our ship, the amazing voice of a stranger. It gave the signal for a sudden tumult of shouts. The watch below ran up the forecandle head in a body; the cook dashed out of the galley. Everybody saw the poor fellows now! They were there! And all at once our ship, which had the well-earned name of being without a rival for speed in light winds, seemed to have lost the power of motion, as if the sea, becoming viscous, had clung to her sides. And yet she moved. Immediacy, the inseparable companion of a ship's life, chose that day to breathe upon her as gently as a sleeping child; the clamor of our excitement had died out; and our living

ship, famous for never losing steerageway as long as there was air enough to float a feather, stole without a ripple, silent and white as a ghost, toward her mutilated and wounded sister, come upon at the point of death in the sunlit haze of a calm day at sea.

With the binoculars glued to his eyes, the captain said in a quivering tone: "They are waving to us with something aft there." He put down the glasses on the skylight brusquely and began to walk about the poop. "A shirt or a flag," he ejaculated irritably. "Can't make it out. . . . Some dam' rag or other." He took a few more turns on the poop, glancing down over the rail now and then, to see how fast we were moving. His nervous footsteps rang sharply in the quiet of the ship where the other men, all looking the same way, had forgotten themselves in a staring, tense immobility. "This will never do," he cried out suddenly. "Lower both boats at once! Down with them."

Before I jumped into mine, he took me aside—as being an inexperienced junior—for a word of warning. "You look out as you come alongside that she doesn't take you down with her. You understand?" He murmured this confidentially, so that none of the men at the falls should hear. And I was shocked! Heavens! As if in such an emergency one stopped to think of danger—I exclaimed to myself mentally, in scorn of such cold-blooded caution.

It takes many lessons to make a real seaman, and I got my rebuke at once. My experienced commander seemed, in one searching glance, to read my thoughts on my ingenuous face. "What you're going off for is to save life—not to drown your boat's crew for nothing," he growled severely in my ear. But as we shoved off he leaned over and cried out: "It all rests on the power of your arms, men. Give way for life!"

We made a race of it; and I would never have believed that a common boat's crew of a merchantman could keep up so much determined fierceness in the regular swing of their stroke. What our captain had clearly perceived before we left had become plain to all of us since. The issue of our enterprise hung on a hair above that abyss of waters which will not give up its dead till the day of judgment. It was a race of two ship's boats matched against Death for a prize of nine men's lives; and Death had a long start. We saw the crew of the brig from afar working at the pumps—still pumping on that wreck which already had

settled so far down that the gentle low swell, over which our boats rose and fell easily without a check to their speed, welling up almost level with her head rails, plucked at the ends of broken gear swinging desolately from her naked bowsprit.

We could not, in all conscience, have picked out a better day for our regatta had we had the free choice of all the days that ever dawned upon the lonely struggles and solitary agonies of ships since the Norse rovers first steered to the westward against the run of Atlantic waves. It was a very good race. At the finish there was not an oar's length between the first and second boat, with Death coming in a good third on the top of the very next smooth swell, for all one knew to the contrary. The scuppers of the brig gurgled softly all together as the water rose against her sides, then subsided sleepily with a low wash as if playing about an immovable rock. Her bulwarks were gone fore and aft, and one saw her bare deck low lying like a raft and swept clean of boats, spars, houses—of everything except the ring-bolts and the heads of the pumps. I had the one dismal glimpse of it as I braced myself up to receive upon my breast the last man to leave her, the captain, who literally let himself fall into my arms.

It was a weirdly silent rescue. A rescue without a hail, without a single uttered word, without a gesture or a sign—without a conscious exchange of glances. Up to the very last moment those on board stuck to their pumps, which spouted two clear streams of water upon their bare feet. Their brown skin showed through the rents of their shirts, and the two small bunches of half-naked tattered men went on bowing from the waist to each other in their back-breaking labor, up and down, absorbed, with no time for a glance over the shoulder at the help that was coming to them. As we dashed unregarded alongside, a voice let out one, only one, hoarse howl of command and then, just as they stood, without caps, with the salt drying gray in the wrinkles and folds of their hairy, haggard faces, blinking stupidly at us their red eyelids, they made a bolt away from the handles, tottering and jostling against each other, and positively flung themselves over upon our very heads. The clatter they made tumbling among us in the boat had an extraordinarily destructive effect upon the illusion of tragic dignity our self-esteem had thrown over the contests of mankind with the sea. On that exquisite day of gently breathing peace and

veiled sunshine perished my romantic devotion to what men's imagination had proclaimed the most august aspect of nature. The cynical indifference of the sea to the merits of human suffering and courage, laid bare in this ridiculous panic-tainted performance extorted from the dire extremity of nine good and honorable seamen, revolted me. I saw the duplicity of the sea's most tender mood. It was so because it could not help itself, but the awed respect of the early days was gone. I felt ready to smile bitterly at its enchanting charm and glare viciously at its furies. In a moment before we shoved off I had looked coolly at the life of my choice. Its illusions were gone, but its fascinations remained. I had become a seaman at last.

We pulled hard for a quarter of an hour, then lay on our oars, waiting for our ship, that was coming down on us with swelling sails, looking delicately tall and exquisitely noble through the mist. The captain of the brig, who sat in the stern sheets by my side with his face in his hands, raised his head and began to speak with a sort of somber volubility. They had lost their masts and sprung a leak in a hurricane; drifted for weeks, always at the pumps; met more bad weather; the ships they sighted failed to make them out, the leak gained upon them slowly, and the seas had left them nothing to make a raft of. It was very hard to see ship after ship pass by at a distance "as if everybody had agreed that we must be left to drown," he added. But they went on trying to keep the brig afloat as long as possible, and working the pumps constantly on insufficient food, mostly raw, till "yesterday evening," he continued monotonously, "just as the sun went down, the men's hearts broke."

He made an almost imperceptible pause here, and went on again with exactly the same intonation. "They told me the brig could not be saved and they thought they had done enough for themselves. I said nothing to that. It was true. It was no mutiny. I had nothing to say to them. They lay about all night as still as so many dead men. I did not lie down. I kept a lookout. When the first light came I saw your ship at once. I waited for more light; the breeze began to fail on my face. Then I shouted out as loud as I was able, 'Look at that ship!' but only two men got up very slowly and came to me. At first only we three stood alone for a long time watching you coming down to us and feeling the breeze drop to a calm almost; but after-

ward others, too, rose one after another, and by and by I had all my crew behind me. So I turned round and said to them that they could see the ship was coming this way, but in this small breeze she may come too late after all, unless we turned to and tried to keep the brig afloat long enough to give you time to save us all. I spoke like that to them, and then I gave the command to man the pumps."

He gave the command and gave the example, too, by going himself to the handles, but it seems that these men did actually hang back for a moment, looking at each other dubiously before they followed him. "He! He! He!" He broke out into a most unexpected, imbecile, pathetic, nervous little giggle. "Their hearts were broken so! They had been played with too long," he explained apologetically, lowering his eyes, and became silent.

Twenty-five years is a long time. A quarter of a century is a dim and distant past; but to this day I remember the dark brown feet, hands, and faces of two of these men whose hearts had been broken by the sea. They were lying very still on their sides, on the bottom boards between the thwarts, curled up like dogs. My boat's crew, leaning over the looms of their oars, stared and listened as if at play. The master of the brig looked up suddenly to ask me what day it was.

They had lost the date. When I told him it was Sunday, the 22d, he frowned, making some mental calculation, then nodded twice sadly to himself, staring at nothing.

His aspect was miserably unkempt and wildly sorrowful. Had it not been for the unquenchable candor of his blue eyes, whose unhappy tired glance every moment sought his abandoned sinking brig, as if it could find rest nowhere else, he would have appeared mad. But he was too simple to go mad, too simple with that manly simplicity which alone can bear men unscathed in mind and body through an encounter with the deadly playfulness of the sea, or with its less abominable fury.

Neither angry, nor playful, nor smiling, it enveloped our distant ship, growing bigger as she neared us, our boats with the rescued men, and the dismantled hull of the brig we were leaving behind, in the large and placid embrace of its quietness, half-lost in the fair haze as if in a dream of infinite and faithful clemency. There was no frown, no wrinkle on its face. Not a ripple. And the run of the slight swell was so smooth that it resembled the graceful undulation of a piece of

shimmering gray silk shot with tender green. We pulled an easy stroke, but when the master of the brig, after a glance over his shoulder, stood up with a low exclamation, my men feathered their oars instinctively, without an order, and the boat lost her way.

He was steadying himself on my shoulder with a strong grip, while his other arm, flung up rigidly, pointed a denunciatory finger at the immense tranquillity of the ocean. After his first exclamation, which stopped the swing of our oars, he made no sound, but his whole attitude seemed to cry out an indignant "Behold!" . . . I could not imagine what vision of evil had come to him. I was startled, and the amazing energy of his immobilized gesture made my heart beat faster with the anticipation of something monstrous and unsuspected. The stillness around us became crushing.

For a moment the succession of silky undulations ran on innocently. I saw each of them swell up the misty line of the horizon, far, far away, beyond the derelict brig, and the next moment, with a slight friendly toss at our boat, it had passed under us and was gone. The lulling cadence of the rise and fall, the invariable gentleness of this irresistible force, the great charm of the deep waters warmed my breast deliciously, like the subtle poison of a love potion. But all this lasted only a few soothing seconds before I jumped up, too, making the boat roll like the veriest land-lubber.

Something startling, mysterious, hastily confused was taking place. I watched it with incredulous and fascinated awe as one watches the confused swift movements of some violence done in the dark. As if, at a given signal, the run of the smooth undulations seemed checked suddenly around the brig. By a strange optical delusion the whole sea appeared to rise in one great, steely gray heave of its silky surface upon which, in one spot, a smother of foam broke out ferociously. And then the effort subsided. It was all over, and the smooth swell ran on as before from the horizon in uninterrupted cadence of motion, passing us with a slight friendly toss of our boat. Far away, where the brig had been, an angry white stain, undulating on the surface of steely gray waters shot with gleams of green, diminished swiftly, without a hiss, like a patch of pure snow melting in the sun. And the great stillness, after this initiation into the sea's implacable hate, seemed full of dread thoughts and shadows of disaster.

"Gone!" ejaculated from the depths of his chest my bowman in a final tone. He spat in his hands and took a better grip on his oar. The captain of the brig lowered his rigid arm slowly and looked at our faces in a solemnly conscious silence, which called upon us to share in his simple-minded, marveling awe. All at once he sat down by my side, and leaned forward earnestly at my boat's crew, who, swinging together in a long, steady stroke, kept their eyes fixed upon him faithfully.

"No ship could have done so well." He addressed them firmly, after a moment of strained silence during which he seemed with trembling lips to seek for words fit to bear such high testimony. "She was small but she was good. I had no anxiety. She was strong. Last voyage I had my wife and two children in her. No other ship could have stood so long the weather she had to live through for days and days before we got dismasted a fortnight ago. She was fairly worn out and that's all. You may believe me. She lasted under us for days and days, but she could not last forever. It was long enough. I am glad it is over. No better ship was ever left to sink at sea on such a day as this."

He was very fit to pronounce the funeral oration of a ship, this son of ancient sea folk, whose national existence, so little stained by the excesses of manly virtues, had demanded nothing but the merest foothold from the earth. By the merits of his sea-wise forefathers and by the artlessness of his heart, he was made fit to deliver this excellent discourse. There was nothing wanting in its orderly arrangement, neither piety, nor faith, nor the tribute of praise due to the worthy dead with the edifying recital of their achievement. She had lived, he had loved her, she had suffered, and he was glad she was at rest. It was an excellent discourse. And it was orthodox, too, in its fidelity to the cardinal article of the seaman's faith of which it was a single-minded confession. "Ships are all right." They are. They who live with the sea have got to hold by that creed first and last; and it came to me, as I glanced at him sideways, that some men were not altogether unworthy in honor and conscience to pronounce the funereal eulogium of a ship's constancy in life and death.

After this, sitting by my side with his loosely clasped hands hanging between his knees, he uttered no word, made no movement till the shadow of our ship's sails fell on the boat,

when, at the loud cheer greeting the return of the victors with their prize, he lifted up his troubled face with a faint smile of pathetic indulgence. This smile of the worthy descendant of the most ancient sea folk, whose audacity and hardihood had left no trace of greatness and glory upon the waters, completed the cycle of my initiation. There was an infinite depth of hereditary wisdom in its pitying sadness. It made the hearty bursts of cheering sound like a childish noise of triumph. They cheered with immense confidence—honest souls! As if anybody could ever make sure of having prevailed against the sea which has betrayed so many ships of great "name," so many proud men, so many towering ambitions of fame, power, wealth—greatness.

As I brought the boat under the falls, my captain, in high good humor, leaned over, spreading his red and freckled elbows on the rail, and called down to me, sarcastically, out of the depths of his cynic philosopher's beard:

"So you have brought the boat back after all, have you?"

Sarcasm was "his way," and the most that can be said for it is that it was natural. That did not make it lovable. But it is decorous and expedient to fall in with one's commander's way. "Yes. I brought the boat back all right, sir," I answered. And the good man believed me. It was not for him to discern upon me the marks of my recent initiation. And yet I was not exactly the same youngster who had taken the boat away—all impatience for a race against Death with the prize of nine men's lives at the end.

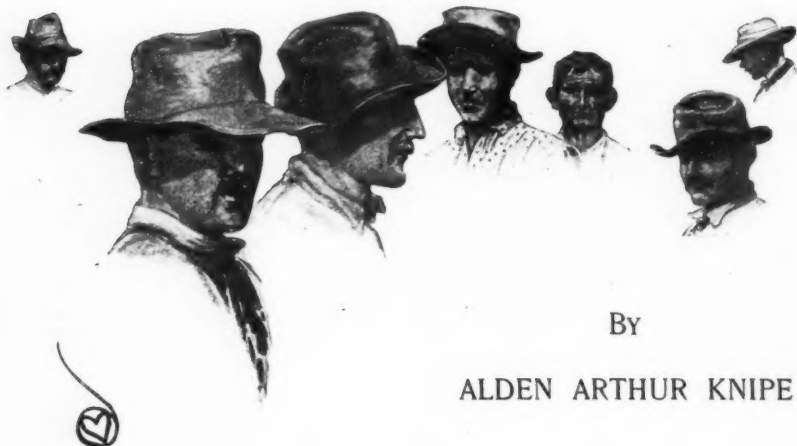
Already I looked with other eyes upon the sea. I knew it capable of betraying the generous ardor of youth as implacably as, indifferent to evil and good, it would have betrayed the basest greed or the noblest heroism. My conception of its magnanimous greatness was gone. And I looked upon the true sea, the sea that plays with men until their hearts are broken, and wears out ships to death. Nothing can touch the brooding bitterness of its heart. Open to all and faithful to none, it exercises its fascination for the betrayal of the best. To love it is not well. It knows no bond of plighted troth; no fidelity to misfortune, to long companionship, to long devotion. But the promise it holds out perpetually is very great; and the only secret of its possession is strength, strength—the jealous sleepless strength of a man guarding a coveted treasure within his gates.



"His whole attitude seemed to cry out an indignant 'Behold!'"

WORKING AN OIL LEASE

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE PENNSYLVANIA OIL FIELDS



By

ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE



IN the dark woods the obvious thought came to me as a positive inspiration. At the end of those jerking ground lines, over which my weary feet had stumbled a score of times, there must be an engine, and with the engine a man who could direct me out of the maze into which I had wandered. And so I found him, "just where he had been for the best part of thirty years," he told me.

He was sitting in his workshop surrounded by the tools of his trade, sturdy, thickset, and rugged; his white hair, growing a trifle thin on the crown, cropped close to his well-rounded head. He must have been sixty or near it, but the twinkling blue eyes that looked me over from top to toe showed no sign of age, and later when I saw him at work there was no hint that years had weakened in the slightest degree his ability to perform tasks not only difficult but heavy to handle, owing to the strength necessary in all the machinery for pumping oil. His hands were the most

characteristic part of him. They were thick, short-fingered hands; capable hands, as one saw at once; hands twisted and tortured like the bits of iron that hung from the walls about the man; but with all their scars, scars that had come in his daily work, there was no feeling of deformity, only a sense of strength and skill and the knowledge that they had been wrought into their present shape by a constant tussle with the tough metal he pounded and twisted into the forms he needed. This was Dave Coleman—"Old Man" Coleman everybody called him—superintendent of as valuable a lease as there is in Pennsylvania.

I came upon Mr. Coleman again early next day "pulling a well," a task which requires the united efforts of three men and a team of horses. The process consists of hauling out the sucker rods until at last, at the end of a thousand feet, the little brass valves come to the surface.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"She's pumpin' roilly. That is, the water is mixed with the oil," he explained. "Likely because the valve leaks and every

time she makes an up stroke there's a little thin stream shoots out of the leak and mixes the oil and water together. It's all queer down there, you know. There's gallons and gallons of salt water, and then there's the gas, too. How they got there or where they came from are questions I haven't found the answers to these thirty years."

The old man paused, hauled on a rope, and called to the man with the horses to go ahead. Billy Roach, the pumper, stepped back with a wrench in each hand, and another rod, dripping crude oil, came sliding out of the well. The teamster, balanced on the rope, shouted directions to the tugging horses: "Haw a little! Gee a little! Whoa, back!"

Billy leaned forward, slipping in an elevator to hold the remaining rods from falling back into the well while he wrenched another loose, the horses turned and came back to the derrick, and Mr. Coleman leaned on the rope to take up the slack. A moment later another rod came up, and again the process was repeated.

"No, you can't never tell what you'll find," Mr. Coleman went on. "These wells are as coquettish as women. Why, there's Number Four over on the other farm. Old Aunt Sally, we used to call her. Why, gee whiz! I tried every sort of rig you ever heard of to make her pump clean. All the new-fangled valves, and workin' barrels of all sorts, everything they had in the supply store; but she would pump roilly. Well, gee whiz! one day we lost a valve in her. It looked like a 'fishin' job' all right, and maybe a case of pullin' the tubin', but I said to Jimmy Grey, who was workin' with me at the time, 'Jim,' I said, 'we won't do nothin' of the kind. Old Aunt Sally ain't goin' to pump nothin' but roilly oil, I guess, and we'll just leave that valve there. We can't get her pumpin' good, so we'll fix her so nobody else can either.' Well, sir, that's what we did. Left that old valve in the well, pulled up the rods a foot or so, put on another, and, gee whiz! if she didn't pump the nicest, cleanest oil you ever saw, and we never had to pull her again for seven years! That's the longest time I ever heard of a well pumpin' without pullin'. Maybe you think I'm just talkin', but it's a fact. She's a good well yet, Aunt Sally is, pumps her two or three inches in her derrick tank every day, and, let me see—it must have been 'long about the time old Adam Johnson was tendin' fire over on the Independent. Oh, a matter of twenty-five or thirty years. Yes, they're

coquettish all right. Here's this one we're pullin'. She's nervous and kind of sulky. Gee whiz! there ain't a ground line on the lease that gets broken as often as this one. She's a good well, too. Pumps her four barrels regular, but nervous, and the water seems to bother her a heap. You see, you can't let a well stand without pumpin' because the salt water gets in and drives out the oil and the first thing you know you're gettin' only water and not a very good quality water at that. Then fussin' with 'em makes 'em nervous, and yet you can't let 'em pump roilly. Whoa there!" he shouted to the teamster. "Here's what the shoemaker threw at his wife."

This expression he always used when the final rod came out of the hole. Ten minutes saw the difficulties remedied and the process of pulling was reversed.

"And what is a fishing job?" I asked.

"Well," he began, "we have bad luck sometimes; everybody does, I guess. Now and then the rods part in the hole, or a stem breaks off the valve, like it did that time I was tellin' you about over at Number Four; sometimes the workin' barrels get stuck in the hole. Then we have a fishin' job to get them out. You see, they're down about a thousand feet inside that two-inch tubin' so that there isn't much room to work in, but we've got a lot of fishin' tools that we let down and try to get a friction hold on what we're after. Most always we get it, but then again we don't, which means pullin' the tubin', and, gee whiz! that's a job for a hot day!"

"I'd like to see a fishing job," I said encouragingly.

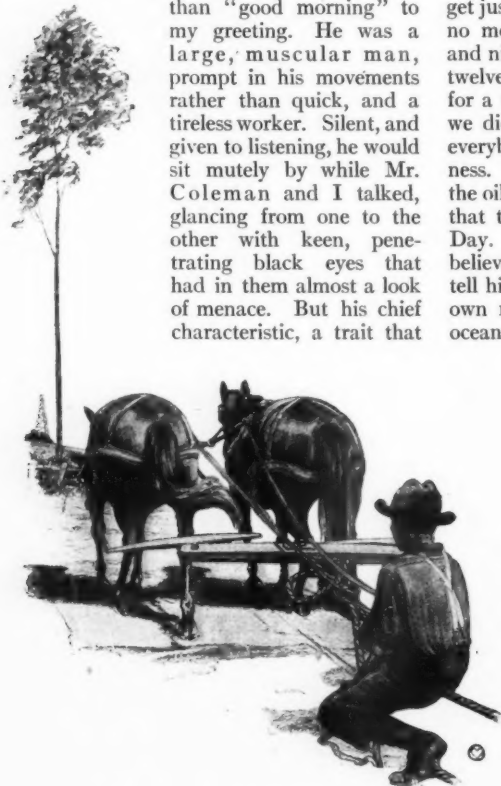
"I hope you won't see one on this lease," he returned earnestly, and Billy, the pumper, shared his view of the matter.

By the present methods the cost of pumping oil is reduced to a minimum. The gas engine is the vital center of the lease, and from this point the ground lines run in all directions, transmitting the power, it may be for a mile, to the distant wells scattered throughout the woods. The gas engine receives its fuel from the wells and needs but little attention after it is once started, so that only one man is necessary to care for, say, twenty-five or thirty active wells. This man is called the pumper, and his duties consist in visiting each well once in twenty-four hours and running off the oil from the small derrick tanks to the receiving tanks, which latter are connected with the pipe line. Thus a well which pumps

only a quarter of a barrel a day is well worth maintaining, as there is no increased cost, and in these days a four-barrel well is considered a very good one.

The life of the pumper is hardly attractive, and it is not to be wondered at that many of them drink sufficiently to make them quite unreliable. The country in which they are obliged to spend their days is practically deserted, and their little shacks are situated back in the woods far from the traveled roads. The lonesomeness is excessive, their daily round grows monotonous and is relieved only by accidents that materially increase their labor, their wages are small, and altogether the life is an exceedingly hard one; yet they say in the oil regions, "once a pumper always a pumper."

It was a long time before Billy Roach conquered his inherent suspicion of me sufficiently to say more than "good morning" to my greeting. He was a large, muscular man, prompt in his movements rather than quick, and a tireless worker. Silent, and given to listening, he would sit mutely by while Mr. Coleman and I talked, glancing from one to the other with keen, penetrating black eyes that had in them almost a look of menace. But his chief characteristic, a trait that



"The teamster balanced on the rope."

one recognized in a moment as dominant, was his absolute lack of fear. It was patent in every line of the man. He was probably forty years old, and his life so far had been typical of his class. He had been a "producer" on a small scale, had owned a little lease, had staked the savings of many years on his theories, put down a few wells, and "gone broke." Then he had come back to pumping again, but his ambition never faltered, and I have no doubt that in the long, solitary evenings, as he sat alone among the trees, he had his dreams of future wealth and prosperity when he should have saved sufficient money for another venture.

"Oh, no, we don't stop pumpin' for Sundays or any other days," began Billy as we sat under the trees and talked against the harsh, erratic bark of the gas engine. "We have to keep at it, or the water would get the best of us. And it's funny about that, too. You can get just so much oil out of a well every day and no more. Some people keep pumpin' day and night, while others, like us, shut down for twelve hours. We tried pumpin' all the time for a week and we didn't get as much oil as we did workin' only half time. Of course, everybody's got their notions about the business. There's a lot of religious folks thinks the oil and gas are put there by the Creator so that the world will burn up on Judgment Day. Oh, yes, they believe that, same as they believe that old Colonel Drake had spirits to tell him about the oil in the first place. My own notion is that the oil comes from the ocean in some way and I'll tell you why. In

the first place there's the salt water. How does it get there if it don't come from the ocean? And in the second place there's the gas! I've watched it here and out in Indiana both, and when the tide is high I have to shut off my gas a little in the engine, showin' that the pressure is heavy; then when the tide is low or fallin' I have to turn her on again. Yes, sir, that's a fact you can explain any way you like best, but I think the ocean is just naturally pushin' the oil ahead of it out of the sea."

For me the real excitement began when they talked of drilling. Somehow I had expected a ceremony to precede this process. One morning Mr. Coleman suggested casually that I go out and locate a

well for him. He was busy that morning, he said.

"Locate a well!" I repeated, aghast.

"Well, gee whiz!" he exclaimed. "They're comin' to move the derrick this mornin', and some one will have to show them where to put it. You can do it all right. You know where Twenty-six is. Well, all you have to do is to draw a line from there parallel to Thirty-three and step off a hundred yards and put down a stake. Anywhere within twenty feet or so will do."

I positively refused to accept any such responsibility, so Mr. Coleman took me with him into the woods, and together we climbed a derrick forty-five or fifty feet and looked down upon the rolling, tumbling hills.

"It wasn't really necessary to come up here," said Mr. Coleman, "but I thought you'd like to see how it was done. Now, over there to your right," he went on, pointing to the top of another derrick, "over there is Twenty-six. This one is Thirty. Now, a straight line from Twenty-six off to the left and another from here straight ahead will meet about at that dead tree, won't they?"

"Just about," I assented.

"Well, that will do, I guess," he replied and started down the creaking ladder past the floating bits of rag torn from the pumper's shirt and tied to mark the unsafe rounds. Then we found the dead tree. He cut a stick and drove it into the ground. That was all. A little sliver of wood marked the spot where a thousand dollars was to be sunk into the ground with very uncertain results.

After all, it is perhaps as good a way as any to locate a well, but all producers are by no means so unceremonious. Distances are measured to the fraction of an inch, engineers plot the ground with mathematical accuracy, elaborate maps are drawn, and every possible scrap of information gleaned from surrounding wells is considered, all with the same ludicrously uncertain results. There is no indication of what may be found in any given well until the drilling tools actually penetrate the oil-bearing rock. Whatever other wells in the immediate neighborhood are producing, whatever the general indications of the sur-

rounding country may be, there is nothing like a certainty that any oil at all will be found in a given place. There are, of course, theories and theorists innumerable. Every man in the region has his own pet ideas on the subject, and for every such theory there are countless examples to prove the contention and quite as many to disprove it.

Wells are usually located at distances of three hundred feet from each other, the idea being that a well will drain that distance in the oil-bearing rock. This is an almost universal practice, although to the uninitiated there is no plausible explanation for it. For example, a man drilled a well and found a dry hole or, as they call it in the West, "a duster." Then, in accordance with some personal theory as to how the layers of rock ran, he turned his drilling "rig" at right angles and drilled again; with the happy result that he pumped sixty barrels of oil a day, the second hole being hardly fifty feet from the first. Again, a well was drilled on the extreme edge of a certain lease which produced some seventy barrels. Whereupon the owner of the adjoining property, thinking to get a portion of that same oil, bored as close to the other as the necessary derrick space would permit. He found an absolutely dry hole, without a trace of oil, little more than ten feet from where the other well pumped the seventy barrels daily and continued so to pump for many months. These are examples that might be multiplied



"The 'shooter.'"

indefinitely; in point of fact it is doubtful if a keen imagination could invent a possible condition that has not been duplicated by actual experience. How supreme then must have been the faith of Drake, the man who drilled the first well.

Over our little stick the rig builders erected a derrick, which was no sooner completed than the drillers took possession, steam hissed from the boiler, fifteen hundred feet of Manila cable was reeled on the big bull wheel, and, before I quite realized it, a sixteen-inch bit had begun working up and down, driving an opening wedge into the surface, to prepare a space for the smaller tools that are used when the mountain rock is reached. To me the potentialities were so great that it was hard to believe a new well could be started with no more ado than in digging a kitchen garden or planting a tree.

The wells are drilled by four men, two drillers and two tool dressers, and when the work is once started it goes on, night and day, stopping only for thunderstorms, until it is finished. The work is divided into what are called "towers," meaning shifts of twelve hours, between midnight and noon. A driller and tool dresser are on duty together, the former having the responsibility. Nominally the tool dresser is a blacksmith whose business it is to keep the steel drilling bits to scale; actually both men share their tasks, helping each other in their several departments.

These "bits" are the tools that do the actual drilling. They weigh two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds each, and it is the changing of them when their edges become worn and the pounding of them into shape

after they have been heated in the forge that makes the tool dresser's part so severe. A bit may go through a "tower" without change, or again it may take ten bits to go as many feet. Usually the forge is inside the derrick close to the hole, but sometimes it is necessary to move it outside, as much as a hundred yards, to avoid the possibility of igniting the excessive gas found in some wells. Under

these circumstances the tool dresser's work is enormously increased by the added labor of carrying the bits to and from the forge. Fires do occur unexpectedly, and the men are lucky if they manage to smother them out with sand, blankets, or steam before the entire rig is burned; but after all this is but one of the many accidents containing all the elements of a tragedy that may happen at any moment.

My chief delight was in listening to Jimmy Berry, veteran driller, whose "tower" came from noon till midnight. His age I could only surmise, for, although he worked like a man in his prime, he told me stories that dated back to the first oil wells discovered. He

was usually perched on the driller's bench. Above his head the mighty walking beam rose and fell rhythmically, beside him jerked the temper screw that regulates the length of cable in the hole, and at his feet sharp reports like the spiteful crack of a rifle came out of the little black circle in the floor as the rope snapped viciously against the sides of the slowly deepening well. At night, in the flickering lights from the forge and derrick lamps, it was charmingly unreal. The trees crowded in beside the derrick, the massed shadows changed every moment when the wind fanned the lamps or when they were



"The process consists of 'hauling out the sucker rods.'"

dimmed by the glare from the forge as it blazed up, while now and then the almost molten steel dropping on the anvil illuminated the scene to the brightness of day. Outside the derrick it was black and silent except for the occasional hiss of escaping steam or, in a moment of intense quiet when a bit was being changed, the mournful cry of a whip-poor-will. To Jimmy Berry this was an old story. His view was purely utilitarian.

"Oh, yes," he replied to my question, "I want to get a good well, all right. There ain't anyone likes to see the grease come more than I do. It means the owner will put down other wells, and that means work for the driller. And the more work I have, the quicker I'll have a lease of my own."

So far his interest went; no farther. He talked about his work, answering my questions patiently and intelligently; but when he took the initiative in our talks the topic was never associated with oil. The Russian-Japanese War and the chances of peace interested him mightily. The German experiments in electric traction at high speed brought forth a volume of questions that found me dumb. He was impressed by Mr. Burbank's horticultural creations, but extremely skeptical. When I proclaimed my faith in them he demanded whether or not I had seen any of these new plants. At my negative he shook his head vigorously and ended further argument by saying that it was "all against nature." But the antics of the drilling tools hundreds of feet below the surface seemed to have a fascination for him, as they had for me.

"There's been a good deal of speculation as to just what happens when the bit strikes the rock down there," he began one night. "It bounces back a number of feet, depending on

how far down the well is, and there's where the trick of drillin' comes in. The stem and bit together weigh nearly a ton, I should say. Well, she drops down, hits the rock, and jumps back, so you see I've got to regulate the engine and the length of the cable so as to pick up that slack when she's risin' and give her an extra little tug to keep her goin'. And it's got to be just right, too. If the engine is

goin' too fast she may get that extra tug as she's fallin', and that wears out the cable pretty fast. If it goes too slow she may only get that extra tug every other time, and that means slow work. Then again it takes some time for the jerk to get down the rope, and if I stopped the engine now the bit would take eight or ten strokes before she quit."

"But how can you tell when it is right?" I asked, looking at the black hole in the floor of the derrick.

"Just feel it on the rope."

He jumped down from his bench and went to help his tool dresser shape a bit. The glowing metal rested on the anvil between them and the ring of their blows as they swung the sledges drew faint echoes from

the surrounding hills. "Tool dressing" seems to connote a delicate task. The reality consists in beating these bits into shape to fit a circular gauge of about five and a quarter inches diameter and requires all the strength a strong man can put into a blow with a twelve-pound hammer.

"We were speakin' a while ago about the way those tools act in the hole," Jimmy began as he came back to his drilling. "I had a chance once to see just what they do about four hundred feet below the surface." He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye.

"You mean to say you saw the bit actually



"He was usually perched on the driller's bench."

drilling four hundred feet down?" I demanded incredulously.

"Yes, that's what I mean, and I guess there ain't many men that have seen it," he answered.

"But how could you see it?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I'll tell you." He paused a moment to let out a few turns in the screw while I edged nearer. "It was in a coal mine and the engineer wanted a ventilating hole into a level just a little more than four hundred feet down. He decided to drill it, and I and another fellow got the job. It was just plain drillin', nothin' different from this except that we were in slate most of the time. But it began to be interestin' when we got near the tunnel. Just before she went through the roof you could feel the shocks as the bit pounded. Boom! boom! it went, right above your head no matter where you stood, and then at last she tore through. It was then that I got interested, I can tell you. The job was finished, but I went to the engineer and explained to him that I wanted to see what those tools did, and he got as interested in it as I was. We let the bit through the new hole in the roof down to the floor of the tunnel, about eight feet, I should judge, and me and the other driller took turns workin' up top so we could both see. You remember I told you that the tools jumped back? Well, sir, that bit struck the floor of the tunnel and jumped back clear out of sight into the hole in the roof, and down it would shoot again like a powerful big sewing machine. In and out of the hole it went, ready to crush through anything in its way. I tell you a fellow couldn't stand watchin' it very long. Somehow it was terrible. It took my nerve all right, though of course there wasn't any danger. I'm glad I saw a bit workin' that way, but I haven't a notion that I want to see another."

The nearest approach to excitement, and this is by no means exuberant, on the part of the men who are doing the work comes when the bit begins to eat into the first layer of oil-bearing rock, or "sand," as they call the different strata. Here at last is a chance to give a fairly accurate estimate of what may be expected from the well.

We found the black sand early in the morning. Old Man Coleman, fully as eager as though the well were his, was on hand to represent the owner. Billy Roach, silent and watchful, came with the contractor, so that it was quite a little party the sun looked down upon as it rose pink and splendid about four

o'clock. Eagerly all scanned the crushed and broken bits of rock that were brought up by the bailer. It was washed, smelt of, and tasted. On the surface of the drillings black and dirty-looking bubbles formed, and a dark scum floated on the top of the white sand about the derrick. This was the actual oil, black oil, and the gas, which almost invariably accompanies it, could be heard spluttering nine hundred feet below. But it was the green sand, some sixty feet farther down, that was expected to produce not only more oil but oil of a better quality than the black sand does. So, hour after hour, we watched anxiously the slow rise and fall of the cable, testing the drillings almost without comment at each run of the bailer, and piling a specimen of each of the sands into little heaps on the floor of the derrick. At last we reached the green sand. Mr. Coleman and the contractor conferred together in low tones upon the next stage of the proceedings, and the rest of us sat around, a little tired, talking quietly about the prospects. After ten days and nights of uninterrupted drilling, the great walking beam stopped and the superintendent announced that they would "shoot" it. "About twenty quarts," he added as we dispersed for breakfast.

The shooting of a well consists of exploding more or less nitroglycerin in the green sand, thus making a cavity at the bottom of the well in order to increase the bleeding surface, if I may so describe it. As in all other problems in oil production, there are widely divergent views about "shooting," running from those who never shoot at all to those who always do. Each advocate has examples to prove his contentions. Thus dry holes are known to have been made splendidly productive by shooting; good wells have been utterly ruined by the same process. One fact seems to have been clearly proved and accepted by the majority. In the black sand the oil is invariably driven away by shooting, while in the green it is usually increased. Here then is a problem: shall the well be shot on the chance of increasing the green oil production and spoiling the black, or is it best to leave well enough alone and get a fair production from both? The answer gives the key to the character of the oil producer. The well is nearly always shot.

The quantity of nitroglycerin used is determined by the hardness of the rock. Forty quarts is a fair shot in Pennsylvania, although not infrequently a hundred quarts or more



"At night in the flickering lights from the forge."

are used, while in other fields, notably that of West Virginia, much greater quantities are habitually employed.

When the "shooter" came to our well I was, naturally enough, deeply interested in the new figure, who walked and rode, with death beside him, for sixty-five dollars a month. He arrived in a little wagon made especially for the purpose. This wagon is easily recognizable and is given a wide berth by the cautious farmers when they meet it on the road, for upon a double set of springs rests a square body under the lid of which are a dozen or so padded compartments each holding an eight-quart can of nitroglycerin. The "shooter" was a dapper little chap dressed in a ready-made suit of mixed stuff, and quite young. He guided his horses rather carelessly over the rough rock-strewn path through the woods, bumping and jolting over stumps and ground lines with seeming indifference until he reached the clearing. Mr. Coleman waited for him at a safe distance, and after a word or two about the quantity of nitroglycerin he wanted used, withdrew and took his place on a stone some rods away, where, presently, the others joined him.

I understood well enough what this desertion of the derrick meant. The men made no bones about their fear of nitroglycerin; so I was alone when the shooter, one arm about a number of little tin tubes not unlike small rain spouts, and a large square can in the other hand, stepped in. He placed the can carefully on the floor and, with an extremely melancholy smile and a remark about the weather, set to work joining the tin tubes together. With me curiosity struggled against a vague fear of something I knew little of, and curiosity conquered, so that I stayed to see the operation of pouring the glycerin into the tubes and of lowering them into the hole. While he worked I asked questions. How and why he became a shooter? Wasn't he afraid and didn't he wish there was a safer business he could get into? He answered, in an even, unmodulated voice, that he "just growed into it; had worked with shooters when he was a kid, finally got a job all alone, and had been at it ever since. Yes, he was afraid, just as afraid as he was the first time he did it, but he was careful, too—and there wasn't much danger when a man was careful. No, he didn't expect to give it up. It was a

good job, the work was easy, he wasn't strong, and there's the woman and the kids to care for." In that last sentence was the gist of it all. "The woman and the kids"—and the man worked over a volcano while the wife waited for the news that would surely come one day telling her of the end.

The glycerin in the well is exploded with dynamite which is dropped in with a lighted time fuse attached. As we talked, everything had been prepared for this final step.

"Well, she's all ready," said the shooter, holding the stick of dynamite in one hand and a match in the other—but, just as I started out, a shout came to us from one of the watchers outside the derrick.

"Look out in there; she's pretty gassy!"

I think my shooter turned a shade paler than was his wont as he arose suddenly from his kneeling position over the hole.

"I guess maybe I'd better light this outside," he announced casually. Instantly I realized the significance of this remark. Had he struck that match—and he was within an ace of doing it—the gas would have ignited, exploding the dynamite in his hand and the nitroglycerin in the well, and there would have been little left of either of us. I departed hastily, the shooter's words still in my ears, "the woman and the kids."

I joined the group who had been waiting at a safe distance and watched from there. The shooter dropped his torpedo and hurried away. Then we waited for what seemed to

me a long, long time. It was my first experience and I hardly knew what to expect, but I had time to think of all I had heard on the subject, and still nothing happened. I began to believe that the fuse had gone out or that something was wrong and that it would have to be all done over again—and still nothing happened.

Finally an indescribable sensation, a vibration, a something indefinite which I felt rather than heard, took place under my feet, and then Jimmy Berry exclaimed, "There she goes!"

Again I waited and after a seemingly endless period I became conscious of a hissing sound that grew in volume and intensity until finally the oil and water in the hole rushed out, shooting in a straight column up and up and breaking into a cloudy, nebulous top fifteen feet above the derrick. It looked like a beautifully luminous fountain whose plumed crest flamed against the sky as the oil reflected a hundred rainbow colors from the rays of the brilliant sun. For an instant it stood there, glowing and radiant, then, as suddenly as it had come, fell like rain,

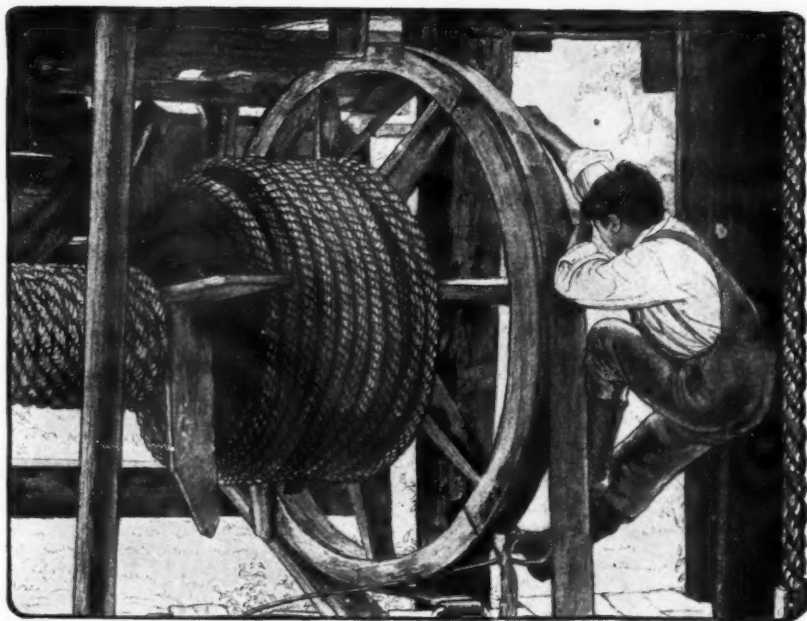
and the shooting was over.

For a few moments we all watched the derrick in silence. Then began the never-failing discussion of shooters and their tragic deaths. The ultimate death of the shooter is certain.

"Never saw that young fellow before," commented Mr. Coleman as we turned to watch the shooter make ready to depart. "Seems like a sober little chap."



"Pulling a well."



"Manila cable was reeled on the big bull wheel."

"He'll take to drinkin' soon or late," Jimmy Berry prophesied soberly. "They all do. Guess they need something to keep up their nerve. Usually they are pretty drunk when they do their shootin'."

"Did you know Jake Sharp was gone?" Mr. Coleman asked, turning to Jimmy Berry. "You don't say!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Yes, he's gone. Last week over near Red Hot. I just heard about it," answered the "old man."

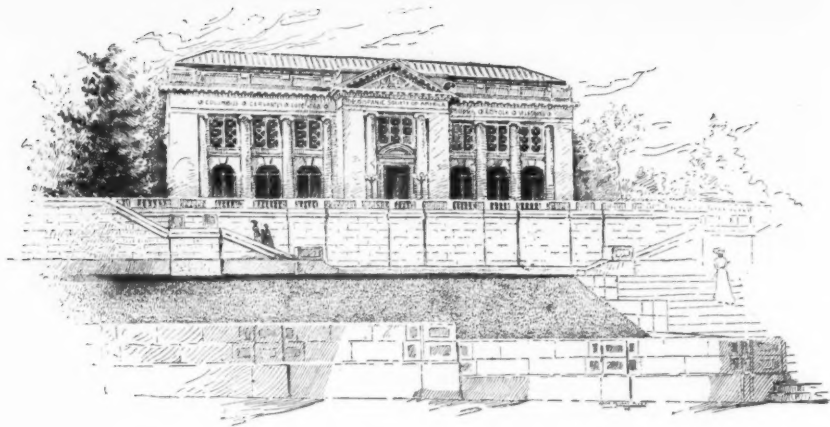
"He seemed to know his time was comin', Jake did," said Jimmy Berry. "Why, for years he used to say good-by to his wife and children every mornin' when he went to work. He'd say good-by to all his friends, and if you happened to meet him on the road, didn't make no difference whether you knew him or not, he'd sing out 'good-by,' cheerful as you please. Used to do it every day, like he was sure it was the last time. And now he's gone. Well! Well!"

"And you can't tell anything about how the stuff will act," Mr. Coleman said, addressing me. "Sometimes you can do 'most anything you please with it and it won't go off. Then again it gets what they call 'ripe' and the

least little jar sets it goin'. Did you ever hear how Torpedo got its name? No? Well, gee whiz! that was the strangest thing that ever happened out here. There's a railroad crossing down there, and once a shooter starts to drive over ahead of a train. One of the horses gets his foot caught in a frog. The shooter he jumps out of the wagon and takes to the woods. The engineer and fireman, seein' what they was in for, both jumped from the cab, and the engineer gets all broke up and dies later. Well, the train killed the horses and upset the wagon so that the cans of glycerine were lying all over the road, and, gee whiz! the stuff didn't go off at all!"

And so on and on they would go retailing horror after horror with all the ghastly details.

One, to me, unexpected circumstance seems worth noting. During my stay of some months in the oil fields of Pennsylvania I came into contact with all classes of oil men from the independent producer to the humble pumper, but of that "commercial octopus whose sinuous and far-reaching tentacles stretch forth to strangle the men, women, and children in the oil fields," I heard nothing but praise.



NEW BUILDING OF THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

THE FIRST SPANISH MUSEUM IN AMERICA

BY E. T. LANDER



EXTENDING northward from that part of 155th Street which forms the boundary of Trinity Cemetery is an outlying portion of New York, of almost incomparable natural charm, a beautiful upland traced throughout its length by the undulating line of the river softly flowing beneath the vast shadow of its rock-framed opposite bank. It may truthfully be said that nowhere in suburban territory is borne a finer investiture of beauty than in a succession of sunny green spaces ranged within this plateau, wherein, intersecting it with a picturesque irregularity, are scattered huge oaks and other native trees of splendid maturity, their noble charm intermingled in home environment with the varied botanical series grouped in cultivated gardens.

For many years and until now, this landscape, comprehended in Audubon Park, has remained with little change in domiciliary or

other conditions, maintaining that exquisite grace that can alone survive where Nature is still left so large a degree of freedom, its low-statured hills and little open shallow dales bearing in curve and slope their original contours; its solitudes as perfect, as entrancingly fragrant, and with secrets masked in as curious wood-life fantasies; its widely separated rural dwellings toned by the recurrent seasons half-hidden in bowery seclusion, and therewithal a character and state to revive a flitting memory of the birthplace of Browning where the scene with "the tops of twenty square miles of politely inhabited groves" held for Ruskin so particular a charm.

And here the spectator now watches a transition movement with a line struck out for future social action where, over against these flowery sanctuary precincts consecrated to memories of the past, the high tide of the present exhibits its energy and conscious greatness in new constructive accomplishment. From being only "politely inhabited" this park of dwellings, defined in its royal quiet on

one hand by the newer portion of Broadway and by the great historic water course on the other, is already transformed to the extent of having first introduced a certain mode of public habitation happily on no account unwelcome.

The grounds are just out of Broadway and measured by the space between 155th and 156th Streets, on which by private generosity is erected the Spanish Museum, now very nearly completed, as a gift to the Hispanic Society. It cannot fail to be recognized that with its apparent isolation and real convenience of access the site is well selected, while as the personal achievement of the giver, Mr. Archer Huntington, bibliophile and art collector, the possession about to be publicly bestowed is also in many respects unique.

Supplementary to the splendid gift of this building and grounds is to be made generous provision from the same source for maintenance. Though developed with equal munificence, the plan here being put in working order differs from a majority of recent examples of public philanthropy in one respect at least, a preëminent feature as it is in the life work of the donor whose taste in this direction has already been notably expressed both as a literary man and as the founder of the Hispanic Society of which he is president. Comparatively young, he has also with much care and discrimination brought together a remarkable and highly valuable collection of rare Spanish books, ancient manuscripts, bibelots, etc., of exceeding interest in their respective classes, all of which will soon be disposed in this new treasury of art.

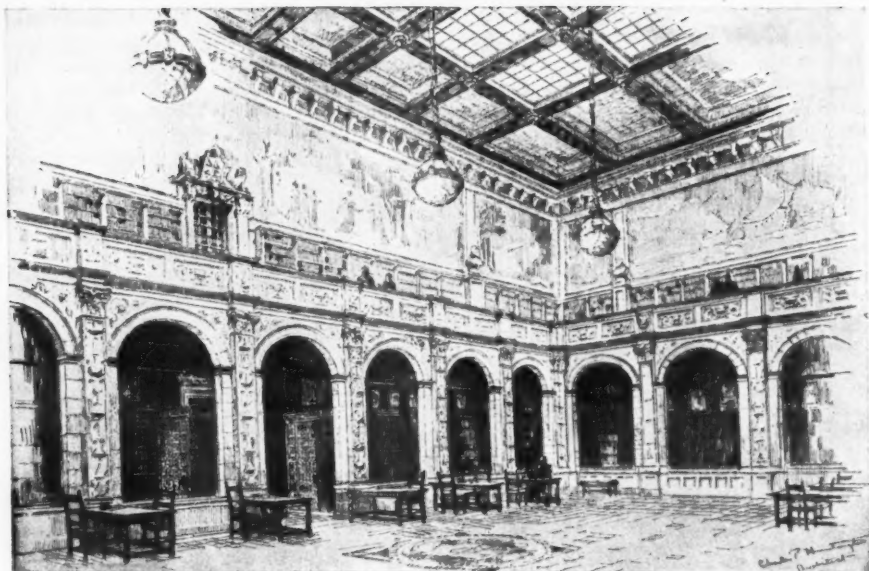
It is intended, in pursuance of an original idea in the conception of this museum, that it shall afford encouragement through its varied collections to the study of Spanish history and literature, made comparatively universal in scope—not alone of Spain proper, but marking the genius of the race everywhere, particularly in Spanish-American countries. Of such springs, whereunto this leader now so generously invites all who may follow, he has drunk with joy, and not only is this an intimacy with the life and literature of the Iberian Peninsula—with a language wonderfully lacking in unity, comprehended in Portuguese-Galician, Castilian, and Catalan as its three great branches, with their variations of Hispanic Romance and Gallo-Roman types and in the predominant idiom known as "Castellano," divided also into the language of poetry, the language of the

troubadours, and the spoken language—but a course extended to corresponding familiarity with the literary conditions of South America. This student traveler, presumably acting on the old saying that "wherever there are Spaniards there is Spain," at any rate, having devoted considerable time to observations and researches in that newer-grown field, now offers to others the fruits of his labors on either side of the world absolutely free for purposes of study.

With his profound devotion to Spanish literature Mr. Huntington has most distinguished himself, perhaps, as a translator of the *Cid*, so well has the spirit of it been interpreted in his hands, and so widened a public interest thereby given to this most remarkable type of heroic poetry in the Castilian tongue.

It is, of course, to the public sense incomparably the greatest of creations from the same hand that is present in the new Hispanic Society building. The edifice as now anticipated will be completed and opened for a first view early in 1906. The building is advantageously situated for general effect on a height, the charm felt in it magnified therewithal by a beautiful approach with terraces, gardens, and stone balustrade combined in a perfect bit of architectural landscape. The terrace inclosed within the balustrades entirely surrounds the building, having its greatest width, however, on the principal front, where also the ground slopes naturally to the line of 156th Street, with two flights of steps formed thereon ascending from the garden level. The terrace, divided by a wide esplanade through the center, is to be ornamented with two basins, one on either side, wrought after a Spanish model.

An architectural image is here produced that is fittingly representative of the dignity and splendor of that intellectual life marked in ancient and recent ages in the achievements of an ever-marvelously enchanting land—the Iberia of the Greeks, the Hispania of the Romans, the Spain of to-day. The structure thus prepared to receive an accumulated wealth of art and kindred forms is built in Indiana limestone with dimensions of 100 x 60 feet. The architecture, presenting an original design on classical lines, is a remarkably beautiful example of the Ionic style. It satisfies architectural ethics that, sustaining the classic motive, the building, while it practically comprises four stories, visibly presents but two of these to outside view, both



From the Architect's Preliminary Perspective

A CORNER OF THE READING ROOM

the basement and sub-basement being placed wholly below the ground line. The three qualities that Vitruvius lays down as indispensable in a fine building, *Firmitas, Utilitas, Venustas*—stability, utility, beauty—are exceedingly well combined in this instance.

Almost equally beautiful, considered by these æsthetic principles, are the two façades presented, respectively facing the different streets, that on the northward side containing the entrance being, however, more enriched with ornament. Giving this principal façade its character is a colonnade of engaged Ionic columns, inclosing within their range three intercolumniations on either side of the portico at the center, and in each of which spaces are the windows of two stories, the first formed with semicircular, arched tops with square latticed cones in the upper series. The gracefully tapering column with the usual arrangement in a congeries of moldings at the base—the torus, etc., resting on a stylobate in receding steps—is not fluted, but with its variation from the archetypal form limited to the shaft and bearing the Ionic capital with volutes delicately curled.

The architect of this Hispanic Society building, Mr. Charles P. Huntington, a young

member of the profession, has but recently returned from Paris, where he spent six years at the École des Beaux-Arts in the atelier of M. Victor Laloux, the great French architect who has done the Gare d'Orléans, the Cathedral of Tours, and other public buildings.

It has been intended, as already shown, that this building should be fitted in its construction to last for centuries. With not an atom of wood used in the structure, it is also fire-proof in a rare degree, while danger from evil intrusion is well guarded against by a burglar-proof system combining double iron doors fixed at different places; a more careful study could not have been given to measures of protection from fire and theft. The arrangements for ventilation, heating, and electric lighting are equally perfect, with every convenience in addition for public service.

The interior comprises a main reading room on the first floor and a balcony on the second, with also a basement and sub-basement. The reading room, running the whole length of the building, is surrounded by arcades in Spanish renaissance architecture. The room is of vast dimensions and is lit from above; a richly ornamented ceiling is one of its fine features, and the walls are to be covered with

paintings and tapestries. Beneath the balcony are to be the cases containing the larger proportion of the books, while many volumes also will be arranged on the balcony floor, where space is to be given to pottery and other forms of art. Opening from the great reading room on the first floor and the balcony on the second are rooms for the use of the board and of the president; also private reading rooms.

The basement is mostly to be used as a large stack room, with adjoining galleries of photographic reproductions, the librarian's office, etc., where is built a huge vault to contain valuables, such as the gems of most precious literary or archaeological character. In many cases facsimiles will be made of the rare book by the photographic process, the originals thus being saved from constant ex-

posure. The service of the collection in the basement is to be aided by a lift for bringing up the volumes, to be returned by a chute. The sub-basement provides chiefly for the heating apparatus and for janitor's quarters.

In the library much attention has been given to facilities for readers, where one noticeable feature is an electric-call system by means of which, in connection with the tables placed around this principal reading room, a book is to be obtained simply by pressing a button without leaving the seat. Never before, even with the new magic of to-day, could a touch so open to a realm of enchantment, whose vivid imagery mark the full life of a people of singular nobility, shown forth through their romances, histories, poems, prose chronicles of valiant deeds, drama, devout productions of religion.

THE ROYAL SCREEN

By MARRION WILCOX

*(Suggested by a copy of "The Faerie Queene," printed at London in 1590,
dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.)*

IF this old book could speak it would reveal
The secret of its charm—
Not in its high-flown chivalry or fine
Elusive music of each stately line,
But in this warm
And human impulse which all men can feel:—
"The centuries through,
Before I came to you,
Though many bought, one, only one possessed me;
And she, a beauty of my author's age,
Lives only, only in my fading page
Where oftentimes her slender hands caressed me.
(Yet soft, so soft her finger-tips,—
Her hand was it, or her young lips?)
For here the Poet's Poet wrote her praise;
Here stands her name, 'Belphebe.' In those days
Belphebes petted better than they read:
She, seldom reading, fondled me instead
For Spenser's sake and eke her own, no doubt!
E'en thus, right soon she found my secret out—
*That I was made for her, not for the queen,
Whose august name was but a lover's screen."*



"The Little Mask radiantly danced before him again."

THE MIRACLE OF VANITY

BY MARY HEATON VORSE



HE carnival swept up young Harrington and carried him along like a gayly painted leaf before a belated south wind. To carry out the simile one could add that until this moment Harrington had been a well-conducted young leaf decorously attached to the parent tree of America. While he had fluttered and flapped around in the various winds of life with the rest, he had still remained tightly riveted in his own little appointed place, riveted by his principles, his mother would have asserted, and Harrington would have agreed with her, though quite without the smile of complacency. He had never been a Pharisee; he had looked with pity rather than with disapproval on those of his companions less closely attached to the branch of the usual, whom the winds of life had caught up and whirled off into the unknown. Judge then his own astonishment at finding himself careering breathless through space with the rest.

Although the transition had been abrupt, Harrington suffered no sense of insecurity or loss, being unaware of the slow subconscious change that had made it possible. It seemed part of the divine order of things that he should find himself to-day a gorgeously colored leaf flying in the blue instead of sedately flapping in his place as had been his wont.

Of what had happened he was himself only too poignantly aware. Philosophers to the contrary, we are conscious of our most acute joys—to be happy one must know that one is so, for the unconscious happiness of childhood is merely a state of beautiful vegetation. Harrington drank in his freedom as a thirsty man drinks long draughts. But after a time he became conscious that for perfect happiness one must have sympathy.

As this thought grew in his mind the Little

Mask radiantly danced before him again. He had noticed her but vaguely before, being absorbed in his own evolution. Now he turned his eyes outward as she came up and stood alluring, provoking, but not bold, indeed even modest. They strutted round each other for a moment with the artless ceremony of carnival masks. Then throwing a handful of confetti over him, she disappeared in the crowd, leaving Harrington with an impression of having seen some rare work of art. Her figure was young, almost to immaturity, yet with a certain subtle finish in its every movement. She had surely been perfect in each stage of her development and had never known the awkwardness and incompleteness of youth, any more than she could be imagined as presenting any of the melancholy aspects of old age. All the uncouth states of development, the stodgy fleshiness of middle age, the heartrending progress of decay, were alike impossible for her. She was as perfect and unalterable as a marble of Donatello.

As Harrington accepted her challenge and followed her, he found himself thinking fantastically that she would have to die young. For perfection was her very essence—any change would lessen it.

The new Harrington, whom his mother would have recognized with tears, felt his carnival paradox without putting it into words, and it gave him, alive as he was to pain and pleasure, a moment of unreasonable anguish.

After all, he reflected, there was no need of being grotesque. The Little Mask was not a fairy nor a spirit; she had been a baby, no doubt one day she would be an old woman. But at that moment he found her waiting for him in the crowd, and at the sight of her again this absurd sorrow took him.

She seemed to Harrington too exquisite to withstand the tempests of life; she represented to his alert imagination spring in its supreme moment, the Italian spring of roses

and iris, with enough of wistfulness to give it grace. Even in her delightful, fantastic dress one divined her own personality. What her frock was Harrington could never remember. Her hair was dressed in some charming manner and heavily powdered, which somehow gave a wonderful piquancy to her young sveltness.

It added the last touch to his midsummer night's dream when she spoke to him in his own tongue; though Harrington was living in a marvelous world where anything might happen.

"I have been waiting for you a long time," she said sweetly as he joined her. She spoke English as he never before had heard it. It had an indescribably foreign note and yet Harrington felt that it was because of its extraordinary purity that it seemed foreign. It was of her voice he talked later, the wonderful golden voice whose cadence was sweet as song.

"Who are you?" asked Harrington abruptly.

"I am carnival—I am youth—I am you—I am happy," she half chanted. Then soberly, "I am the Mask of Vanity." And Harrington was content.

Then she put her hand on his arm and they walked through carnival together from that moment.

There is a land where everyone is gay and young and almost everyone happy, since those on whom carnival cannot put its magic soon vanish thence. Their sadness and want of understanding is their passing bell. Nor is it possible for anyone who has not entered this foolish and enchanted country to comprehend it. You may stand on a balcony and see a cavalcade of monstrous and fantastic shapes. You may look upon a city whose white streets are filled with people in fantastic garments who throw laughter and confetti at each other. You may sit in a carriage bedecked with flowers and throw flowers at others. You may go to the mask balls and dress in pink and white satin and yet be as far away from carnival as if you were living in Old Deerfield.

There is no looking on at carnival; you must be part of it or the breath of its magic never warms your cheek as it whispers you the secret. No one has ever discovered by what miracle it breaks out, or how at the striking of a clock, a little music, some strings of colored lights, a crowd of men and women dressed in mummer's clothes and carrying a

quantity of little round bits of colored paper in their hands can make carnival. It is the genius of the Latin people, concentrating in one gay flame the ever-glowing fire of their mirth. Given the same ingredients with an Anglo-Saxon crowd and carnival would spell pandemonium.

The crowd surged, a people gone mad with happiness; their feet seemed not to touch the ground, their heads nodded as if to rhythm of some dance. They played the pranks of children out of school, while confetti pink, green, all the colors of harlequin drifted over them, powdering their clothes with multi-colored flakes. Here and there in the crowd Harrington recognized fellow-countrymen, some playing clumsily at the carnival game, others staring wide-eyed, like cattle at a fair. Carnival swept past them as they wondered what it meant.

But Harrington understood. He knew what he had missed. He knew what all his race is missing every day—gayety. For with the Romance races the *lutin* of carnival plays all the year. You hear it in a song on a street corner, you see its touch in a woman's dress, it sets girls laughing and men dancing together in the streets. The light-heartedness of childhood stays with these people all their days, while we find our dour pleasures in strenuous work, in duty and in tiring our bodies. Only the most favored of us are lacking enough in self-consciousness to know how to laugh.

If you are of those who can, and if you are young, go to Nice before Lent, and carnival will snatch you up. You will have mad adventures, and you will wonder, as Harrington did later, who it was that borrowed your body and put it through such unwonted paces.

How far Harrington was from all familiar landmarks one little fact alone will tell. In all his intimacy with the Little Mask, it never occurred to him to wonder what she was doing, after all, alone and detached in the Carnival of Nice. But compared with his newly liberated spirit nothing in the world was wonderful. The world belonged to him now, the other masks were his brothers, the foreign tongue which they spoke, his tongue. He never could have been born in Stamford, Conn., for this bright winterless country of Nice was his country and the mad, iridescent, confetti-throwing crowd his people. All the latent hereditary gayeties which had been buried during his twenty-five years under the hard crust of custom came bubbling to the

surface, destroying forever the puritanism which had served him as a decent and comfortable if somewhat sad colored covering. It was fantastic, but his material person felt lighter and freer as if, all his life, he, without knowing it, had been muffled in heavy and constricting garments. But these very restraints and principles of his former self made his gayety as untainted as a child's; without any evil or *arrière-pensée* in its abandon. It seemed only fitting that the genial spirit of carnival should provide him with a mate.

So he accepted her with as much simplicity as Adam did Eve in Eden. He never asked her why she would not take off her mask, or why she would give him no name to call her by, but came to him each day of carnival with a new one. A new name made her a new person, she explained, and she would not have him get tired of her.

After each fête Harrington put her into a cab which was instructed to drive to a certain monument. Where it went afterward he made it a point of honor not to know. While they were together she ran the whole gamut of charm and sentiment. In her various little impersonations, she lifted him up on the wings of her wit, and brought out in him a nimbleness of speech that would have astonished Stafford, Conn., where few could play the fascinating game of words, the highest form of amusement yet invented. She was a skilled player and in those few days Harrington was given a vision of the subtleties and grace and flexibility of this most immortal of all games. It was such an insight that ever since his talk has at times a glamour, a rare turn of phrase, that only she could have taught him.

In the days between the carnival fêtes he made a brave attempt at thinking calmly. But the impulse of carnival and the glamour of his Little Mask were too strong. He knew he could not live in the world of masks and pantomime forever, and when he went out again into the world of work and commonplace he meant to take the Little Mask with him. He wondered, as he looked out over an incredibly blue sea, if she in her every-day self were as different as he was, if his wonderful hummingbird masqueraded through life perhaps in the guise of a demure wren. Never mind, they had known each other once; they would have their moments always.

Meantime neither of them had touched on the material facts of their lives. If Harrington had been less under the spell of his newfound self, less in love, he might have had

doubting moments as he thought of the little he would have to tell her, for the web of his life was such a thin, homespun affair; this was the first scarlet thread in its whole texture. Under the Little Mask's talk there gleamed a life many hued and rich, shot with gold and precious embroidery. She poured it all out lavishly; and in those few days she managed to give him the quintessence of her life, which meant the quintessence of herself.

Oh, they played the carnival game as only the Little Mask could show him how to play it! And in the last few hours there deepened in Harrington's mind the impression of sadness which her beauty had first given him. She seemed the very spirit of carnival, and carnival was at the point of death. The autumn leaf does not stay in the blue forever. The butterfly dies, the red rose of carnival is short of life, and spring has only a few minutes of perfection, free from the cold blight of winter, the withering heat of summer.

The Little Mask sat very quiet in the corner of a balcony. Below them surged the dancing crowd. It seemed remote and unreal, for the first time.

"Before I go," said the Little Mask, "tell me who you are and where you come from."

"I come from a land of bondage," said Harrington.

"And I, too, come from the land of bondage—and to-night I go back to bondage."

"But not without me, Little Mask," said Harrington, breaking through their convention of whimsicality, "and if I cannot go with you, you must come with me."

"You mean," she said slowly, "that without knowing my face or my name, you would take me with you forever?"

"I would marry you to-morrow," said Harrington. "I love you, Little Mask. I don't know your name. I have never seen your face. I have seen your soul."

"Oh, youth—youth—youth, how lovely you are," the Little Mask almost sobbed. Harrington knew that she was not speaking to him.

"I have seen you—I know you," he repeated triumphantly. An overmastering desire to look upon her face came over him and he stretched out his hand to the little black *loup* with its lace fringe.

"You have seen—you have seen! God knows *what* you have seen, my poor child," said the Little Mask, gently putting him aside. "You have seen a phantom that does not exist, a reflection of something which was.

There is no Little Mask; she dies with carnival."

Harrington shivered at a draught from a door opening into the night.

"Let me go in peace," she went on. "This has been very wonderful—more wonderful than you know. There has been a miracle, and now—good-by."

Harrington almost expected to see her vanish in smoke before him, but he sprang to his feet and held her back.

"You shall not go," he said. "I love you—don't you understand what that means? I don't care who you are, or who stands between us—wherever you go I shall find you, wherever you go I shall go." The madness of carnival was upon him.

"My little friend, I am going soon into a dark country where you cannot follow," the Little Mask replied soberly, "and before I go I shall live for a while in a gray land where you will find your way, too, one day, but my place will long be empty."

"Carnival is nearly over," said Harrington. "The time is past; drop metaphor and parable. Tell me what you really mean. You hurt me, Little Mask."

The look of his young face was so full of anguish that she gave a little cry.

"It is a miracle; you do love me. I came back to life," she said wonderingly, then almost in a whisper she added, "And the greatest of these is 'Vanity.'"

Harrington felt that she was drifting from him. He seized her by the arm. "Oh, I don't understand," he said almost piteously. "Where will you go that I cannot come, where will you live that I shall follow only after a long time?"

She looked at him with melancholy calmness.

"I mean Death and Old Age," she said. They stood looking at each other helplessly, incredulously, as if they could not believe what each knew to be truth.

She broke the silence at last, and her beautiful voice had a note of exultation.

"I found the way back for an hour," she said, "I found my way back. Has any other woman ever come back from the gray world of age?"

"How can you?" Harrington panted. "You have no right to make me suffer so. You know you are only playing with me."

"Ah, my friend, you know I am telling you the truth," she returned. "I came back to youth from old age for a few days. I made

a miracle, I was young. The long past fell from my shoulders like a garment. But you cannot reproach me, for I have paid for it—with my very life," and as she sank back Harrington saw pityingly how tired she was.

"Nor do I reproach myself that I have made you love me, for I have given you what the greatest of the earth would have paid for in suffering to obtain," she said, with a pride so innocent and so childish that it stabbed Harrington. They were silent for a moment, then:

"I was —," she said. She gave out her name as one might have said one of the supreme names of the earth.

But Harrington looked at her blankly.

Her eyes widened almost in terror.

"You don't know me!" she cried. "You never even heard of me!" and she hid her face in her hands as if the shame of her oblivion was too deep to be faced even with a mask.

"What are we to do, what can we do?" Harrington asked blankly.

"We can each remember that we have seen a miracle," she said. "I have been raised from the dead."

She stooped down and kissed Harrington. "Good-by," she said, and walked slowly away.

"Little Mask! Little Mask!" he called after her, for he had been standing as if transfixed. But carnival that had given her to him had taken her again.

Then he searched for the name she had spoken, and that also had gone from his mind. He remembered her grace—and the spring-like charm that she had kept to the last, and the voice of youth in which she had told him that she was going back to old age. She had spoken as if it was an age venerable beyond imagination, as if she had in very truth risen from the dead.

Suddenly with the memory of her charm, Harrington's heart clamored for proofs. He had never seen her face. Everything about her spoke of youth, but her wonderful perfection proved it impossible to him—that, and her word.

He believed her, and yet always he will have the torment that there was no proof, nothing to change his sickening doubt to a more sickening certainty. He lingered about the white streets of Nice awhile, his ears alert for the lilt of a golden voice. But carnival was over, the Miracle of Vanity was with the other miracles of the past.

IN CURE OF HER SOUL

BY FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON

(*"J. S. of Dale"*)

"Plays made from helie tales I hold unmeet;
Let some great story of a man be sung."

—Chatterton.

XVII



OME weeks after this, as Austin was sitting alone in the little cell that served as his private office, trying to draw a railroad mortgage, he was surprised to hear the boy announce "Mr. Markoff." And that gentleman pressed so close upon the heels of his messenger that before Austin could recover from his embarrassment his old classmate was in the room.

But if Austin was conscious of a certain shyness, Markoff showed no *mauvaise honte*—*mauvaise* or otherwise. Perhaps he did not suppose that young American wives burden their husbands with all their little social difficulties. Or perhaps he assumed that such trifles should not stand in the way of business. For he began by saying:

"I have come on a little matter of business—" as he threw himself into a chair.

"Sit down," said Austin, rather belatedly, resuming his own.

Markoff, with an all-embracing eye, looked around the office; the draft of the mortgage lay open upon the desk.

"Ah, I see you are in that Allegheny Central business. The fact is, the matter I came about relates, in a way, to that." Austin said nothing, and Markoff went on, as in a burst of confidence: "You see, I've got a client who owns a railroad. It is only partly built as yet; but it will be quite necessary to the Allegheny Central. We have called it the Allegheny Pacific. To complete it, my client has an issue of bonds to place—

fifteen millions in all—of which twelve million two hundred thousand or so are to be held to meet prior underlying mortgages. The other twenty-eight hundred thousand are offered for sale. Austin—" and Markoff suddenly resumed his college manner, his hand on Mr. Pinckney's knee—"I thought of you at once. You've got the social connections—I haven't. Your uptown connections, I mean; they're the best for this sort of thing."

Austin had risen instinctively, so that Markoff now stood facing him, his eye on the other's scarfpin, as he added, impressively, "the commission is two and a half per cent—to divide between us."

"But I thought the Allegheny Central had its Western connections?" Austin did not know just what to say.

"It has—of a kind. Have you got a map?"

"There are maps in the outer office," and Austin, seeing his way of escape, led his friend rapidly into the general room. Markoff took out a long lead pencil and laid the point of it upon a city on the map; then gently moved it to the left, along a narrow blank space between two railroad lines, carefully avoiding any tracing on the paper.

"You see," he said, "here is Steam City—our present Eastern terminus. And here" (making a dot) "is Bellefontaine. And here is the Bellefontaine Pacific. And here" (making another dot) "is Chicago."

"You don't mean to extend to Chicago?"

"Not perhaps at once. The present issue carries us only to Bellefontaine. But I don't mind telling you"—and again his manner became confidential—"we, that is, my client,

controls the Bellefontaine Pacific. You see the strategic position?"

"I can only see that you parallel between two old established railroads."

Markoff lifted his eye from the scarfpin to a point in space over Pinckney's left shoulder.

"That, perhaps, is an element in the situation. Our bonds are to be offered at ninety-five—one per cent off to bankers, or large investors who mean to sell again, you know. Here you can be a little elastic." Markoff made a move as if to return to the private office, but Pinckney remained standing.

"Markoff, I can't do it—I— I don't know the people. Why don't you go to Auerbach?"

"They haven't taken me into partnership. He knows nothing of this—it's all my own affair. I can give it to whom I like. And I thought at once of you."

"It's very kind of you—but I really can't."

Markoff's eye wavered to his for a moment. "The commission is on the whole fifteen millions."

"I can't," said Austin decisively. "The Allegheny Central is our client. Anyhow, I'm not in that line of business. I'm a lawyer—at least, I want to be."

Markoff looked at him compassionately. Then he spoke, aloud this time:

"The Allegheny Central had better look after itself. You know that broken-down fellow on the street—curbstone broker, note shaver, I don't know what not—Townley, I mean? Ruined him, and ruined half a dozen others, hardly ten years ago. Well, old fellow, I must be going. No harm done. I'm glad to have given you the chance, that's all."

"Of course, I'm much obliged to you—"

"Anyhow, I'm glad they've got you to draw their mortgage—"

Pinckney looked at him inquiringly.

"They haven't got another that'll foreclose," cried Markoff, as he smilingly took his leave.

"Who was that I heard talking Allegheny Central?" said Mr. Gresham, as he came out on his way to lunch, buttoning his gloves.

"Markoff—he was at the law school with me."

"They say that young man draws a very good mortgage."

"He says there isn't one on the Allegheny Central that can be foreclosed," laughed Pinckney.

"Perhaps that's what they mean," said Mr. Gresham gravely. "What did he want?"

"He offered to divide with me a commission to help place some railroad bonds."

"Come along to lunch." It was the first time that Mr. Gresham had invited Austin to lunch. "What were they? Of course, he didn't mean you to tell me."

"The Allegheny Pacific; new general mortgage," Austin unhesitatingly replied. "Two and a half per cent commission, on all the bonds."

"Then he's already divided the commission once—with Tamms. It can't have been less than five per cent; that would have been robbing themselves."

"With Tamms?"

"Tamms is his client; of course. He got up this Allegheny Pacific scheme. He's been trying to get back into Allegheny Central ever since they ousted him. He had to go to Canada for some years. It was he who drew those mortgages your friend refers to. And what did you say?"

"I refused it," said Austin. "I didn't think it was law business. Was I right?"

"According to the old school," smiled Mr. Gresham. Mr. Gresham was the Nestor of the bar; no man stood higher. He rarely appeared save in the highest courts, as senior to a retinue of other lawyers; and then his appearance, though terrifying, was yet hailed by the other side as a sort of signal of distress. "But it was business—from the point of view of—what did you say his name was? Markoff. It may have seemed good business to him. Keep your eye on him—perhaps he meant to be friendly."

Austin walked home that night, a little tired, to find his Dorothy in a depression of spirits she was at no pains to conceal. The fact that she was not quite sure whether it was a house for the summer or a carriage for the winter that she needed most—or even, simply, more gowns—made it none the easier to deal with. She could not formulate it to Austin, and he failed to discover the source of her trouble. But when, for the sake of conversation, he told her that Markoff had been to see him, she tapped her foot angrily and called that rising gentleman an impudent cad. To Austin's surprised look she added, "And what did he want?"

"He wanted me to sell some bonds on commission."

Somewhat mollified the girl replied, "Oh, it was business." And something in her tone

was so like that of Mr. Gresham's that Austin looked at her again.

"I mean"—(she was rather confused; her pride had always stood in the way of confessing that Cambridge scene)—"I mean, would there have been much profit in it, Austin?"

"He calculated it at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars," laughed the young husband, "for the two of us."

"Oh, Austin!"

"But it was not a lawyer's business. Moreover, I had my doubts about the bonds."

Dorothy made a pretty little grimace. Then she rumped his hair. "You dear old fellow," she said. "You'll never get on. So you sent him away?"

"Wouldn't you have had me? You sent him away first," laughed Austin. "For a Jew, he betrayed a most Christian spirit."

"Well," said Dorothy, "under those circumstances I should have asked him to call."

"Do you want me to?"

"N-no," said Dorothy. "He will come again fast enough. At least, he will when I want him."

But Mr. Markoff did not call again that winter.

XVIII

THERE had been something petulant in Dorothy's tones as she made her last remark, and Austin took up the evening paper. There had often been a petulance, a sense of suppressed irritation, in her tones of late, and he had tried in vain to find of what he was guilty. He had not, perhaps, given her a carriage, or a country house—no, it could be nothing so crude as that; yet, he felt sure, when a young wife was out of humor it must be a matter for the husband to cure.

Old Major Brandon had met him at the club a day or two before, and had not inquired about his wife, as was his wont. But he had done a thing which struck Austin as, for him, in most inexplicable bad taste. "Any babies yet?" he had asked brutally. It was true, he had been away for a year. And no one else was present.

Austin had laughingly replied—the only way possible to lighten the speech to common courtesy—but the old man had showed no compunction.

"Too many gowns—too many gowns," he grumbled. "In the natural marriage, the

woman brought no gowns—you knocked her down with a club. But in due course of time she had a baby." The Major's approval of primitive marriage was well known.

"And when the man had beaten her black and blue and she had worn out herself and lost her comeliness in his service, he'd want another wife," laughed Austin. "Was it better for her to be a mother once and a drudge forever after?"

"Call her his slave if you like, the natural woman loves slavery—her very virtues and vices are those of a slave—fidelity, endurance, devotion, love of ornament, jealousy, hatred of other women—the error began when man first made a slave into his ideal—She? She was happy enough. There was once a woman who lived her first eighteen years in the harem of the Sultan of Zanzibar; then she escaped, with a boat's crew of sailors, and married a German supercargo. She lived sixty years in Berlin, a German *hausfrau*; then her husband died and she wrote a book about it. She much preferred her life in the harem in Zanzibar—"

"Does that prove that you would have me treat Dorothy like a German *hausfrau*?"

The Major grumbled. "All the same it is the fine lady that will ultimately destroy modern civilization—particularly in a great democracy corrupt in money matters but correct in morals. Here's a man I want you to know."

A singularly handsome man, looking like a Ouida's guardsman at nigh to fifty, was passing by.

"Van Kull, this is my young friend Charles Austin Pinckney. You may have heard of the family. You know his wife, I believe."

If the gentleman so waylaid felt any impatience at the importunity, nothing in his manner showed it. His eyes rested but a moment on the Major's; turning them fully and openly upon Austin's, he held out his hand. His face was curious for a mixture of intense, almost feminine fairness with masculine strength, and under the gleam of a wonderfully winning pair of blue eyes his long yellow mustaches were those of the *beau sabreur's*. "I am but just back, or I'd have called," said he.

"Van Kull lives in Paris. Here he only forays," the Major explained.

"My coupons are cut in an office on Pine Street," smiled Van Kull.

"Who ever called you dull, Killian?" asked the Major.

"Dunno—'bout every one, I guess." He turned to Austin. "See you at the ball to-night? It is at the Antoine Rastacq's, Major——"

"Didn't know you went to balls——"

Out of his sleepy eyelids the younger man shot a glance which the Major bore with his wonted placidity. But Austin looked at his watch. The remark reminded him that, of course, his wife meant to go. And he was very tired. . . .

She came down to dinner in a wrapper. It had never been her habit to be slovenly, even before her servants, and Austin was formally dressed.

"I am dreadfully tired—and I must go to that ball to-night——"

"Why don't you give it up?"

"Mrs. Rastacq's? I'll not go till one o'clock, though. And I'm just going to put myself in bed and going to sleep." She drew the soft wrapper about her shoulders, and Austin noticed how thin she was. She had hardly eaten a morsel. He spoke of it.

"Oh, am I?" Dorothy sprang up and looked at a glass. "I'm only a hundred and thirty yet. They say Mrs. Rastacq has got herself down to a hundred and nineteen."

"I trust you don't think Mamie Rastacq a good model."

"Quite—for the altogether," laughed Dorothy. "We weren't speaking of her character. Now I must run up and lie down; don't you come and bother me, there's a good fellow."

Austin betook himself into the library, where he worked an hour or two; then he threw himself in an easy chair and fell asleep. He awoke, after midnight, in a strange sinking of spirits; the fire had gone out, and he was chilly. He took himself upstairs, to go to bed, forgetting the ball; as he passed his wife's door he turned the handle; the sudden glare of light blinded him. Dorothy, in a white blaze of candles, was sitting before a mirror; only her white shoulders were turned toward him, but he could see her thin dryad arms, and, in the mirror, an anxious face. Two maids were anxiously lacing her. She cried to him to go out and dress. . . .

At the ball, feeling himself still blinking, Austin found himself alone with his hostess. She looked after his wife, who had dropped his arm at their very courtesy; he at her. She was a slender, beautiful woman—of the dan-

gerous age one had called it, but that all her ages had been dangerous. He knew her because she had been a great friend, a younger cousin, indeed, of his great friends, the John Havilands; and as he looked at her, he marveled. His wife was already dancing on the arm of some youth, with two more anxiously waiting for her at the ballroom door. And while Austin was wondering, she made a speech. (The next day, still wondering, as they walked downtown, he asked John Haviland about his wife's cousin.) "Your wife is quite the most charming thing we have had lately in New York. *Her* man hasn't come yet. He always comes late." This was her speech. Austin was still too new to New York not to start, for an eyelid's breath, at the studied coarseness of the fashionable phrase. Mrs. Rastacq noticed it and laughed.

"How nice it is to see you care! But I was only chaffing. Who can keep her, if you can't?"

Not so dull as to feel sure she was not chaffing still, Austin only looked at her. Dorothy had been right. Tall and wonderfully graceful,

"Her eye was like the wave within,
And on her body, dainty thin——"

she wore a fabric which, though loose, still outlined close her slimness. She weighed no more than Dorothy had said; but not a bone showed in the long, white arms, the girlish neck. Her eyes held his laughingly. "Well, are you satisfied?"

Mamie was *bon enfant*—all her enemies said as much—and the masculine adjective suited her in more ways than one. She was a good fellow—men said, a good companion. Even her envious older rival, Mrs. Malgam, said that she left her men all friends.

"Come, let us walk about. I must show you the world, little boy. You are friend to my good cousin Grace. She would not come here to-night."

(This she said without a trace of malice; and Austin spoke of it when, on the walk, John said how they two had fallen away. They were friends still; but Gracie never went, to meet her people, to her house.)

"Is there much for me to learn in a ballroom?"

"Don't be a prig. Perhaps. Didn't everything that happened to you that was really important happen to you in a ballroom?"

Austin demurred, but she slipped her arm (they were walking) from his to his shoulder,

and, as it might have happened to Alice in Wonderland, he found himself waltzing. Her body was light as thistledown, and occasionally she would draw back her dark head, like some beautiful serpent, and show him a pair of eyes too lovely to sparkle so with malice. With all her masculine ways he could still feel that it was a woman that was on his arm—

"There," she said, "you are not so much of a prig as I thought. Now that you've not been too impatient, we'll go look after that wife of yours."

They paused a minute at the doorway leading to a conservatory. The ballroom was a sea of tossing heads, of billows of tulle and laces, of flashing eyes and gleaming shoulders. The black coats made the necessary shadow. "Almost every woman looks happy when she's dancing," mused Mrs. Rastacq. Austin smiled as he remembered the Major's words.

"The dancing girls in a harem?"

"Perhaps—I'd like to try—think of the Sultan, leaning his great bare back against the furs of his divan, looking lazily at us over his nargileh—think of the fun of getting him from the other girls! The men don't, though." And the dreamy look vanished from Mamie's eyes and the twinkle in them returned—they still stood at the door—as she looked them over. But two or three expressions lay in all the men's faces—fatuity, anxiety, or grim determination. "Now a man who could look as a woman does when he dances is the man—the man I should *not* love," her sentence ended. Austin laughed.

"Your second thought is the best."

"In a ballroom—or just out of it." They had come into the grateful gloom of the conservatory. Mrs. Rastacq's conversation was both elusive and inconsequent. "There's your wife," said she. "Now you can keep her; I must go."

"Let me take you back," a deep voice said languidly. It was Killian Van Kull's great figure that erected itself from the gloom and offered to lead their hostess away with that assurance that forty years had given of the experience that all his world would accept his lead. Austin felt himself flush, as his wife turned red.

"No, since there are two, we'll leave you together," said Mamie. "But I'll get you another girl," she added to Austin, as she led him away. "You're a dear."

"My dear Mrs. Rastacq——"

"Although old enough to be my mother——"

"That wasn't what I was about to say——"

"But I'm your hostess, and if you want to say anything else, I must get you another girl. There! Isn't it lovely? You may take your pick."

She meant the ballroom again; it was at its height of animation; four o'clock in the morning, and even the men had waked up. The younger girls had gone to supper, or were sitting out; it was the married women, dancing.

"Wouldn't you think that they enjoyed it even more? Yet how many of them—respectable mothers of families as they mostly are—for how many of them, do you think, Mr. Pinckney——"

The tone of her voice had quite changed, and Austin looked from the ballroom back to her.

"—For how many of them is there not, somewhere in the world, one voice—in the world, at least, of space and time—one voice which, if it called to them, so that they could hear it, here and now, they would not leave the dance—this dance, *any* dance—children, husbands, position—leave them here and now—and cross the street or cross the world to where that voice was heard?"

The woman's voice had sunken almost to a whisper and her face was pale.

"Have I frightened you? Well, get me some supper. No, get yourself some. There comes your wife with her *beau sabreur*—heavens! what will they think if you're still here? And he the only man I ever could love who had a large mustache—" Mamie was again irresistible, and Austin burst out laughing.

"But where shall I see you again?"

"You don't want to see me again, young man. If it's my second thoughts that are the best, my first acquaintance is. Then, I tell my friends all my truth and anything else that's good for them to know. After that, my conscience is discharged."

"I can't imagine you without conscience!"

Mrs. Rastacq darted a new glance at him.

"Well, after supper."

(Walking down, next day, Haviland told him how poor Mamie had set her heart, at eighteen, on Charlie Townley; he turned out worthless. Nothing scandalous about him—at least he was not the principal sinner—but his old uncle lost his mind and Charlie was ruined. And Mamie still would marry him, but her parents would not hear of it, and they pleaded with her successfully. Then two or three good fellows had been in love with her.

But she flung herself madly into the world, until, at twenty-five, she married old Rastacq—a vicious old *viveur* of sixty, enormously rich, but some sort of a creole or dago—not even a Frenchman,” said the narrow-minded John. This time Grace had pleaded with her even unto tears, but her family had given in. Rastacq still liked to give balls, but was too old to go to them; if he was here to-night, he was somewhere with a pretty woman, upstairs. He would stay down long enough to receive them, and then the favored ones would come and talk to him in his library.)

After supper, though it was nearly six, Dorothy would not go home. Now she was dancing; Van Kull appeared to have left her; and, coming away from her, Austin found his hostess standing fearlessly by the strong light in the main hall. And the woman of thirty looked like a maid of sixteen.

“The *beau sabreur* not gone yet? I love to see my little boy blush.”

Austin was angry, and threw himself into a chair. “Tell me, you that might have been my mother, how do you keep so young?”

Mamie, still standing, chose thus to punish him: she bent from her height until her eyes were on a level with his, lifting one fair arm to lay her hand lightly on his shoulder, as, rudely, he still sat there. Her gown fell loose; in another woman it might have been an impropriety; but her slim body was like a boy's. So she paused a moment, and might have been the statue of a youthful temptress. But then, putting her face so near his that her breath moved his hair, she whispered very softly:

“By having no heart in it. And that's the last truth I shall tell you!” she shouted, as she sprang back and ran off, like a young fawn, to dismiss the laggards.

Among the last of these was Dorothy. They came home in the hired coupé, silent; Austin still vaguely angry. Gradually his mood changed; but Dorothy was nervous—and distinctly cross. Coming home, she submitted to one kiss, and then dismissed him at her door. It was an hour or two before Austin, tired as he had been at midnight, could get to sleep again.

XIX

AUSTIN's means did not permit of a summer house; and it seems to be an accepted fact that New York or its neighborhood is im-

possible in the heated months—at least—for ladies. But it happened that Dorothy's younger sister was about her “coming out”; and so Mrs. Somers made rather an exceptional summer present—it was a thousand dollars—to Dorothy, provided she would take “Daisy” with her and “go where they liked.” Daisy was shorter than her sister and not nearly so pretty; but Mrs. Somers was of opinion that a beautiful elder, married, sometimes makes the younger “go.” Whether it was that poor Daisy was to shine by Dorothy's reflected light, or whether it could be thought there were men who, finding the beauty undisposible, would take the next best thing in the family, the fact had fallen within range of Mrs. Somers's observation.

“They liked” Newport; after all (said Dorothy) it was the only place where you might be sure a *débutante* would meet no one she ought not to; and Austin, while not recognizing this among the most obvious virtues of that resort, assented. Naturally their thousand dollars, even with the other thousand that Austin managed to spare, would not have carried them very far in housekeeping; but with it they managed to pass a few months in what were called Cléry's cottages: *Anglice*, a boarding house, where they had accommodations about as commodious as are enjoyed, anywhere in Northern America, in his “Queen Anne” cottage by the carpenter or the plumber. But they were thus excused from the duty of making that show which, Dorothy deemed, her station in life demanded, and no one could expect them to entertain. And Newport had the advantage that Austin could easily get to his wife of a Sunday: a privilege not shared by many New York men, whose wives pass their summers on the Maine coast with college boys or detached *attachés*—and which, to the former at least, does a great deal of harm.

But Austin and his wife were growing farther and farther apart. We have not tried—or, if so, we have not succeeded—in keeping this from the reader. The good old Major had seen it first, a year before. It had troubled him deeply; though the match had not been of his making, Austin's marriage had been the romance of his declining years; and the Major (who would have thought it?) loved a romance. When he had seen the girl, she had seemed, to his partial eye at least, beautiful enough for the rôle; and she had some of the fire, the intrepidity, that the exigencies of her part demanded. Had a baby

come into the world, the Major would have claimed, if not paternal, at least avuncular honors. It was really to escape the spectacle of their coming estrangement that he had been abroad that year—whence he had returned with Killian Van Kull. The Major had never hitherto regarded that predatory sportsman from the domestic point of view. He now thought it necessary to warn his Dorothy—like any old clucking hen. "My dear, he is one of the thoroughly *evil* men I know—he is really *bad*!" But the only effect of the Major's use of this adjective (and it has a humorous sound) was to move his Dorothy to uncontrollable merriment. When she recovered she intimated, to the Major's astonished ears, that she herself was not a chicken, and that he himself had introduced the hawk. As for Daisy (who was by) she naturally yearned to meet him.

Then the Major remembered how, at the end, he had been puzzled by Dorothy at Cambridge. "I believe she was trying it on—on *me*!" he muttered to himself. But as Dorothy fell in his estimation his affection for Austin redoubled. If only (thought he) he would keep up his wife's devotion with a club!

What the Major felt, after all, does not much matter. Nor perhaps would it so much have mattered if it were Dorothy alone who was (to say an Irishry) drifting apart. But the Major was quite a deep enough observer to see, and student of human nature profound enough to realize, how much the worse thing this was, that Austin was—beginning not to love her. For the harm to a fine-natured man comes not from any wrong the woman he loves does to him. Such a soul as the noblest are, is designed to love but one. To cease to love, in such a man, is almost such an injury as, to a maid, the loss of her virginity. Or else, as perhaps Austin did (his mind far too clear and strong to juggle with him on the great facts of life), he finds the truth—that he has never loved at all; then is his soul most vulnerable to Satan. He imputes to his past action the shame of sex; grows hard, like a lost woman; listens to the Spirit that Denies.

When Austin went to Newport, he did not stay at his wife's cottage. To begin with, as she pointed out, it would be indecent: they must share one room; she had only two bedrooms and a bath; and Daisy was the sort of girl whose wrapper never *would* stay buttoned and who was always floating around the

apartment in ballet costume. So Austin, perforce, would take a room at the Ocean House, where, in the last years of that hostelry, he witnessed an expiring social phase, and watched, not without interest, the struggles of the few scattering families of Cubans or South-westerners who came to Newport thus to mingle in High Life—dimly conscious now that it was limited to the pleasure of reading, in their own Louisville or Denver newspaper, below the account, minutely detailed, of Mrs. de Rastacq's gown at Mrs. Levison-Gower's dinner, and of Mrs. Malmag's every movement of the day—(and no Western paper is so poor or so remote as to omit its weekly column of these doings—ye gods of a democracy, tell us why!)—"At Newport also are Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Creamer and his charming daughters, the well-known merchant of this city." But the daughters, when back in Sioux City, knew every one of these ladies intimately by sight, to the very knots in the backs of their gowns.

It was the custom of Austin Pinckney to read his business letters in the morning, answer them, if possible, by telegraph, and then, after breakfast, be free to give his day to Dorothy—or so much of it as she would accept. And one lovely August morning he was sitting in the little old park by the old stone mill, reading a letter from his senior. It was to the effect that they had a client of long standing—no longer, perhaps, very prosperous or very reputable (Austin read between the lines)—that he was particularly anxious about a corporation in which he was largely interested, and that his gout, "etc." (Gresham had underlined the *etc.*), would really prevent his coming to the city to consult with them, and he lived, for the moment, near the Ocean House, "and might be heard of" there; would not Mr. Pinckney, who was on the spot, have the kindness to consult with him? His name was Mr. Miles Breese. As Austin read this name, he was conscious of a slight shadow on the path before him, causing him to look up from the garden seat and see a slender girl, who had just passed by; she walked rapidly away, so that he could not see her face, but her gait had an indescribable blending of youth and grace and dignity, and any man, though looking after her shoulders alone, would have an indescribably acquired conviction that she was beautiful.

Austin turned back to his letters and finished them. Then he sat in the shade and waited. The loveliness of the hour and the

sweet season availed nothing to lighten his heart. Nothing unusual and nothing very agreeable had happened in the evening before with his wife. Nothing, certainly, to cause the strange presentiment—a suggestion, not a presentiment—that his life was at an end. He thought, with a half smile, of Schopenhauer, of his Presentation—presentment—and his Will, "The Will to Life." Nothing had happened. But it would have seemed strange to him had he known that on that very seat, in that very hour and season, almost to the very day, some forty years before, his own father's will to live had ended.

XX

COMING back to the enormous dreary dining room, Austin, conducted as a lonely male to an inconspicuous table in the rear, was surprised at a figure he saw at a table near by, covered, like his own, with breakfast things only near a window and not, as it appeared, reserved for men only. Surely he could not be mistaken—it was Miss Aylwin. What could she be doing here!

Miss Aylwin (no one, unless perhaps it were Mr. Gresham himself, knew her first name) was a quiet, very beautiful young lady, still young, but who for ten years past had been the most trusted stenographer, bookkeeper, clerk, in their law office. It was not the custom to have women stenographers in important New York law offices; but to her the most momentous documents—foreclosure suits, applications for receiverships, motions for injunction—were intrusted for their type-writing and copying, in those secret copy books to which she only, and the firm members themselves, had access. Often—in her locked desk if not in her mind—Miss Aylwin kept secrets which meant millions of loss or gain to one who prematurely used them. Old Mr. Gresham used to assert that there was no safer confidential clerk than a good woman. He had brought the girl, when she was hardly twenty, from the little Berkshire country town where he was born; and introduced her to the partners with only the one word of explanation that she was a woman who wished to support two infirm parents and needed, for doing this, a city salary. And she had grown to the place so that she now kept the boxes and envelopes of Mr. Gresham's most confidential affairs; the bookkeeping, petty cash, and salaries were intrusted to her as pay-

master. She had gained the confidence of all; so much so that the little disputes or jealousies of the office force, ambitions for higher wages, claims as to precedence, were by common consent intrusted to her for settlement: so much so that even the more frivolous Radnor would admit—though ascribing it avowedly to feminine lack of interest in business rather than to feminine discretion as to secrets intrusted to her—that she was the safest confidential clerk they had. But woe be to the clerk or visitor whom even Radnor had caught presuming to admire Miss Aylwin's exterior, presuming to comment on her very existence! As for the underlings, not one of them but was her devoted slave. It happened there was no one of an age to be in love with her; between the partners and the official old bookkeeper and the managing clerk there was no one until you came to the students and the office boy—except indeed the scrivener (conveyancing clerk they called him), who, having in vain laid his affections at Miss Aylwin's feet, was now making her the confidante of his more successful overtures to a young lady of his own class in Orange.

What could she be doing here? Austin rose: then some instinct or impulse—he thought he saw a slight flushing in her averted face—made him hesitate. Just then the negro clattered down with the dozen oval dishes that contained Austin's breakfast, and he availed himself of this incident to cover his retreat. It never for one moment occurred to him to question Miss Aylwin's reasons for being there. If the Ocean House, at Newport, was not a natural sanatorium for aged parents, it was doubtless that they were housed near by. Or, if it did not seem the quietest, or even the safest, resort for a young working woman on her vacation, he doubted not there was some other natural cause. As far as the expense mattered, he knew that her salary was ample to afford it. After all, a lady of thirty might, in America, go where she liked. When he left the hall he was careful not to meet her eye; though he could not help noticing that she was very prettily, quietly dressed in white, and had at her waist a bunch of very lovely roses. The next morning he applauded himself for his resolution when he saw that she had changed her seat to the most distant table. It was evident that her desire was, by him, to be unobserved.

"Mr. Miles Breese was to be heard of," his partner's letter ran, "by applying to the head clerk of the Ocean House." So, coming out

of the breakfast room, he left with that gentleman an envelope containing his card. Then he wrote his letters; and about noon betook himself to Cléry's cottages, where Daisy, still in her dressing sack, received him. Dorothy, she explained, had a headache and was not yet up. Austin had recently been taught the lesson not to disturb her at her toilet; so he entertained himself and his sister-in-law as best he might until, after one o'clock, Dorothy came down. At half past one they had a lunch engagement at a very great house, which, though of highest interest to Austin's wife, has none for Austin's story. At three they returned, finding Daisy, who had made a *moue* at being left behind alone, now radiant in the company of a social Personage. It was Mr. Killian Van Kull. He had asked her, it appeared, to take the ocean drive with him; and she looked to Dorothy, it appeared, for a perfunctory consent. To Austin's surprise, his wife did not withhold it; he hardly saw his way to overruling them both in the man's presence. There was no time to pretend a headache; the T-cart, groom, and pair were there; the best he could do was to alter the plan to quieter Purgatory, and say that he and his wife would drive there too, and bring the tea basket. The Personage took it indifferently, as an old player who has read his junior's hand. Driving behind them, though already not in sight, Austin tried his best to speak to his wife kindly and gravely.

"Dorothy, you cannot mean to marry your sister to Van Kull—and I am sure he does not mean to marry her."

"You need not worry about Daisy," she answered pointedly. "Kill Van Kull is fifty or more; when he takes up a young girl coming out, it makes her reputation."

"And how much does he leave her when he is through with her?" But at this Dorothy was justifiably angry; and their afternoon was not a success. Van Kull but set down Daisy at their door, returning; the child was in a bad temper; Dorothy's headache grew intolerable; she begged him (they had no engagement that night, and her health on such occasions was never good) to take his dinner at the Ocean House. They were going to have tea and go to bed at eight, she averred.

The weight of hopeless, irremediable loneliness settled down on Austin's soul. It was a relief, after dinner, as he sat smoking his cigar upon the vast veranda, to have a waiter bring a card to him: Mr. Miles Breese. It had in one corner, "Columbian Club," and

bore a delicate rim of mourning. Austin arose to greet its owner, who followed—a purple-veined, white mustached old man with a foggy voice—close behind.

"Ah, Mr. Pinckney, how are you, how are you?" said the voice. "Any relation to the Pinckneys of South Carolina? Father? Indeed. Have heard of him, have heard of him—threw his life away—threw his life away. Well, some of us haven't done much better with ours; had a good time though, heh! heh! Be virtuous and you won't even be happy, my experience. Well, well—Mr. Gresham, who has been kind enough to act as my man-of-business—Have a drink?"

Austin, who wondered that Mr. Gresham could stand being referred to in that capacity, declined.

"Well, well—I'm a Marylander myself, and I find—Waiter!—Nothing so good to talk business on as a little old Baltimore rye—Where was I? Oh, yes. Your Mr. Gresham has been kind enough to look after my money matters—Necessary, eh? in these days—Our fortunes not what they used to be, we old families—An honest lawyer's the noblest work, as I say, of man! ha, ha! And your firm breeds 'em, by gad! I never ought to have left them. Did you ever hear of a man named Tamms?"

"I have," said Austin, somewhat startled.

"Or Markoff?"

"I have," said Austin, still more startled.

"Clean-cut young fellow—Harvard man, he says. Never had the advantage of a college education myself. Didn't care much for such things in the South before the war. Well, some of the fellows up at the club got to saying you ought to tie up to some pushing firm; railroad men, you know, put you up to things—make their fortune and yours, too—I don't mean points, but the real ground floor. You take the profit, and the other fellow keeps the stuff, you understand. And Markoff's sure to give me the straight tip, for he counts on me to put him up for the Columbian. Ever hear of the Allegheny Pacific?"

"Very lately," said Austin.

"Well, he got me an underwriting interest in their bonds and they haven't gone up as we expected. But he says they're all right, and it's not so much that as Allegheny Central—"

"Allegheny Central?"

"Old Baltimore property, you know. Stock's an heirloom in our best families—they never sell. But now Markoff—no, Tamms,

it is—says it's going down. And I may say my whole fortune's in it. After all, the safest investment is the money you've spent!" And Mr. Breese buried his red face in a goblet. "In these times it's safer to eat your cake than keep it."

"But we—Mr. Gresham—" Austin began.

"Well, it's not only, you see, that I've got to raise some money to take up these bonds, but, if Markoff's right, he's very kind to let me have the tip and get out before the others. And to raise all the money I need—my daughter's stock, Gresham insisted, should be put in trust—very natural, very proper—but he's my co-trustee."

"I understand," said Austin.

"She's with me now at the hotel— Gad, there's that girl again. Why, do you know her?"

It was Miss Aylwin, who, passing by them at the main door of the hotel—and they say it is not safe for the management of such a caravansary to permit of other entrances than the one front door—had, in seeing Austin, too obviously turned her face away. This time she was dressed in a very becoming though modest evening gown; and another bunch of roses was at her breast. Austin would not lie; but, fortunately, on his keeping silent, Breese assumed a negative.

"I'd like to be the lucky dog who sends her those flowers every day," and the old man, with an alertness not to be expected from one of his years, made after her to the door, whence, after a fruitless glance down either hall, he returned with a sigh to order another whisky and soda.

"She comes here every summer for two weeks. The clerk tells me she is perfectly straight, and no one can find out anything about her. And she always has those flowers— Eh!"

Mr. Breese started as a large, handsome figure emerged from the doorway he had just left. Again he rose, and this time Austin heard a hurried colloquy between them, the lady's tones the loudest. Then he came back, but made no offer to present him to the lady, though Austin could see, from the trembling of the diamond necklace that lay in her sumptuous figure, that she was offended.

"It is—er—Mrs. Beaumont," said Mr. Breese. "She does not live in the hotel, and I must escort her back—she was making a call on a friend. After all, I think we had finished our little talk."

"I think we had," said Austin dryly.

"Glad to meet you any time—in a social way——"

For one so versed in the ways of the world, Mr. Breese got himself off rather awkwardly. The woman seemed nearly fifty, and was rouged and powdered. Austin watched the old man lay, with shaking fingers, a lace scarf around her monstrous bust, and then, as they got to the darkness of the sidewalk, give her his arm and march her hurriedly away. His own opinion of this latest specimen of the firm's clients was not free of some disgust.

XXI

THE following Sunday Austin did not get to Newport; he had to make a trip to a New Hampshire manufacturing village; and then, early in September, he had to make a longer journey, on the affair of a South Carolina railroad. Both experiences left a lasting impression. Nauchester, with its twenty mills and twenty thousand mill girls—a life gregarious, immodest—not, perhaps, immoral, but what was the sense of maidenly reserve in a hive of mill boarding houses, where twenty thousand healthy young women thronged the streets of a city with hardly as many score of men? To be sure, many of the girls were French Canadian; but many were American, girls from the hill towns in the neighborhood; and these, of all, were the loudest spoken, he observed, when he had the curiosity to visit, in the evening, one of the saloons they most frequented. The ten hours in the mill did not seem to have exhausted their vitality. The few other young men in the place, addressed by their nicknames and the subject of continual chaff, seemed cowed. They, the girls, were only eating ice cream, to be sure; though a couple of the boldest accosted him, wanting to know whether he would "shout" for "steins."

To Pinckney, a South Carolinian born with all a Jeffersonian's hatred of factory civilization, it all was horrible; the herded life, the miscegenation, as it were, of all personality, though all of one sex, seemed, to a born individualist, poisonous to the soul. Yet it may be doubted if the tariff only deserved the curse he mentally invoked upon it. The lonely social life of the agricultural New Hampshire town, unbraced, unguarded even by a Nauchester public opinion, had reached, perhaps, a baser domestic level. Nor, if we may trust Thomas Hardy's account of rural

English Wessex, are things much better there. And in driving, on that afternoon, to the remote mountain water power where the mill lay to which his business called him (a pretty white-painted hamlet, nestling amid green hills, with a sparkling white waterfall in the ferny gorge at its knees), he had been horrified at the information volunteered by the beardless young philosopher who drove his buggy. "Millsted," he had said, "is a good town; but in this place not a single girl is straight." For the life of him, Austin could not resist the question, why? but the eighteen-year-old youth only shook his head. "Dunno," he answered, biting the rank cigar between his teeth. "In Millsted, they's mostly Catholic; here they're all American. There ain't no church nor justice, and so the fellows won't marry. You see it's boarded up." And the lad pointed to a dignified old white church that crowned the hill they were descending; the gilding was worn off the little belfry dome and a rude unpainted planking nailed across the doors.

Pinckney had passed the Sunday following again at Newport, hardly with pleasure to himself; and his wife had received with indifference the news that he must now be a fortnight in the South. And there, what a difference! He had the curiosity to visit, for the first time, his ancestral estate; it lay in a remote sea-cotton country, the low brick colonnaded house abandoned, the Ionic columns rotten, shutters hanging loose, the gardens a wilderness, the fish ponds green with scum. It had long since passed out of his family; but the offices, the negro quarters, were fully inhabited by the negroes, peasant proprietors now, healthy, rather insolent, sadly evident of a gradual sinking back to barbarism. Several families living together, it was hard to pick the husbands and the wives; and while the daughters were not as bold in manners as the Nauchester operatives, it was obvious that their print cotton wrappers (made perhaps in Nauchester) were worn for the sun's heat and not for modesty. Only one inhabitant—a white-headed old man who could remember his family and called him Massa—could be called civilized: he still had the education and the breeding acquired in slavery; and yet he told Austin he would not "go back." No more, thought Pinckney, would the New Hampshire mill girl to the submissive domestic-servanthood of her maiden aunts. After all, who would not say that both were right? It is freedom that humanity

must be tried in: humanity, purity, virtue must prove their godhead anew.

And then he came back North to that civilization which is, we suppose, the best; to that city which is the summer abode of those who are most fortunate; to the wife that his first youth had loved—and he was ashamed that he was not happy. Now came the time of his own vacation; three whole weeks he had with her—and he felt ashamed that he did not love her more! Not that he admitted this thought: he loved her, of course; more so, almost, when she seemed indifferent to him; more so, always, than she loved him; yet Austin did not deceive himself, he did not love her as he should. He had always been of opinion that a man was a poor cur who could not continue to love the woman he had made his wife; it was no excuse that her love for him was waning; the man was blameworthy in that he let it wane. And here was he, deficient in his own poor code!

It is true that the presence of her curious sister made it difficult to be expansive. And Dorothy persistently resisted his suggestion that Daisy might well now rejoin Mrs. Somers, who was taking her to the Riviera for the winter, so that there was plenty for her to do at home. Killian Van Kull was still an assiduous visitor; but Dorothy seemed now convinced that her sister could have no expectations in that quarter. Meantime, it seemed almost as if she used her as a screen—to keep him off. For Austin was with them in the cottage now—he could not well have stayed three weeks at the hotel without their separation exciting comment—and her indifference to him was the more obvious that she had her moments of passionate surrender. She was apt to be angry, almost repentant, after these, as if she had committed a wrong. He fancied she had a horror of maternity.

He could see, in other men's eyes, a horrible simulacrum of the spell she once had wrought with him. She was very different, dressed, and away from home. She was radiant, dazzling, on grand occasions—Mrs. Rastacq's dinners, Mrs. Gower's *bal poudré*, Jimmy de Witt's theatricals. Austin would sit opposite her and admit—intellectually—her charm. It was greater even than when he married her. Her charm had never been the attraction of the *ingénue*. As a maid she had been languid, awkward; but as a married girl her pallid beauty had the salt, the piquancy of a Marguerite—Gautier. It seemed to have a conscious malice: it was the

eye that knew, the lips that hinted kisses. Men went crazy—men like Van Kull in particular—crazy about her. She was tingling with her successes, and did not half know why. In truth she was far more innocent than she seemed to them. And she had—as they would find if they ventured—a certain physical daintiness, an ermine-like shrinking from dirt—that might serve as well as modesty: rather a purity of body than of mind.

Morbidly, he studied her effect on other men—that physical beauty which no longer moved him. God! was this all his love had been? He watched her one night—it was at Mrs. Gower's *bal poudré*—she was leaning, in a white brocade with small pale roses for a pattern, against a white pillar, her hair powdered white, yet none of all so white as her white skin, shown boldly against the white gown and the pale roses at her breast. Her little white slipper was tapping impatiently below her rose-silk ankle, and Van Kull was standing behind her. She had realized her ambition of being thin; and as Austin watched her, she bent her head; Van Kull looked at her. Puh! Had he, Austin Pinckney, ever looked like that? At her? At Mrs. Rastacq, perhaps, that other night. Was his moral nature sinking? Was he but an animal, after all—unhappy, now that he had lost a mate? No, animals were true to their mates.

And Pinckney vowed to be true to her; and turned away, too proud to watch his wife, now that he was conscious he was doing it. He was far too proud to have any doubt of her mere fidelity. The Pinckney men were not in the habit of doubting their wives, and had seldom suffered for it. No, he felt it was himself that was at fault.

At four in the morning a footman found him and asked if he were Mr. Pinckney? Madame had sent to find him. He followed. Dorothy was alone in a room opening into a tent upon the lawn; she looked nervous, almost as if she had been crying, and begged to go home! In the carriage she let him kiss her. And Austin prayed, that night, that he might—the *three* they might—win their love again.

XXII

THE summer had not done much for Dorothy's health; she complained of being physically tired, and Austin volunteered to go home and open the house for her while she

rested another week at Newport. He took Daisy on with him so that Dorothy for one week might be quite alone, as she had said she needed. He put his sister-in-law on the Pennsylvania train; and then set about getting servants for the empty house. For Dorothy, who was saving in such ways, had dismissed them all when she closed the house for the summer. He made quite a *fête* of getting the house ready, seeing that everything was swept and garnished, buying even some articles of old furniture that Dorothy had coveted in the windows of a shop on University Place. And when she arrived, one bright afternoon in early October, the house was spick and span and full of flowers. "It is good to be home," she said, and began opening the pile of letters that lay on her dressing table. There did not seem to be anything of interest in them, for her spirits visibly fell. Austin proposed the theater for the evening, but Dorothy was too tired.

The next day Austin had to make up for lost time at the office. The affairs of the Allegheny Central had come to the firm from another source than Mr. Breese, and Austin was trying hard to find out what was really doing in that property. It was known that Phineas Tamms had acquired possession of a narrow-gauge line in eastern Ohio, running from Bellefontaine to the great trunk line, which he had now grandiloquently entitled the Allegheny Pacific, and was said to be changing its gauge; it was surmised that he desired to lease it to the Central, but he had no interest in the latter road, and, meantime, its stock still went down, down. True, the inspired financial papers that had advertised its bonds had pointed out that by constructing the Bellefontaine spur *westward* to a point where it met again the Allegheny Central on its northward curve, it might become part of a shorter line than any now existing between Baltimore and Chicago; but (as Mr. Radnor said to their greatest client, Levison Gower, the railroad millionaire) "a fellow who had found a bungle might as well say, 'Come, let's build a barrel round it.' Allegheny Central is good enough for me." But "Lucie" Gower, who had an excellent head and whose judgment was taken in Wall Street with a respect that would have astonished the friends of his early days uptown, said again he didn't like it. "It had a kind of falling sickness." His own vast fortune was in the New York railroads, but his wife, through her old ownership of Starbuck Oil, had been always one of its largest

stockholders. Yet very little was known of the real control; presumably it still rested in Baltimore, the birthplace of the vast enterprise.

Austin was still thinking of these things, and had just dismissed with a smile to his tired self the thought of asking direct of his old friend Markoff, when his wife met him at the door. Her animation had all returned. "See," she said, holding up a telegram. "An invitation from Mrs. Gower to spend two weeks at Lenox." It ran:

"Can you and Mrs. Pinckney come up for two weeks? Private car leaves Grand Central at four on Friday. Do come, even if he can only take Sundays. Answer Flosheim." Flosheim—the name a barbaric compound of Flossie Gower's own creation—was her Lenox place. Their grand house was on the Hudson; but Lucie had recently purchased a small mountain in the Berkshires and given it to his wife. She had promptly taken out a fashionable architect and a New York landscape gardener, where without, it would seem, a glance at the surrounding scenery, the one had leveled it off into *plate-bandes* and fish ponds with pergolas, and the other had constructed a marble reproduction of Azay-le-Rideau, looking about as appropriate amid the shaggy Appalachian forests as that smug, smart, modern handbox now planted amid the gray historic gothic of West Point.

"Dorothy, you are not going—so soon?" he could not help answering. She looked at him in amazement.

"Of course I am. Why, Austin, the mountain air is just what I need, after Newport. But you never want me to have a good time! And you must come, too. Why, Austin, Lucie Gower could make your fortune."

Austin looked as if he did not wish to have his fortune made that way. "I can't possibly come this week—or any day now but a Saturday to Monday—"

"Come next week, then. You see, Mrs. Gower doesn't mind—" And Dorothy went off on the day following.

They had a belated hot spell that week, and Austin worked each day till his dinner, which he took, late and lonely, at the club. Sometimes, for the mere show of company, he would go to an Italian restaurant, where ladies also dined—mostly artists, singers, newspaper women—that world which owes a precarious subsistence (precarious in America) to the amusement of the rich. "Ze reech here in America are hard to amuse," said a

leading lady from the Odéon, that he met through her physician, a friend of his own. "Zey do not know enough." For, although the ladies of their own world were, like Austin's, out of town, at Tuxedo, in the Berkshires, or "entertaining" in their grand new places, their men—the money getters, bankers, lawyers, brokers, all but the most fashionable clergymen or doctors—were all now hard at work in the city. It was natural to foregather with clever women. So Austin would perhaps end the evening at some roof garden or smoking concert. He was too tired to think. Nay, he did not want to think. John Haviland tried to interest him in politics, in college settlements, in his Bowery clubs, in other wise civilizing missions. But Austin had recurred to his mood of Nauchester or South Carolina—he doubted if they had a pattern to civilize up to. He laughingly told John how his old negroes had solved the problem of "Civilization—its Cause and Cure"—and that the Nauchester mill girls were the product of free libraries. As for his politics (John was a Republican), he was a Demarch, not an Oligarch. But Haviland knew there was something behind all this. He told Brandon he was afraid that Austin was losing his grip; and the Major took it testily, as he always did any reference, however indirect, to Austin and Dorothy's affairs.

In truth, our hero was sick at heart. The world held out, not only no hope of joy—that perhaps were to be borne—but no faith in human hearts. The second week John, too, was away, and he worked the harder, interspersing his labors now and then with a dash to a summer theater. He was just about up to the ethical ideals of the American vaudeville, he said to himself. One night Sammy Eckstein—the actors' lawyer, half in society, half among actresses, an odious beast he thought him—showed to him, with a grin, a copy of *The Town Woman*; it was at the Bohemian Club, where they took that paper. "Didn't know your wife was in the Berkshires."

"Didn't know you knew my wife at all." Austin was tired and out of temper.

"Only as a public character," said Eckstein, and he tossed the paper to him. Austin read the paragraph at a glance before he crumpled up the paper in the wastebasket: "*The Inseparable Exclusives*."—At Flosheim, Mr. Arthur Holyoke and Mrs. 'Baby' Malgam; Mr. 'Tony' Duval and Mrs. Rastacq; Mr. 'Kill' van Kull and the new beauty

'Dotty' Pinckney. Mrs. Gower's unacknowledged cousin, 'Mrs. Beaumont,' has to stay at Newport with Mr. Breese."

It was a simple piece of vulgarity; but Austin knew that the much-abused press is rarely vulgarly familiar with persons who do not vulgarly invite it. But he had thought Dorothy (no one ever called her "Dotty," by the way) had meant to see no more of Van Kull.

When he came to Lenox, it was seven o'clock; he hardly expected to be met at the remote little station, but there seemed to be no public carriage there. Instead, it was Mrs. Rastacq who called to him from a little phaeton and pair. "They've all gone off for the night," she said. "And you're to come with me. They've got you rooms at Curtis's." Austin, perhaps, looked puzzled. "They've gone on an all-night trip to the ice glen at Stockbridge. That is to say, they start right after dinner and take their supper with them; and Van Kull swears he means to show them the sunrise. Anyhow, you couldn't possibly get nine miles to Flosheim before they start, and there's no sense in your being there alone. So I said I'd take pity on you."

"But why aren't you with them?" Of course, he got in beside her.

"Oh, I don't play in Flossie Gower's menageries. Her hospitality is large, but I prefer my own *chez-moi*. Her tastes are too Catholic for me. She's got a Jew man with her. The fact is, I don't like her. She took a lover from me once."

It was more amusing, Austin reflected, than a roof garden, and he breathed deep of the bracing mountain air, while the pretty woman beside him handled cleverly her ponies. "I've taken a little cottage for three weeks, near the hotel, but I dine there. You can dine with me, if you like. I can hardly put you up at my cottage." Austin hastened to assure her that such had not been his hope. "Well, I think that Flossie Gower hoped I would."

They stopped at her house, and Austin went to the hotel, where, in incredibly few minutes, she reappeared clothed in a simple, almost girlish robe of white, high at the neck, a rose her only ornament. "I never like to dress for dinner at a hotel."

After dinner, Austin must go back "to smoke with her," as she said. She, too, took a cigarette; but otherwise, in appearance, she might have been a simple college girl, only that, as it grew cold in the night, she was less self-conscious than a college girl would have

been of the manner of holding her pretty ankles to the andirons. But she wanted a good long talk, she said, and would not let him go. She had told him that she wanted to talk to him about his wife, but she did not seem to get upon this subject. At midnight they went out to see the moon rise; they walked once or twice in the garden; then he must come back to have some Scotch and soda. After this he rose again to go. But she was talking of herself; and her manner had become sad. "I want to tell you something more—of what I told you at the ball. You have not wrecked your life, as I mine." And Mamie looked, in the dim lamplight, eighteen, as she spoke. "But I cannot bear you should think, as I know you do, it was Charlie Townley. We have been speaking of Lionel Derwent—you called his life a noble one just now. Well, I might have shared it—and I let it go." Mamie's dark eyes were full of tears.

Any man is moved at being made the subject of a woman's confidence—touched, if it be a sad one. Perhaps she meant him to take her hand and tell her so. It lay passive in her lap. She went on in low tones. She told him that her husband and she had nothing in common. One o'clock struck; two. She had a marvelous charm of voice—yes, of mind. It was a pleasure to be with her. After all, perhaps, pleasure was the only happiness. And as he once more rose to go, she leaned forward slowly, looked up at him—and put up her lips for him to kiss them.

A moment later—after a long silence and a "forgive me"—Austin had flung from the house.

XXIII

A SENSE of horror at what he was doing had come over him, the night before, ere even the doing of it; and now, in the pure bright cool of the morning, an unspeakable sense of personal degradation. He had—what is not so rare with Americans, particularly those whose youth, with American moral standards, has been further protected by foreign conventions—not only an entire virginity of mind and body, but an entire respect for and confidence in gentlewomen of his class. To him the sex was divided into the two clear fields of black and white; and white was pure white, and black could be only black. And yet the horrible, sickening remorse he felt was due to no mere prudery, no Joseph-like standard of his own; it would have been no greater had

the one kiss been followed by others; not the deed, but the fact that he could have done it, now distressed him. No crystal font might now wash the stain from his soul; he would be "unclean till evening," aye, to the very evening of his life.

He was not a man who was deluded when judgment of his own self was concerned. Doubtless she had meant him to kiss her; but doubtless, also, he might not have done so. And with that unhappy self-consciousness that our too much reading throws over all events, even to the simplest, greatest moment of our lives, the surface thought too was grimly present to wonder at the difference he had found—was it in him or her?—in their case from that of Tristan's or of Paolo's. Mamie's kiss (and she had kissed him) had been as elemental, as intoxicating to his senses (we have said he was a man) as Brunhilde's or as Iseult's—and yet her very lips had left on his the quiver of his own contempt. (It may have been—who knows?—this very quality of his that had been to Mamie the perverse attraction; certainly it was not commonly believed among her friends that she would go so far; the *cœur de femme*, as the French novelist still calls it, is a strange thing.) Had it been followed with the consequences of an Iseult's or a Francesca's—even of his own when, that day long gone, he had kissed his wife, then the betrothed of another—it would have seemed to him that morning no more wicked, only less vulgar.

A "boulder"—even a Joseph—might have also regretted the way he had flung out of the house. This indeed would have been the first remorse of a Frenchman. Even an Irishman poetizes somewhere about "the un-kissed kiss." Austin wasted no remorse on this point; if you are bolting from a lady's house, any way is the best way. He recognized that Mamie might think him a fool—might think him a cad; both positions he accepted with other incidents of the night's work. Nor, in any Joseph Surface's way, did he condemn her. He had let his eyes linger on hers, he had flirted with her at the ball, he had let her talk to him of his wife—by all the free lance's code he had showed himself fair game. Moreover she had given him fair warning. Her husband was a decayed old roué and she amused herself—nay, it were fairer to say *interested* herself—in life that way. Many an old man keeps himself young by his interest in young women; why not she by hers in men? She was lonely enough; she never

pretended to be better than the average. Of course she would hate him. (As a matter of fact, Mamie did nothing of the sort; rather felt she justified in her little liking for him; it had begun with malice, ended in liking. She was by no means evil, though enjoying the appearance of it; and she loved him for running at her approach—that way. She now really began to love him a little; there was henceforth a bit of the maternal in it; anyhow, it is not the love of such as Mamie that hurts; they do not do their harm by loving. As for remorse—does a woman ever feel remorse at a kiss, taken and given? Curious, all the novelists—women novelists, licensed revealers of a woman's heart and head, high priestesses of feminine subtlety—have never vouchsafed to tell us such a simple fact as this. Mamie recognized that for the present she must avoid him; for all the future, she supposed, he would avoid her. She thought no worse of him for that. Rather was she rejoiced that she had met with such a man. *Bon enfant*—was Mamie; a manly little woman. And that foolish, fire-playing wife of his! Mamie only played with fire in others. Even with Austin, it may be surmised, had there been a crackle, the wet blanket had been ready.)

But to Austin's mind, as he walked, sick at heart, all these things were unknown or lightly touched upon. The bare, beast fact remained. He made no effort at sleep; an ice-cold bath, a cigar, another bath when he rose from his lounge and dressed, and then by sunrise he was in the stable seeking for a horse to carry him away.

XXIV

No Tannhäuser coming out upon the morning mountain could have been less intoxicated, more repentant of the night. It seemed as if the very autumn woods, the leafy brown dells of the brooks, the very flowers by the wayside, could never look the same to him. Berkshire was crimsoned with the same glory that he remembered there, when he had brought his bride, four years before. In what altered heart was he going to meet her now! And he remembered with a shudder the kiss that he had given her upon that ride. How little, after all, his kisses meant! or was it that he—Pinckney repressed this thought, as one drops a stone back on the curling worms of earth.

As he mounted the Taconic range, the green Stockbridge meadows opened out below; a

healthy brown brook crawled, clear as smoky crystal, at his feet; a minute more and he plunged, with the sense of an asylum, into the shaggy forest. When he came out, it was upon the formal, conscious gardening of Mrs. Gower's demesne. The dressed-up flower beds, the artificial play of water, the naked little cupids on the balustrades, out of place enough even in that season, for once seemed less intolerant of his mood; so the liveried groom that took his horse, the blue and silver-laced footman who led him, through a hall suggesting *bals poudrés*, with its white furnishing and light-lived Boucher panels, to his room. The huge Fragonard on the stairs had for its theme two powdered *abbés* swinging a maiden in a low dress, and contemplating, with a delight that made the *motif* of the picture, her generous calves. Austin reflected on the probable ideals of a household brought up upon this picture; how grotesque his self-abasement would have seemed to them, the two *religieux*. To him, however, it was none the less.

No one was up yet in the great house. Another footman, this time in morning black, brought him coffee in his room, and told him they had not come back till after sunrise. The man unpacked his valise while he took his coffee. "Mrs. Pinckney's room is at the end of the entry, sir." Austin dismissed the man, saying he would not disturb her; then he made an entire change in his clothing, as if to remove the day before yet one stage farther off. Then he started for a long tramp up the mountain.

Coming back, it was after noon; but he found his wife still at her dressing table, the maid adjusting finishing touches to her breakfast gown. Regardless of her presence his wife put up her lips to be kissed; he pretended not to notice it. "I hope you're not still cross," she said.

"Cross?" Austin felt that he could not "make up" in the presence of the maid.

"You were when I left, you know." Austin gave a brief account of his doings for the past two weeks, and asked for hers. "Oh, not much—the usual thing."

"And was the—nocturnal picnic a success?" Humble enough he felt, God knows, yet could not keep the tone of criticism from his voice.

"The greatest possible fun. It was all Van Kull's idea and he was delightful."

"I thought, Dorothy dear, you had come to my opinion of that man." He spoke with all

possible gentleness; but, turning angrily to the maid, she bade her hurry; then spoke to him coldly: "Your opinions are peculiar. You don't ask me mine of Mamie Rastacq. She was to meet you, he told me—you dined with her, I suppose?"

"I dined with her," said Austin in measured words, "and passed the evening with her." He felt a strong impulse to be wholly truthful to his wife; had the maid not been there, he might have told her all.

"Oh, I don't care if you passed the night with her." The maid stopped brushing. "Dorothy!" was all that he could say. And so their meeting ended. Was this the young girl he had known four years before? The coarse thought—the even coarser voicing of it! Yet what was he that he should reprove her for it? He walked softly back through the long hall, before the Fragonard, down the marble steps, and sat in a shaded alley in the garden. This was the nature formed by the life his wife was leading; this, perhaps, what he, too, was coming to. And again that sense of intolerable personal degradation made him wish that ten years of his life might roll by before he faced his work again.

A servant announced lunch, and he saw all the party assembled. A feeling as of burnt-out fireworks was in the air; the women were all tired, the men silent, if not cross. Flossie Gower alone was in her element. It seemed she had not gone to the picnic, but had come down fresh and spent the morning gleaning, from the jaded participants, of each the other's adventures. At nearly fifty, Mrs. Gower's only passion was art; but she lived, like a parasite, upon the passions of others. Tell Mrs. Gower that two people were in love, and she would have them at her house parties; good-naturedly, she liked even making engagements; but she enjoyed it more when they were married; enjoyed it most, as being more complicated and full of tragic possibility, if one were married and the other not. Flossie now fancied herself like an Este woman of Ferrara; anyhow she was quite assured such great dames stood above morality. Secretly some such thought, she looked around her table. The company were rather too wonted. There was Killian, of course—but it was the usual thing; she had asked for him a young girl of twenty, Miss Hope, of Providence, a lovely gentle blonde with five millions, looking as if butter would not melt in her mouth—and he would not look at her. She was too marriageable. Then there was Arthur

Holyoke—but he was fat and bespoke, and it was only Pussie de Witt, besides. There was Tony Duval, but he frankly avowed his preference for women of another world. She looked at Austin more hopefully. Would he not go fetch Mamie Rastacq? She was coming that day to dinner. "I am not good enough for her to sleep here," she laughed. But Austin had promised to go to Lee with Mr. Gower. Dorothy had a headache and would not go with anybody. Holyoke and Mrs. De Witt were paired; Van Kull had secured the dogs and a gun for partridges; so all the fun that Flossie got was seeing Tony left to the schoolgirl. And Lucie, who would have blocked a tête-à-tête with Killian, let them go. He knew there was no harm for her in Tony. Tony only stooped to conquer.

Mr. Gower surprised Austin by his interest in the country, in the country people. Mrs. Gower treated them as a peasantry, a fact that Lucie seemed conscious of; the men he met, good farmers, substantial yeomen many, he all called by name; some even were Tom or Bill to him. "The fact is, we rich people at Lenox do a great deal of harm," he said; "first, at playing at gentry with them, lastly, I'm afraid, by their accepting it." And Austin thought the remark profound. "We should remember that these Massachusetts countrymen have not in three hundred years accepted social superiors, and it's only the brute force of money that bends them to it now."

There was a something kindly, sympathetic about Mr. Gower that seemed to bring, in some unexplained manner, its balm to Austin's sore self-consciousness. In the course of the drive he said some pleasant words about his wife; and Austin felt assured that here was a friend, and a friend who was no fool. But who else was there in that household he could trust?

Coming home for a late tea, they found that many of the women had already gone up to dress; for the Austrian Ambassadors had arrived, and something very splendid in the line of toilet was expected that night. On the other hand, Mrs. Rastacq had telephoned her indisposition. Austin found his wife arrayed in her most open gown and contemplating mutinously the two ropes of modest pearls around her pretty neck. "You should see her diamonds," she said. And indeed it was fortunate she had them on, for, when Austin found himself on the left of the Ambassadors at dinner (for Mrs. Gower had chosen to dazzle her youngest man by this close prox-

imity) he could see upon her bosom nothing else, while her back was literally naked to the waist. Yet, thought Austin, how obvious the expert is beside the novice! The Ambassadors (she was a real Ambassador, for Caroli, her husband, was accredited to the Court of St. James and only in Washington upon a special mission) was a professional; beside her all the other women, save Flossie Gower herself, appeared as amateurs. She came from a Continental air where it was frankly recognized that, as men "got on" by their intellect, so women must get on, and their own wives must get them on, by their charm. And charm and physical allurements become, to the elderly diplomat, synonymous. His, to conceal the truth, hers, to reveal it, she laughed. Countess Caroli was said to have the most beautiful torso in Europe; so just as frankly as he contributed his wit and brains to the dinner table she contributed her undraped figure, with no more thought of any indecency in her display than in his. Austin, who was the only man at the table whose French was beyond criticism, talked volubly with her in that language; and, for the first time since their marriage, his wife felt rather proud of him. And Austin, perhaps, began to wonder whether, after all, he was not morbid.

They were to have left the next morning, but, after a fruitless expostulation on Austin's part, conducted at his wife's bedside at the hour of her retiring, Dorothy had decided to stay on. Austin's tone was not affectionate, only appealing, and Dorothy was fond of announcing that she was led by the affections, not to be driven by any taskmaster. Austin (wisely enough, any man of the world might say) had not decided to confide in her, or it all might have ended with her arms around his neck. He felt that he could not go to her so fresh from the other woman's kisses. So, after a quarter of an hour, he left her prevailing; and the demure French maid, waiting outside, gave him a curious look as he passed to his room. Had the Major been there, he would have groaned, "You should have made her come." But to Austin's Southern chivalry was added now his shame.

So he stayed on the next day, but in a savage mood; a mood in which a man laughs at consequences; a mood in which a man may go to the devil. His wife was off with Van Kull; so he challenged the Austrian lady to a drive, and found her, to his amusement, most definitely aware of the conventional boundaries, and insistent (as perhaps became an Ambassador)

at the very *punctus* of the frontier line—in *voies-de-fait*, that is; her speech was free. Then at dinner he took too much champagne, did not sleep, and at dawn found himself in a wave of self-contempt again. That night he took his leave; Gower, who seemed to have some curious divination of the situation, telling him simply (as was always Lucie's way) that he would take care of his wife.

In the city, in the honest workaday world, his sanity, but with it his sense of degradation, returned. Nor was there meaning in the world, sympathy in things human, or sense of things divine. Work, work, work, the only panacea; work, work, work, for what end? His wife would bear no children; he no longer loved his wife. It degraded them both to live together. Pah! who was he to talk of degradation? He owed her a duty, if not a reparation. What he had given her was never love. She wanted money; well, he would try to get it. For him, life held out nothing.

There was still too much ego in his cosmos, thought John Haviland, and was disturbed about his friend. But even Grace, with all her gentle comprehension, had ceased to soothe. The strong man was like an angry child. He worked like a machine all day and, as John fancied, half the night; for when he would even come to dine with them, he cut short his cigar and hurried home, as one who has left a job unfinished. He would drink nothing. And Grace fancied sadly what the half-made lonely home in Eleventh Street must be; the days so going by, and Dorothy not coming back.

Pinckney had had a passion for music; one day, pathetically as Grace Haviland thought, he complained to her that it no longer spoke to him; so they persuaded him to come to lunch, one Sunday, and go to a special rendering that was to be given of Tristan, third act, and the Ninth Symphony. Strange tones to be thus coupled together, Austin thought. The only other person present was to be a great friend of Grace's, Miss Ravenel. Her mother, Mrs. Breese, had taken her mother's name. Yes, she was indeed the daughter of old Miles Breese, John said; the only daughter; after the only son had died, her mother had got her divorce; and to be near him (for his life made it quite impossible she should be with him, of which luckily the poor loyal child was ignorant) she supported herself in the winter, in New York, by giving lessons. "Poor girl," said Austin, remembering what he had seen at Newport.

It was the Sunday; and with all his trouble, Austin had no heart for church. Had he done so, it being the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, he might have heard a word to his address—a collect asking only for pardon and peace and, all sins cleansed, to serve God with a quiet mind—but still on that morning, in the thirtieth year of his life, Austin had not, not even more than Dorothy, been led to the thought of simple service. Instead, the cloud of his sin uncleansed was on him and he fought, manlike, against it with the legs of a horse—riding far out into the Westchester highlands and returning at dusk through the softly freezing streets unassuaged. As the soon sun set in its burnished stillness, already wintry, his horse came to a walk. To-day, at last, it seemed to him as if the peace of God might be on earth for others if not for him. He had come to the thought of "service"—but not yet of the "quiet mind."

He was late and dressed hurriedly, but was at John Haviland's for the early dinner. In the dusk of the narrow New York drawing-room a slender black figure rose to greet him. "Grace is not down yet," she said simply. "I am Mary Ravenel." She was a very beautiful young girl, and as Austin looked at her, perhaps too earnestly, it was evident that she, at least, had a quiet mind. Their talk at dinner was of real things—unheard since many weeks by Austin—John Haviland, principally of the way to combat socialism on the stump; Miss Ravenel, of its effect upon the ideals of the very poor. It appeared (as Grace told Austin later) that besides her paying classes about half her work was done for love. For a young girl of twenty, she seems strangely mature, thought Austin; and he stopped his own, to hear her thoughts instead. But when both he and John so stopped, she became suddenly shy and reddened slightly, as any girl might.

At the Metropolitan, where they had a box, the light was dim, and Austin caught himself watching the young girl's profile. It was a Sunday night audience, so they could, fortunately, listen. Austin noticed that she was not so much moved by Tristan. The long, lonely invocation of the loyal Kurwenal—the iterated, weeping cadences of the lonely sounding horn—still the sea is empty—moved her a little; the sad echoes of the joyous arrival song in Cornwall long ago, at last the great cries of the dying hero, she heard with parted lips. And then *Sie kommt! Sie kommt*, a sail! His own heart leaped within him as it

had been wont, at those marvelous joy notes, to leap in his dreaming youth.

Austin suddenly started at the thought that his music was coming back to him: and this was now made sure. For Yseult's death chant, joyously surmounting, slow, quiet in beginning, then swelling to the passion of the joy of death—suddenly tingled in his eyelids; thank God! he felt, still tears were there. But she, her clear eyes seemed untroubled still—she did not understand—this Euthanasia of elemental love, unchristian, unconfined in duty.

It was Beethoven (he could see) that touched her heart. Here was the love divine; here was the joy of life. Not joy alone in death; in life, as the God of Christ hath willed. Here was no pagan frenzy; sane and normal, yet infinite as the human soul, he heard, as he watched

her face, the mighty climax of the last movement swell until the poet's ecstasy breaks into human voices and the joy of heaven stands revealed to earth.

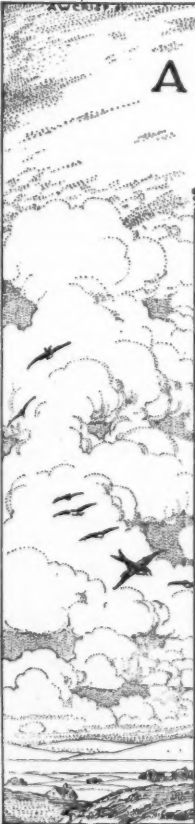
They walked home, saying very little; and then Austin found the way none too long to Eleventh Street. Thank Heaven for its music! It had stanchd his wounds; his sins, though scarlet, might yet be as the wool; his soul once more be shriven. And Austin, that night, again prayed: for himself, for his wife. No more the dreadful sense of degradation was present; it had been, it should be no more. It was God's music had done this: that night at last, no longer conscious of his shame, of his despair, of his selfish sorrows—but only of

"L'Amor che muove il sol'e gl'altre stelle."

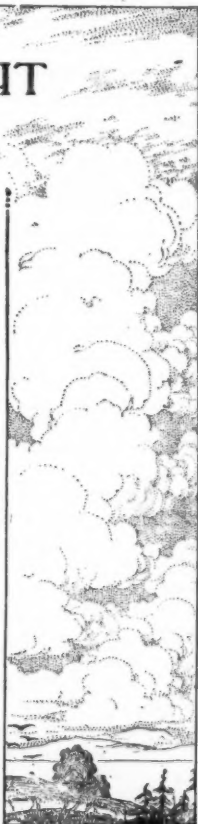
(To be continued.)

A SWALLOW'S FLIGHT

BY ISABELLA HOWE FISKE



CLOSE, close to the height of the hill,
 Close, close to its hollow,
 Oh, sunshine and morning and summer's will
 And the will of a swallow!
 Under me daisies flash,
 Now under me clover,
 And always the sunshine over,
 And the breeze is my fellow-rover.
 Along the grasses
 My shadow passes,
 Across the lake
 Where the ripples shake,
 And back, back
 On the unseen track,
 A swiftly vanishing wake;
 And again, and again,
 Above the heath,
 The clouds beneath,
 Now higher, and higher
 Just over the leaves;
 And I learn the desire
 Of the tree, and the pain
 Of the bird that grieves,
 But I cannot stay
 My ecstatic way:
 I the morning follow
 And my sun—Apollo!



MY OWN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST DAY AT SHILOH

BY LEW WALLACE

THE GENERAL'S DEFENSE OF HIS SO-CALLED BLUNDER IN THE FAMOUS BATTLE

This account of the movements (April 6, 1862) of the Third Division, Army of the Tennessee, under command of General Wallace at the Battle of Shiloh was written more than ten years ago, in the form of a letter to General James Grant Wilson, who was then engaged in writing his "Life of Grant." The author promised that if he survived General Wallace he would some day publish the letter in full. The document is here first brought to light.



I was in the evening of Thursday, the 3d of April, that I became assured of a great battle close at hand.

My first brigade (Smith's) was in camp on the bluff overhanging the landing at Crump's; the second (Thayer's) was on a farm which the wits had christened "Stoney Lonesome," probably two miles and a half west of the Landing; and beyond that a like distance, at a village called Adamsville, lay my third brigade (Wood's).

This disposition of my brigades, though of my own ordering, had been approved by General Grant.

A short distance from the camp of my second brigade ("Stoney Lonesome") there was a junction of roads, one fork of which led to Pittsburg Landing by way of a bridge, the other to the right of the army under Sherman, the distance from the farm to both points being about six miles. It occurred to me that it would be good policy to control both of those roads. I had ordered Major Myers to build bridges over the forks of Snake Creek, repair the bridge at the crossing of Owl Creek near Sherman's camp, and corduroy wherever there was a swamp or mudhole; all this to enable my batteries, if the need came, to traverse the route at the gallop.

The bridging and corduroying were finished about April 3d, possibly a day or two sooner;

then I felt comparatively easy, for, with respect to our army, I was no longer at the long end of an L, but, as it were, in the junction corner of a V, the right side of which would bring Sherman to me or take me to him swift or slow according to the need, while the left side would be equally serviceable were I required at Pittsburg Landing. Such were my communications with the main army and the disposition of my brigades the evening of the crisis precipitated by General Johnston's advance from Corinth.

On the 6th, the memorable Sunday, a sentinel woke me from sleep on the steamboat serving me for headquarters. He reported cannonading up the river. When I reached the hurricane deck dawn was breaking. The air was humid and heavy, but still. The guns were quite audible. Five minutes—ten—and then the irregular pounding, sometimes distinct, sometimes muffled, kept skurrying down the yellow flood of the river. Directly the camp on the bluff became astir.

My staff officers reported to me. One of them (Lieutenant Wave) I sent to Colonel Smith with direction to form his brigade, and conduct it to "Stoney Lonesome." Another (Major James R. Ross) was dispatched at speed to Colonel Thayer with orders to have everything ready to move; continuing his ride, he bore an order to Colonel Wood of the third brigade to break camp, send baggage and property to the Landing (Crump's), and bring

10.30—yet no order. Smith got into his saddle and rode away, saying, "I guess Grant sees he can get along without us."

Eleven o'clock. The firing was no longer continuous, but at intervals and in outbursts. Thayer suggested that an order might have been started, and the messenger intercepted. I thought not; for if the situation on the field called for us, the possibility of accident to a courier by land would necessitate sending him by boat. So I ordered a staff officer, Major Ross, to ride to the Landing and see if anyone had come down by the river. About half a mile down the road he met an officer on the horse I had left, who asked him where General Wallace was. Ross told him; then he asked in turn if he had orders for General Wallace. The officer said he had, and gave the major a paper, which the major read. In a short time, Captain Baxter, A. Q. U. of General Grant's, introduced himself to me, and placed the paper in my hand, saying, "Here is an order."

Our watches showed 11.30 o'clock. The officers of my staff and of Thayer's closed around me, while I read. The paper was a half sheet of foolscap, dented with boot heels, and soiled with tobacco juice; and it was folded, not enveloped. The writing was in pencil. Strangest of all, no signature was attached. I passed the paper to Thayer to read, and, turning to Baxter, asked, "How is the fight going, captain?"

Baxter replied, "Very well. We are repulsing them all along the line."

The paper was returned to me, and I read it a second time, and, noticing its deficiencies, inquired:

"Who is this from, captain?"

"General Grant."

"Why is it not signed?"

He then explained: "I received the order verbally. Not being used to carrying orders, I picked the paper from the floor of the cabin as I came down, and wrote what you see. I was afraid I might make a mistake."

General Grant, speaking of the order, has several times said that he sent it to me not later than ten o'clock; that it directed me to march *to Pittsburg Landing by the lower or river road*; that he gave it verbally to a staff officer, and did not know what it was when delivered to me. Of course, he could not know, but I do; and others, some dead, some living, who read it, have given their accounts of it, so that I can speak with confidence.

Here it is—as I received it, mark you—almost verbatim:

"You will leave a sufficient force at Crump's Landing to guard the public property there; with the rest of your division march and form junction with the right of the army, your line at right angles with river, and be governed by circumstances."

Observe, if you please, that the words *by the lower or river road to Pittsburg Landing* are omitted, leaving nothing but a naked direction for me to march and form junction *with the right of the army*.

Do I deny General Grant's version of the order? I believe he ordered me to Pittsburg Landing by the river road, because he says he did, and because at ten o'clock, when the whole army was slowly and sullenly retiring to the river, it was the order logically right and first to present itself. Moreover, by inserting in the body of the order actually brought me the words *to Pittsburg Landing by the lower or river road*, we have sense in the other direction to "form my line of battle at right angles with the river," otherwise without sense. At the right of the army, out three miles from the Landing, how was the angle to be ascertained? Why then did I not lead my column to Pittsburg Landing? And I answer, because the order Captain Baxter delivered to me contained no mention of Pittsburg Landing or of any road. Satisfied that I comprehended it, I passed the paper to Colonel Thayer; others about us at the moment read it. I gave it finally to Captain Kneffler, my adjutant-general, who probably stuck it under his sword belt. It was lost during the day. On account of its informality, he attached no importance to it, and, as I shared the opinion, I never blamed him.

My first thought was, where is the right of the army? Captain Baxter's good news settled the point. If not where it was in the morning, then Sherman must have advanced. In short, Sherman's camp was now my goal, and I knew it as just beyond the bridge at the junction of Owl and Snake Creeks on the road from Pittsburg Landing to Purdy. To get to it by the shortest route and in the quickest time from the corner of the V my brigades were in, I must take the right-hand road. General Grant has said in a footnote of his "Memoirs" that in the absence of an express direction, if I had been an older soldier I would have marched to Pittsburg Landing and thence, as from a base, out to Sherman. I think not. He forgot the news I had from

Baxter as to the condition of the battle; besides which, by taking the right line of the road fork, the distance of the march would be reduced nearly, if not quite, three miles; in addition to which, again, the column would be on the very road Myers had bridged and corduroyed for me. So I sent word to Myers to lead out for the Owl Creek bridge next to Sherman's camp.

I asked myself, to be sure, if we are beating the enemy, and he is on the run, why the want of me? And why the order to form my line at right angles with the river? I could not answer, but rested implicitly on the order. Grant was on the ground—he knew—that was enough. The idea of defeat never entered my mind; and starting, as I was, with intelligence of a victory already won by our army, what ground is there for the imputation that I had the achievement of some special glory in purpose?

The road we were pursuing had been well repaired. The cavalry had done its work substantially, and we bowled along. By the firing we could tell we were nearing the battle. We took no note of time. Somewhere about half after one o'clock—I remember the head of the column was reported in the vicinity of the Owl Creek bridge—a cavalry officer, quite young and capless, covered with mud, slashed across the forehead, rode up from the rear, and asked:

"Are you General Wallace?"

Without pulling rein I replied.

"General Grant," he said, "has sent me to tell you to hurry up."

Up? To the right of the army, of course; so I returned: "Give General Grant my compliments, and tell him I will be up in a few minutes."

The courier rode off the way he came; a circumstance which, if I had had the slightest suspicion that my movement was in error, would have prompted calling him back for question.

So, in absolute unconsciousness of mistake, I pushed on. Several times officers came to me, and remarked upon the firing so far down on our left. And it was curious. Had we been repulsing the enemy, he should have been in the south, not so nearly in the southeast. But I settled the point, at least to my own satisfaction. "The fighting has ceased in front of Sherman; but they are keeping it up away over on our left." From the position my column was then in, the left of our army should have been well down toward the river

in an almost easterly direction—certainly far enough in that direction to dispose of the *only* mistake General Grant attributes to me in the footnote corrective of the text in his "Memoirs."

Finally the revelation overtook me. A second messenger came up from the rear. It was Captain Rowley, well known as of General Grant's staff. He it was who reported to his chief that he found me marching to Purdy, and several miles farther from the battlefield than when I started. From "Stoney Lonesome," Purdy lies west; whereas the road upon which he overtook me runs almost due south, and Shiloh church, marking the left of Sherman's camp, could not have been to exceed two miles from where Rowley and I held the conversation which I will give very nearly in exact words. The fact is, he was himself out of his reckoning, if not lost.

"I've had a devil of a time to find you," he said, in high excitement.

"I am sorry to have put you to trouble," I returned, checking my horse. "What is it?"

"The General has sent me to hurry you up."

"That's the second message of the kind in ten minutes. I don't understand it."

"Where are you going anyhow?"

"To join Sherman."

"Sherman!"

"Yes."

"Come to one side with me." We went a little out of the road.

"Great God!" he said, "don't you know that Sherman has been driven from his camp? And that the whole army is now within half a mile of the Landing, and it's a question if we are not all to be driven into the river?"

To my exclamations, Captain Rowley went into details. There are kinds of fear; but nothing of that nature can shoot one's marrow so to the core as the dread of making a mistake in a situation such as Rowley then flung me. Yet I could see with astonishing distinctness that I had led my division into the rear of the rebel army, or rather that the whole victorious army was between me and Grant.

My first impulse was to go on. A vigorous assault upon the enemy's rear might turn defeat into victory. Two years later at City Point, General Grant told me that if he had known at Shiloh what he then knew, he would have ordered me where I started to go. To which I add, if I had known the moment Rowley was talking to me that General Nelson was on the right bank of the Tennessee

with a possibility of crossing his division to the left bank at Pittsburg Landing before night, I would have continued my march at all hazards. As it was, I did not even know that General Buell was within fifty miles of Savannah. Why, in the morning at Crump's Landing, General Grant did not tell me that a considerable part of the Army of the Ohio was within supporting distance of the Army of the Tennessee, has been a mystery to me from that day to this. It must have been that he did not yet believe there was seriousness in the rebel demonstration at Pittsburg Landing.

Captain Rowley, it is to be observed, did not estimate that there was a mistake in my movement to the right of the army. I told him it was plain that I was in rear of the rebel army, and asked categorically: "What does General Grant want me to do? Do you bring me an order from him?"

"Yes," he replied. "General Grant wants you to go to Pittsburg Landing, and he wants you there like hell."

"Very well, I shall obey him," I said. "But it will be necessary for me to back out of this, and find a crossroad to take the column into the river road. You have just come through the swamps; stay now, and pilot me."

He declined, and presently left me; then, thinking to find a crossing into the river road before the head of the column would lap the foot, I sent Captain Kneffler, who was still with Major Myers at the Owl Creek bridge, intelligence of the altered situation, and a desire that he would remain with Myers and help take care of the rear. Thereupon I ordered a countermarch brigades. The tactics of the movement have been criticised, and I now think justly. I should have resorted to a right about of column.

Note now, please—when we thus changed direction, from the south facing north, it was to march completely around the left flank of the Confederate army. Note also—when the countermarch was ordered, not only was my cavalry holding the bridges at Owl Creek, scarcely a half mile from the bluff on which the right of Sherman's division rested in the morning, but Thayer's advance guard had been some time turned into the Hamburg-Purdy road, and could not have been to exceed three-quarters of a mile from the bridge. And, marvelous to say, not a sign of the enemy had been seen! The inference is that the rear of the Confederates was unguarded. Indeed, it has been told me by reputable

officers of their side that at the time of my approach there were fully as many of their soldiers looting and drinking in the captured camps as there were of ours burrowing under the bluffs down at the Landing. Who shall tell the result had I been permitted to go on in my march? Many a time, seeing as we see in dreams, I have beheld Thayer's deployed regiments moving through those tented streets, a wave crested with bayonets, and heard the demoralized hordes rushing panic-struck upon their engaged lines. And now, in moments when personal ambition gets the better of me, I hold Rowley's coming my greatest quarrel with Fortune. Oh, if he had remained lost in the woods an hour longer!

In course of the countermarch we came to a crossroad on what appeared to be the highlands of Snake Creek, and turned into it column right. Thereafter it was out of one hole into another—a long interminable slough.

Just before we entered the river road, Colonel McPherson (afterwards major-general) and Major Rawlins (afterwards major-general and Secretary of War) met me, having, like the preceding messengers, been dispatched to hurry me up. Their account of the fight was more sickening than Rowley's. Rawlins, of an earnest, devoted nature, was greatly excited. McPherson was quiet and thoughtful. Rawlins speedily expressed dissatisfaction with the progress making. I told him the men were doing their best. He next insisted that the batteries be thrown to one side; they were hampering the infantry. That advice I rejected. His next proposal was to send the regiments forward as they arrived. That I also declined. There should be no piecemealing in the business. The division must go in as a unit. To McPherson he privately suggested arresting me. McPherson did not encourage the idea. About that time there was a report come up that there was a growing interval between the second and third brigades. I sent my entire staff back to urge the advance. Dismounting, I took a seat on a log, and announced that there should be no further advance until the division was closed up solidly. The necessities on the field were plain; the general wanted the *division*, and he should have it. The two left me before the lower bridge over Snake Creek was reached.

As we drew near the Snake Creek bridge the advance guard met groups of fugitives from the fight. To Smith, then in advance, I gave orders to deploy a regiment immediately

that the bridge was passed; if he came upon strange people, he was not to fire a shot, but go at them with the bayonet. Birge's sharpshooters were the only troops met, and they disappeared before Smith could communicate with them. In the gathering dusk they failed to recognize us.

Night fell while the column was passing the bridge. Upon the earth nowhere was there so much as the light of a camp fire. With the going down of the sun the battle and its noises had ceased, succeeded, however, by the flounder of an army worrying through what seemed a shoreless bog.

I had expected to find orders and a guide at the bridge. Rawlins and McPherson might have remembered me in that way. Smith had found it impossible to get forward with a deployed regiment; so in files of four, and feeling for the road, the commands staggered on. At length, thinking there was room enough on the solid ground at last gained for the division to stand, I called halt, and directed facing to the right and alignment to the best advantage. Pickets were sent out.

Then the cloud overhead burst, and it was rain, rain by the bucketful, but no lightning. Our blood was chilling; so were our spirits.

The situation grew intolerable. My orderlies dispersed themselves to the left and rear. Now and then they brought in stragglers, whom I examined.

"Where is the enemy?"

No two of them pointed the same direction.

Then I rode in the search, but soon returned. In the thrilled darkness there was danger of separation from the division. In short, nothing was to be done while the night endured—nothing but wait. McPherson and Rawlins knew I was coming, and I knew I would be wanted in the morning. So I dismounted, and crouched on the sheltered side of a tree.

Toward morning an officer of the pickets brought me a man able to tell me that my division was on the crest of the eastern slope of Tighlman's Creek, a wet-weather brook emptying into Snake Creek; that the Confederates held the crest of the opposite slope, scarcely a thousand yards distant. I directed Thurber and Brown to post their eleven guns that they might open a concentrated fire.

A happy chance had dropped my command into a position which could scarcely have been bettered.

In the hollow of Tighlman's Creek night was turning gray when the report of a cannon

brought every sleeper to his feet. It was the first gun of the second day of battle. Hardly had the echo time to get back to us before the enemy replied with a round shot. All our pieces then rang out together, and the fight to a finish was on.

The sun crept slowly up, bringing a very cheerless dawn. The duel between the artillerists raged hot, and in the midst of it General Grant rode to me. One orderly attended him. Looking at him, and listening to what took place between us, no man could have believed that he thought he had lost a great battle the day before.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning, General," I responded, saluting.

"Are you ready to advance?"

"Ready, sir."

He glanced down the line to get its general direction, turned his horse to the front, waved his hand, and said:

"Well, move out that way."

"I shall be on the extreme right then?"

"Yes."

"Who will be on my left?"

"I will take care of that," he said.

As he was going off, I rode after him.

"Excuse me, General; is there any particular order of attack you would have me take?"

"No," he returned, "I leave that to your discretion."

He was not out of sight before my order was passing down: "By echelon of regiments—left in front—forward."

Once again that day he came to me. I judge it about five o'clock in the afternoon. The same orderly was with him. If in the morning, after a supposed defeat, he had shown no depression, now that he had won a great victory he showed no exultation.

"We are doing very well," he said quietly.

"This in my front I take to be their rear guard," I replied.

"Wheel your division quarter to the right."

The proper instructions were issued; then he added, "I will see you later."

Through Sherman's looted camp, and beyond it nearly a mile, we drove the enemy, given no time to rally. All day my gallant division had fought a good fight. Not an inch had it yielded. Once only I halted it, waiting for support to come up on my left. Colonel Willick's regiment, Army of the Ohio, was all that reached me, and by him I was first informed of General Buell's presence on the field.

RECENT COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE

II. HARVARD—YALE

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

DRAWINGS BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY



It is but natural that Harvard, being the oldest institution of learning in the country, should retain something of that dignified simplicity so gratefully associated with Colonial days. All that is appropriate and lasting in Harvard architecture can be traced to this influence; all that is unworthy or transitory owes its existence to other and purely external causes. The prim and unemotional makers of Massachusetts, Stoughton and Hollis, were the real friends of Harvard; the pretentious builders of Grays, Thayer, Weld, and Matthews proved less discriminating in their devotion. Fine as they themselves are, the mediævalism of Memorial Hall, the Romanesque richness of Sever and Austin Halls, and the formal classicism of Fogg Museum seem clearly out of place. These structures bear no relation to the rest of Harvard. They are, and always will be, isolated. From the completion of Holworthy to the inception of what might be described as new Harvard, architecture at Cambridge suffered a disastrous eclipse. Chaste, cream-white, and covered here and there with ivy, University Hall must have looked reprovingly around at her strange neighbors. The pseudo-Gothic of Gore Hall and the Victorian Gothic of the later dormitories were certainly a source of distress to Bulfinch's beautiful and reserved little temple. Still, the period was one of deplorable taste throughout the country, and Harvard was by no means the chief offender. While everyone was lauding the supposedly splendid creations of Van Brunt and Richardson, it looked as though the true

spirit of Harvard architecture must surely be lost beyond recovery, and yet, quite tentatively, it reappeared during the early nineties. Its beginnings were modest, but within a few short years its achievements have been substantial. Just as Messrs. Cope and Stewardson endowed Princeton and Pennsylvania with artistic consciousness, so Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White reawakened in Harvard an appreciation of her quaint and characteristic past and her neglected possibilities. The germ of new Harvard lay in the simple lines and honest red brick of those early buildings. Call it Colonial or call it Georgian, it is this element that is now leavening the entire mass.

The old "grad" who climbs the stairway of University to shake hands with the Dean and who laments the loss of the pump in front of Hollis, or lingers under "The Tree," about which flowers are no longer twined, will find the Yard much the same. If it happens to be spring, there is the same brightness and fragrance as before; if autumn, stray leaves rustle along the pathways and sleek gray squirrels still scamper about. There have been few important changes in the main quadrangle. Phillips Brooks House is invisible from the steps of Weld or Matthews, Robinson and Emerson Halls lie to the rear of Sever, and Fogg Museum is screened by Appleton Chapel. The appeal of the Yard is largely a non-æsthetic appeal. The old grad loves Massachusetts Hall not because it is beautiful, but because it is dignified and venerable; and the big square rooms of Holworthy appear more endearing than the latter-day luxury of Claverly, Randolph, and Dunster, whose hardwood floors, tiled baths, and handball courts are as yet unable to warm

the heart or caress the memory. It is not the Yard itself but the series of gateways and connecting walls which now almost surround it that give the inclosure its present aspect of rejuvenation and its mellow touch of reminiscence. Through a certain superior instinct, the details of the first gate, the Johnston Gate, were fortunately carried out in the spirit of the older Georgian buildings standing at the right and left of the principal approach. The Johnston Gate was followed by the Meyer Gate and subsequently by a number of alumni gates similar in character, yet varied as to exterior treatment. While recalling St. John's College, Winchester, and the moss-grown gateways of Carshalton and Sherborne Abbey, these entrances none the less show a requisite individuality. They are all made of hard-burned brick with dark headers and limestone trimmings, and into the ironwork of the archways and the palings have been inserted the various class numerals. Although each gate was contributed by a different class, the work was wisely intrusted to the same firm of architects. It is difficult to decide which is the most satisfactory, but Mr. Bailey, in selecting the "77" Gate with its tall piers, porter's lodge, and broad carriage-way, has perhaps made the most fitting choice. From whichever direction you enter the Yard you must pass through one or another of these gates, the last of which will shortly be in place. It was an appropriate idea, this encircling and protecting of the original site; it is something in the nature of a gracious tribute to the past, expressed in terms both actual and bygone.

The only comparatively recent additions to the Yard are the Fogg Museum, Phillips Brooks House, Robinson Hall, and Emerson Hall. There is little comfort in discussing Fogg Museum, for though a discreet version of the classic manner, it utterly fails to conform with local conditions. With the others the situation is different. Mr. Longfellow, Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White, and Mr. Guy Lowell have each displayed taste, ingenuity, and above all a ready sympathy with the best tendencies of Harvard architecture. Phillips Brooks House, the focus of the religious activities of the University, while somewhat lacking in feeling, both in the handling of the brick and the slate roof, looks by no means out of place in the subdued vicinity of Holworthy, Stoughton, and Holden Chapel. The most successful of the three is the Nelson Robinson, Jr., Hall of Architecture by Messrs. McKim,

Mead, and White. Placed like Emerson Hall at right angles to Sever, and forming with them a new quadrangle having its open side on Quincy Street, this charmingly Georgian and yet Grecian building is a sheer joy to eye and sense. With its long, low cornice line and its brick pilasters and second-story windows separated by engaged columns, also made of brick, it is far more consoling than its philosophic companion, Emerson Hall. And though sufficiently in accord with Sever, it seems subtly to rebuke that inflated ruggedness so dear to Richardson. Taken as a whole the new quadrangle is conceived in the right vein, and with "85" Gateway opening on the quiet, elm-lined street shows only a faint and perhaps temporary lack of harmony with the older portions of the Yard.

The Harvard which has crossed Cambridge and Kirkland Streets, which has spread itself over Jarvis Field and Holmes Field and is creeping out Oxford Street, presents a larger and less stimulating spectacle. From an architectural standpoint there is little of moment in any of these masses of brick and mortar. Hemenway Gymnasium possesses certain merit, but such structures as Jefferson Physical Laboratory, Pierce Hall, and the University Museum are more utilitarian than æsthetic. While Mr. Lowell's new Lecture Hall, at the corner of Oxford and Kirkland Streets, and likewise the Semitic Museum deserve attention, it is not until you considerably turn to Randall Hall and keep on toward the delectable comforts of the Harvard Union that anything of consequence is disclosed. Resourceful in proportion, effective in its use of good red brick and buff limestone, and based on the best English eighteenth century work, Randall Dining Hall, by Messrs. Wheelwright and Haven, constitutes one of Harvard's chief glories as well as necessities. Equally happy in the following of Georgian precedent and in its employment of similar materials the Harvard Union completes our survey of the later and better buildings at Cambridge. For years the pet project of Colonel Higginson, and finally carried to a practical conclusion by Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White, the Union fulfills the social needs of University life in much the same degree as Phillips Brooks House does the religious. The Union is a great undergraduate and graduate club in whose spacious common room, paneled in English oak and with an expansive fireplace at each end, can be seen Harvard men of every class, age, and

position. It is as impossible not to feel the charm of the main entrance from the court as it is not to be mystified by the circular portico which overlooks Quincy Square. The Harvard student is not, as a rule, partial to face-tiousness, but the worldly minded youth who christened this portico "Rhoda's Pagoda" certainly merits emulation.

The authorities of Harvard, like those of other leading Eastern colleges, are, of course, seriously considering questions of immediate development and extension. A committee appointed by the Board of Overseers, with Mr. R. S. Peabody as chairman, has under advisement a scheme for widening Bow and De Wolf Streets and constructing a monumental approach to the University from the Charles River Parkway. A continuous park road running entirely around the grounds on existing street lines is also contemplated, both of which projects could naturally only be effected with the liberal coöperation of the municipal government. In order to secure the best results, the former of these propositions would necessitate the erection of a new Library placed directly on the main axis running through "77" Gateway to the north. This and other requirements of the Yard will eventually entail the removal of the President's, Professor Palmer's, and Professor Shaler's houses and the planning of another quadrangle flanking the one formed by Robinson, Sever, and Emerson Halls. In addition to these somewhat exalted possibilities, Messrs. Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge are at present studying Holmes Field in conjunction with their enlargement of Austin Hall, and some definite quadrangular distribution may naturally be anticipated. Meanwhile, over on Longwood Avenue this same firm's impressive group of marble buildings for the Harvard Medical School are rapidly nearing completion. For logic, for symmetry, and for an ordered uniformity of arrangement the new Harvard Medical School offers one of the most absorbing problems ever attempted in this country. That the final result will show the added grace of beauty is a matter for later consideration, though the general scheme bids fair to include every requisite. Yet with all these changes both present and imminent it is to be hoped that the center of scholastic life may never shift from the smooth stretches in front of University Hall. And may we also hope that the Harvard student will continue to preserve something of his innate diffidence toward the outer world, his protect-

ing touch of, let us say, academic remoteness. For this is a quality closely linked with the associations of College Yard and one which should remain an imperishable legacy.

In certain respects Yale is unlike the typical New England college. There is in her history, both social and architectural, a strong strain of Middle State progressiveness and modernity. Whereas Harvard is scrupulously preserving and perfecting her Colonial inheritance, Yale's past has been practically wiped out of existence. Old Brick Row was certainly characteristic, yet save for a single isolated relic the Row has disappeared, leaving no trace behind. The Yale of to-day is neither local nor Georgian, but displays an unconvincing compromise between the delicate classicism of Messrs. Carrère and Hastings and the somewhat matter-of-fact Collegiate Gothic of Mr. Haight. To those who still retain traces of sentiment, of sentimentality if you will, the demolition of Old Brick Row has been little short of a tragedy. Yet South Middle, the original member of the Row, fortunately remains, and during the past summer has been restored and refurbished with genuine reverence and discrimination. Situated in the southeastern corner of the campus directly behind Osborn and Vanderbilt Halls, South Middle is a refreshing reminder of what Yale used to be in sturdier and less indifferent times. Its last surviving companions, the Lyceum with its college clock and college bell, North College, and the Treasury Building, were all removed in 1901 in accordance with plans long since formulated for the perfecting of the quadrangle. Although it was in front of North College that the "College Bully" was annually inducted into office, and though for the last thirty years North was the most popular member of the Row, it is South Middle that still represents the Yale of yesterday. The building which was dedicated on commencement day, 1752, was officially called Connecticut Hall, but was generally known as the New Hall in order to distinguish it from the original wooden College Hall. Since its restoration at the hands of Mr. Atterbury, the structure looks much as it formerly did with its "gambrel" roof and "dormer" windows. The story of South Middle is in a sense the story of Yale. In the early days it was used simultaneously as a dormitory, dining hall, library, chapel, and museum. Nathan Hale, J. Fenimore Cooper, James Gates Percival,



Wm. H. Bailey
1890

THE "'77" GATEWAY, HARVARD

and scores of other Yale notables occupied rooms in South Middle looking out across the Green. In the front corner room on the first floor was located the "Buttery." The "Buttery" was an institution in itself, and until 1817, when his office was abolished, the butler had "Liberty to Sell Cyder, Strong Bear, Loaf Sugar, Pipes & Tobacco, and Such Necessaries for the Scholars, not Sold by

the Steward at the Kitchen." In connection with "Pipes & Tobacco" there is on record the account of a freshman "fag" who was told by a lofty senior to go to the butler and buy "some pipes and tobacco." He was handed a dollar to make the purchase, and with customary Yale spunk returned with ninety-nine penny pipes and one cent's worth of tobacco.



NELSON ROBINSON, JR., HALL OF ARCHITECTURE, HARVARD

This turbulent and yet ceremonious Yale has largely passed into history. The "Bullymen" and the "Chairmen" no longer fall to fighting on the way to Center Church in the presence of "the Faculty, the State officials, and the assembled wisdom of New England," and dear, squat little South Middle is now overawed by commodious and imposing if not beautiful dormitories and recitation halls. Owing to a lack of space in which to expand, the newer structures have one by one replaced the older, sometimes on the same sites, though

the first quadrangle was built clear about the Row almost as it stood. During the final years of President Woolsey's term, and even before, certain far-seeing friends of the college urged that the institution be transferred bodily to Prospect Hill near the actual location of the Yale Observatory. Unwisely, it now appears, President Woolsey did not favor the idea, so Farnam, Durfee, Dwight, and Welch Halls were successively assigned their present positions around the Academic Campus. With the removal of the "Fence" from Chapel



THE NEW HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL GROUP, BOSTON

Street to the front of Durfee and the erection of Osborn and Vanderbilt Halls the quadrangle practically became a solid inclosure. The Sheffield Scientific School with healthy independence had meanwhile established itself at the junction of Grove, College, and Prospect Streets, and in the early seventies the Divinity School settled leisurely down on the

corner of Elm and College. It was not long after the arrival of Mr. Vanderbilt's spacious and handsome dormitory, with its fine open court facing the Hyperion Theater, that Yale felt the need for further extension. This movement north across Elm Street which led to the creation of Berkeley Court and the Middle Campus was eventually followed by

the addition of the Bicentennial Group on what is now called University Campus. Together with Byers Memorial Hall and the new Vanderbilt-Scientific Dormitory, which form the nucleus of University Square, these are the chief outlines of the later Yale.

Being continually beset for more room and possessing no zealous Board of Overseers nor any consistent devotion to precedent, the authorities have in a measure let things shift for themselves. Irreproachable taste is hardly universal at Yale, and hence it is distinctly to Mr. Bailey's credit that he has managed to secure drawings not only delightful in quality but interesting as to subject-matter. The exuberant boys who bound down the steps of Osborn Hall and play leapfrog on their way to the dormitories are not to blame if they fail to be transfixed by the architecture of the main quadrangle. The general aspect is one of satisfying solidity, but aside from the vine-covered archways of the venerable Library and the air of well-being so typical of Vanderbilt Hall, there is little to arrest youthful

sensibility. It is but natural that the banjo and the inevitable array of cushions along each window seat should prove more explicit in their seduction. Over in the Middle Campus the situation refuses to offer any decided compensation. The new halls that all but surround Berkeley Court—White, Berkeley, Fayerweather, and Lampson—do not reveal either in structure or in outline the impress of artistic feeling. The elements are there—the porter's lodge, the clock over the entrance of Lampson, paved walks and all, but such details express little unless quickened by personality and creative enthusiasm. And by the bye, how much more engaging is the wayward, redolent garden in the rear of Lampson than the formal flower bed in front of the central arch! The Bicentennial Group, which owes its existence to the progressive initiative of President Hadley, presents a far more consoling spectacle. Conceived by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings in a vein of gracious Renaissance Classicism suggestive of the Louis XVI period, these buildings are un-



HARVARD UNION, FROM THE COURT



THE MEMORIAL VESTIBULE, YALE

questionably the most satisfactory at Yale. It would be difficult to imagine anything more logical, more captivating, or more discreetly decorative than this scheme, which, on paper, occupies the entire block bounded by Wall, College, Grove, and High Streets. The portions thus far finished comprise the Memorial Vestibule and the Dining Hall, shown in

Mr. Bailey's drawings, and the Woolsey Auditorium. When the balance of the requisite property for the completion of this plan is secured by the Corporation, and the mystic Scroll and Key and Book and Snake Assembly Halls are considerate enough to retire to other quarters, Yale should possess at least one faultless unit. Meanwhile, the shifting play



Yemen House Building - Yale

LAMPSON HALL AND ARCHWAY, YALE

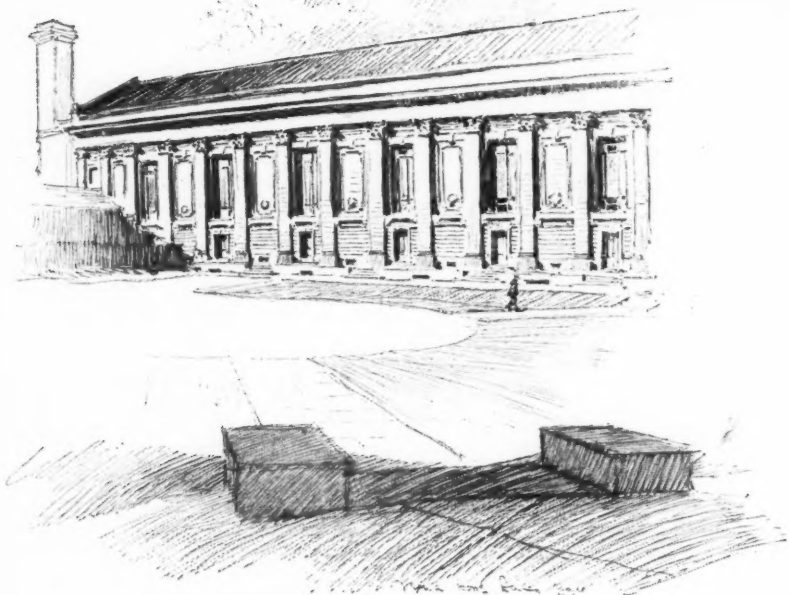


THE VANDERBILT-SCIENTIFIC DORMITORY, YALE

of sunlight and shadow on the exterior features of these buildings, and the sober richness of the vast Dining Hall with its brick inner walls and splendid woodwork, should largely absolve Yale from architectural crimes committed during the unthinking seventies and eighties. It is a pleasure to add that Wood-

bridge Hall, Messrs. Howells and Stokes's new Administration Building, and also Byers Memorial Hall, each of which in a sense belongs to the Bicentennial Group, are sufficiently in keeping with the general scheme both as to style and construction.

In connection with a movement now on



THE NEW YALE DINING HALL

foot gradually to surround each of the eight squares occupied by the University with a series of inclosed campuses, and also owing to more urgent reasons, Mr. Haight's designs for a new Library have been formally accepted. It is proposed eventually to use the whole available space between Chittenden Library on the south and Dwight Hall on the north of the quadrangle, though only the first wing or gable member is thus far provided for. In material and in outward effect the Library will match the north front of Vanderbilt Hall, with its central motive, of course, balancing Phelps Gateway. General satisfaction with Mr. Haight's work is the rule at Yale, and certainly his Vanderbilt-Scientific Dormitory sets a welcome standard for beauty, convenience, and an advantageous employment of the Collegiate Gothic manner. The problem which confronts him in the constitution of the Library, in this judicious replacement of the old with the new, is a puzzling one, yet his preliminary drawings seem to indicate that it has been approached with ingenious discretion.

With the acquisition of the Hillhouse Estate it is gratifying to learn that Yale will

no longer be handicapped for lack of space or be forced to purchase land at disconcerting figures. Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted is preparing a ground plan of the property with a view of providing the largest number of available building sites while preserving the general character and contour of this famous old "Sachem's Wood" tract. It has been agreed that a portion of the estate is to be set aside for a public park. Now that future lines of development have been determined, the day does not seem far distant when Yale will stretch in continuous succession from Chapel Street to Observatory Hill. It is, however, President Hadley's intention to group the museums and bureaus of special research on the newly acquired property and keep the social interests of college existence confined as nearly as possible to the campus, where they rightfully belong. And in point of fact the "Fence" with its inviolable democratic traditions should never be superseded, for it is the "Fence" which, more than anything else, seems to fit Yale men to take their places in that broader democracy of citizen life and endeavor.

SADIE

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN DESERT

BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN



THIS is the story of a girl, two men, and the eternal fitness of things. Its beginning is as vague and elusive as a mirage of the desert, and its end is as dim as the shadow of a cactus on the sand at twilight. But the middle has length, breadth, and thickness. Thus it was:

Sadie blew into Cottonwood, Ariz., with a letter of introduction from the manager of a Harvey eating house at Bagdad. The letter was addressed to Al. Tunnison, proprietor of the Palace Hotel. Tunnison, who, as No. 8, East bound, rolled into the little red station, chanced to be sitting in a wooden chair on the porch of the Palace, saw Sadie before she saw him. This was because the sun was in her eyes as she came across the cinder siding into Main Street. The glass hanging against the wall above Tunnison's head registered 106 degrees, and Sadie's grass-green waist glittered in the glare like the big insulators on the telegraph pole directly in front of the porch. Approaching, she perceived the proprietor's gaunt figure hunched up in the tilted chair, and smiled, revealing to his steady gaze a row of teeth beautifully pay-streaked with gold.

In front of him she stopped, slapped out her skirt, pushed back a quarter section of her seven-inch pompadour, and inquired:

"You Al. Tunnison?"

The proprietor of the Palace Hotel relaxed the grip of his teeth on the gnawed and ragged "bit" of his cob pipe, pressed down the coal in the charred bowl with a baked forefinger tip, and replied:

"I guess I'm the party; what's the trouble?"

Still smiling, she drew the letter from the bosom of her green waist and gave it to him. Tunnison took it gingerly, and slapped it out on his leg. As he read, she leaned against a pillar of the porch and, removing her hat, smoothed her pompadour:

"Al," it ran, "the bearer of this is Sadie Morrison. When you wrote down, I told her about the place and she said she guessed she'd take it. Bagdad ain't specially exhlilitaring for a girl that is used to handing out pie cuts eight at a time in a Kansas City quick lunch, and Sadie got queered on the town. She's all right. Hoping she'll suit,

"Yours res'p'y,
"FRED."

"Glad yeh come," Tunnison observed. "I didn't get a letter, so I wasn't expectin' yeh. Jake," he called over his shoulder, "Jake!"

The bartender appeared on the porch wiping his hands on his apron.

"Jake," Tunnison observed with a wave of his pipe hand, "this is Sadie Morrison; she's goin' into th' dinin' room; take Allie's place. Show her up to Allie's room."

"Will you send somebody over for my trunk?" the girl inquired.

Tunnison nodded.

At the top of the stairs the bartender lingered, and as Sadie passed in front of him he put his arm around her. She pushed him back against the wall forcefully. "Cut it out," was all she said, as she strode into the room he indicated and slammed the door behind her.

Jake scratched his head and stared at the door.

"Now what d' yeh think of that?" he mumbled, and descended the narrow oilcloth-covered stairs. His nervous system had sustained a shock that seemed to him to call for a stimulant.

Wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, he joined Tunnison on the porch.

"Well," the latter inquired, "ain't she all there?"

"She's a frost," was the acidulous opinion of the rebuffed; "she'll last 'bout as long as a snowflake in Death Valley." Saying which he went back to his chair at the end of the bar and his three-weeks'-old copy of the *Police Gazette*. Tunnison smoked on in silence, and gazed off across the railway into the desert's receding face.

And so it was that Sadie Morrison came to the Palace Hotel and qualified as waitress plenipotentiary and chambermaid extraordinary with a staff of assistants consisting of a Chinese cook and two undersized Mexican girls who looked as though they might have been reared on cold coffee.

Within a week Tunnison was satisfied that Sadie knew the desert and the work, and stood in fear neither of the one nor of the other. Even the disgruntled Jake, who never until her coming had experienced a rejection of his tempestuous advances, was forced to confess that the dining room had never been "handled" with the facility which marked Sadie's management of it. And though the pain which her reproof had caused him still lingered, his respect for her waxed great.

Her first duty, as she saw it, was properly to cow her assistants. This she accomplished by slapping Juanita in the face with a sharp pancake lifter and informing Filipa that if she didn't move faster there'd be "something doing." Sadie was careful not to specify in this latter instance, wherein was shown her wisdom and knowledge of Mexican nature, for the result was that Filipa dwelt in constant fear of her wrath cloud and her hand's descent. Even Hop Sing, the cook, learned, in time, to tremble at her approach. In point of fact he seemed to stand in reverential awe of Sadie's towering, quivering pompadour, and by the end of a fortnight the cooking at the Palace had "picked up" appreciably.

As for Tunnison a holy calm appeared to have enveloped him.

"By Jinks, this is goin' some; this is livin'," he declared to Jake one torrid, silent afternoon as they sat together at the end of the bar just inside the door. In the rear of the house, somewhere, Sadie was singing, low, to herself, but in the stillness upon which they fell, the words of the song were quite clear.

Jake lifted a cautioning forefinger. "Sssssh!" he hissed.

And on the draft of the corridor there was borne out to them:

"He never cares to wander from his own fireside,
He never cares to ramble or to roam;
With his children on his knee,
He's as happy as can be—
There is no-o place like 'ome, sweet 'ome."

The voice receded; the song died away. Jake smiled a weak, sickly sort of smile, and Tunnison's Adam's apple moved up and down like the gauge on a water tank. It was as though a cord in the heart of either man had been touched, and twanged.

"And that's what she's made it, Jake," Tunnison observed, pulling at his pipe. "It's more like home'n it's ever been since the old woman died. It shore is." And he glanced through the doorway into the glare of the afternoon.

"She's all right," was the bartender's reply; "yeh oughta heard her conversin' with Hop Sing this mornin'. If that's the way they talk back in Kansas City, where I ain't ever been at, it must be some near the tropics. Her language was certainly warm, an' it wasn't no parable she was readin' th' Chink, neether."

Tunnison chuckled. "I seen it comin'," he observed, "an' dodged."

"She shore's a lady in the dinin' room though," the bartender averred. "Everybody's talkin' about it. Allie was all right, but she was careless, turrible careless. Houston was sayin' only las' night it's a plum pleasure t' eat soup that ain't full o' thumbs. When the news of her sifts through this country every camp fer miles around 'll cut loose. I wouldn't be s'prised if I'd have t' have an assistant."

"Mebbe Sadie'd help yeh herself," Tunnison suggested with a chuckle.

Jake started. "Her! Her! Say! Say, if she would, we'd have the finest line o' trade in th' Territory." Jake's voice took on a new note of seriousness. "Say, will you lemme ask her next time they's a rush on? Will yeh?"

"Sure," Tunnison replied drowsily. "Mebbe she will; you can't tell; sometimes they fool yeh."

Jake laid the matter before Sadie, after breakfast, the next morning. He encountered her in the hallway, upstairs, and she heard him through.

"I'll tell yeh how 'tis," he said; "it's like this. Me 'n Al. was talkin' it over las' night. Yeh see they're goin' to pull off a dance down 't th' Yellow Dog Sat'd'y night and every cow-puncher an' sheep trailer in this section th' Territory 'll be here. I'm short-handed, turrible short-handed; th' place ain't been doin' so very well, yeh know, an' I thought—that is, me 'n Al. did—that is t' say, if they is a rush, Sadie, would you mind helpin' me out—that is, if yeh didn't have nothin' else framed up t' do?"

Afterwards Jake told himself that before the girl replied he felt her brown eyes drilling little, clean holes through his head. She pushed back her pompadour and, leaning against the banister, regarded him a moment without speaking.

"Now look here, Jake," she began after what seemed an eon to the spasmodically swallowing bartender. "I'm next to this country, and I'll stand for a good deal, but when anybody tries to get gay somethin' always happens. The high guy *pays* me to help here. I'm *willing* t' help; that's all right. First day I come you tried t' get funny and—well, never mind. I guess you know you made a mistake. Now if you want me t' *help* you, all right; but if you've got it framed up for me to go into that barroom and sing while some cow-puncher plays the jew's-harp or blows bum notes through a mouth organ, here's where you get off. This is your station. Mebbe I can take care of myself at all times and in all places, but I'm no dance hall soubrette; understand that——"

"Sadie, I didn't—" Jake began and stopped.

"All right, then, I'll help you. Sure." And snatching up her pail, Sadie glided down the hall, humming, leaving the bartender, glued to the oilcloth, staring after her.

And so it was arranged that Sadie should make her *début* at the Palace Hotel on Saturday night as the first barmaid ever to appear in the desert.

"I fixed it," Jake informed Tunnison with primitive pride. "She'll help out Sat'd'y night. Th' news'll dribble through likely as not an' there'll shore be somethin' doin'." He grinned.

"I wouldn't wonder," was Tunnison's mild reply; Tunnison being a thoughtful man.

It being half past nine Saturday night, sounds of revelry issued from the low-ceiled bake oven, one "block" below the Palace Hotel, called, appropriately, the Yellow Dog.

In the dry superheated atmosphere of the crowded room the swinging kerosene lamps burned with a blue, metallic luster. Smoke hung in low strata through which the dancers glided as in a mist. The music

afforded by a rattling piano and a screeching violin rose above the yells of the men and the high-pitched, tragic laughter of their partners. The girl at the piano swayed in time to the music which she seemed to wrench muscularly from the resisting instrument. The solid thumps of high Spanish heels shook the floor. The lamps dependent from the ceiling swayed. The picture was one of primitive riot; of



"Sadie."

emotions gone mad and feet flying of their own accord.

"Bub" Evans of the Bar Y outfit sat by the door with Miguel, the cook-wagon "breed."

"Where you goin', Curly?" he called as a slim, youthful cow-puncher approached, keeping close to the wall and threading his way like a tired shuttle through the glaring warp of the dance.

"Looking for my breathings; where's the air hole, anyway?" Billy Watrous replied as he plunged through the narrow doorway.

"Ain't yeh havin' a good time, Billy?"

"Bub" called after him, but there was no answer.

"Bub" Evans grinned at Miguel; Miguel grinned back and blew the ash from his cigarette. For Billy Watrous was the mystery of the Bar Y outfit. Whence came he, directly, no one knew. He had never deemed it necessary to say. As for himself he had told "Bub" one day that he "just blew in." But there was about him that savor of the East which marked him among his fellows: a pinkness of cheek and modesty of manner, a thought for his finger nails and the parting of his hair. Indeed, in another, these niceties of conduct would have inspired the resentful wrath of every man in the Bar Y bunk house. But in Billy's case they were redeemed by an ability to sit a bronco and a talent for the "hip gun" that were as marked as they were unsuspected. Once, for instance, during a game of cribbage in the bunk house he had hit, three times before it reached the hearth, a rat that absent-mindedly had crept within the range of his baby-blue eyes. And, in the Christmas races, he had pulled down three turkeys in succession. That the outfit called him "Curly Locks" signified no lack of respect, for in the last analysis there was not a cowboy in the bunk house who did not know that in the pink and white body of Billy Watrous lurked the spirit of a man.

When one day "Slim" Leverett, the foreman, sought to gain Billy's confidence and flatly asked him where he had learned to ride and shoot, Billy only smiled like a girl and replied, "Oh, back home!"

And "Slim" observed, "I see," but he didn't. So Billy, thereafter, was left to himself and his moods. And it chanced that his mood, to-night, was to withdraw from the Yellow Dog and the disciples who had gathered in that temple of Terpsichore.

He seated himself on the edge of the side-

walk and gazed up at the glittering desert stars. There was a little of the sentimental in Billy Watrous, and at this moment it rose to the surface. To him, just then, the royal purple canopy of the night sky was rather more interesting than the chaos from which he had emerged. Perhaps he felt he had something in common with the frosty stars. They were very much alone up there, for all they were surrounded by a multitude of their fellows. And he, though in the midst of the outfit of earth, was alone, too. Slowly, he rolled a cigarette. Behind him the cracked piano ceased its agonized cries, and he heard Brassy Phillips, the fiddler, screech:

"S'lect yer pardners fer a kadrill!"

A moment of silence ensued. Billy rose and slouched down the street. He glanced through the open doorway of the Last Chance. Half a dozen stoop-shouldered men stood in front of the wheel. The slot machines ranged along the wall were deserted, but facing the "bank" at the end of the room were eight men whom he recognized as belonging to a "sheep outfit" over east. The lookout, from his perch, glimpsed Billy through the doorway and waved a hand. One of the players turned in his chair, exchanged a glance with him, and reverted to the game. Being of a cow outfit, Billy looked with scorn upon all sheepmen. Such he heaped with contumely and, after the fashion of his tribe, failed to recognize even after a conventional introduction. He walked on.

Through the open doorway of the Palace bar floated out upon the still night the melody of "After the Ball," played upon a mouth organ. He entered. Jake nodded to him as he walked down the length of the bar and seated himself at a little table in front of a dollar slot-machine at the farther end. At two near-by tables little groups of sheepmen were drinking, and five more stood at the bar. Jake was alone in front of the gauze-covered mirror. Evidently some one had thought to "string" "Bub" with that tale of the barmaid, Watrous decided. But he was quite wrong. It was, as yet, too early, that was all. Jake had assured Sadie he would not call upon her save as a last resort, and thus far he had been able to serve the Palace's guests without assistance. Within five minutes, however, the air of Main Street was suddenly rent by a series of metallic shrieks, and the "sheep" whom he had seen in the Last Chance flocked into the bar.

"Where's that barmaid of yours, Jake?"

one of them—Reddy Lawton—shouted. "Trot her out; let's have a look at her."

Jake grinned. "I guess I'll have t', with all this bunch," he declared. Wiping his hands on his apron, he disappeared through the door at the farther end of the bar.

One of the "sheep" at the table by the door began to sing. The chorus of the ballad was shouted lustily by his fellows. The strains of the mouth organ were completely vanquished. And then, with a suddenness that was startling, a thick, breathless silence settled upon the room. Watrous turned in his chair. There, in front of the little door through which the bartender had disappeared, stood Sadie, smiling.

"Hello, boys!" she said, and gave a little upward toss of her head that shook her pompadour.

Watrous, even as all the others, stared at her blankly, as she stood there with one hand on the end rail of the bar. It was as though she were inclosed within a strange element all her own, something transparent yet entirely protective. Perhaps it was an aura; perhaps it was just the personality of a pretty girl. For here was no painted lady; hers was the independence of such an one, perhaps, but it was an independence born of perfect confidence rather than of hopelessness.

"Boys"—her voice was clear and even—"what are you goin' t' have? I'm goin' t' help Jake, here. He couldn't take care o' this bunch in a thousand years. Now don't all break out at once like you was hit with the measles, but let 'em come easy. Whattell it be, now?"

The spell that her appearance had seemed to cast upon the room lifted as she spoke. Somebody by the door whooped. Sadie laughed. The orders which were roared at her were not confusing; they were all for the same thing. And with two shining, leaning towers of telescoped glasses in her hands she went from table to table and in front of each leering "sheep" she placed a glass. Her back was to the crowd as she stopped in front of the little table at which Watrous sat, alone. Her eyes met his. An instant she hesitated. Mechanically she pushed the glass across the table. And then Billy smiled up into her face and she returned the smile. Into the corners of her mouth there seemed to creep a little, faint expression of wistfulness and she drew her lower lip between her teeth as though in doubt. A faint wave of color crossed her cheek. In her frank, believing eyes, that

instant, was reflected the awakening of her soul. She was revealed to herself—a girl, a girl in whose heart a smile had touched a chord, still till now.

"Fill 'em up!"

The call came from the front. She turned away, with a quick glance over her shoulder at Billy, who had dropped his eyes and was fingering his glass. She served them all swiftly, collecting as she proceeded. She was directly in front of Watrous as Reddy Lawton, his face flushed, got upon his feet, steadying himself with one hand on the table.

"Here's t' th' barmaid!" he gurgled.

"Say," he shouted, "Wha's yer name?"

She flashed him a smile.

"Sadie," she replied. The crowd laughed.

"Here's t' Sadie," Lawton cried and glanced around the room. Then the clamor broke forth afresh. A little bow-legged fellow with close-cropped hair and watery eyes begged her to dance with him. She refused him. Others she refused who sought her favor, but always with a smile. Once, serving Billy, he thought her brown eyes looked tired. But her smile reassured him.

"Kin yeh dance?" Lawton shouted.

"I can but I'm not going to," was the quick reply.

The throng jeered the rebuffed one. He staggered out into the middle of the floor.

"Say," he chortled, "can't yeh change yer mind?"

The girl's swift perception told her his intent. She cast a frightened glance over the throng. In not an eye that hers met was there a look of sympathy. She glided down the room. At Watrous's table she stopped and, turning, confronted her leering pursuer. Watrous saw her clinched fists, white against the stain of the table top.

"An' mebbe yeh'll gi' a feller a kiss, too," he heard. He saw her hands go forward; there sounded a jeering laugh, and she was bent back, struggling, over the table. But it was not her lips that Reddy Lawton's were to touch just then. Rather, his half-drunken kiss was imprinted on the cold muzzle of Billy Watrous's .45 and quite clearly there sounded in his half-deaf ears:

"Take your hands off that girl or I'll spatter you all over this joint."

Dazed and bulging eyed, Reddy obeyed.

Let it not be thought that this little vaudeville of nature was attended to its climax by every occupant of the Palace bar. Reddy's rôle was not unusual. His acting was, in a

way, only half-observed. Indeed, in the clatter of glass even Watrous's little speech at the end of the piece was heard by none save three men at the next table and Jake, at the end of the bar. It was only when Reddy staggered back that some understanding of what was taking place at the end of the room dawned upon his fellows. At the table, rigid, stood Watrous, facing the crowd. Beside him, her face drawn and ashen, shrank the girl, her clenched hands pressed to her cheeks.

All thought of the gun that sagged from his hip seemed to have fled from Lawton's dazed brain.

"This ain't the Yellow Dog, friend." Watrous's lips seemed barely to move. "Back out."

Reddy obeyed, slowly.

No one interfered. It was man and man. Even though it were one of their own whom thus they saw shrink before a cowman's gun, the ethics of the land, a system that in the end governed them all whatsoever their calling, forbade the lifting of a finger in his behalf. Save for the shuffle of his feet as he backed toward the door, a silence fraught with lightning prevailed in the room.

"They's a day comin' fer you," Lawton mumbled. "It's yours. You got me now, you dirty maverick—you an' that—"

Watrous sprang over the table with a little cry.

"Boy! Boy!"

He heard her shrill warning.

It was over in an instant. Sadie had seen it coming from the farther corner of the room. The explosion shivered the chimney of one of the swinging lamps and the glass fell crashing. The figure that had risen in front of Watrous tottered and sank limply to the floor. He dropped upon his knees beside her. Then behind him spoke a man's cool voice:

"I guess you boys had better sift out. Me an' Jake an' th' kid's got you covered."

Tunnison stood in the doorway at the end of the bar with a Winchester. Jake, with a gun in each hand, swept the room broadside.

"Boys"—Watrous spoke low—"somebody plugged the girl. He's a skunk. Red Lawton's another. You know it as well as I do. The rest of you are all right. I guess you're square. Under the circumstances mebber it would be best for you to withdraw, and if one of you will just hustle down to th' Life Line Drug Store and tell Doc Empson to come up here, why, we'll see what can be done for the girl. If the Doc's not there he's

playin' 'bank' in the Last Chance. Only find him—somebody. And I guess mebber the fellow that did the trick ought to do the hunting for him."

Quietly the barroom emptied until there were left only Tunnison and Jake and Billy and the pile on the floor, which was Sadie. And the white of her waist was stained all down the front a deep, rich red.

They carried her silently upstairs where the two Mexican girls prepared her for the doctor. . . . Leaning against the banister just outside the door, Tunnison and Jake and Billy waited. After half an hour Empson joined them.

"Tain't much," he said. "Broken shoulder. She'll come to in a little—be up in a couple of weeks. Jus' keep her quiet. I'll be over in the mornin'. I told Juanita what to do."

The four men filed down the stairs, Billy Watrous last. The entire Bar Y outfit was in the street below, and for the rest of the night they formed a bodyguard for "Curly Locks."

"Don't you boys git sore," lank Bill Houston, the sheriff, cautioned them. "Leave the coyote to me that did th' shootin'."

And so the next morning Billy Watrous left his guns in the bunk house when he rode over to Cottonwood to inquire for Sadie.

"Jake," inquired Tunnison curiously, one afternoon some three weeks later, "what's yeh idee 'bout Sadie an' this feller?"

The proprietor of the Palace was standing at the end of the bar. A belated "drummer" was playing a half-dollar slot-machine down the room and swearing gently under his breath. Tunnison gazed through the open doorway past the little red station, and across the track into the sand-swept south. He pulled at his pipe ruminatively.

"Who, Watrous?" the bartender inquired.

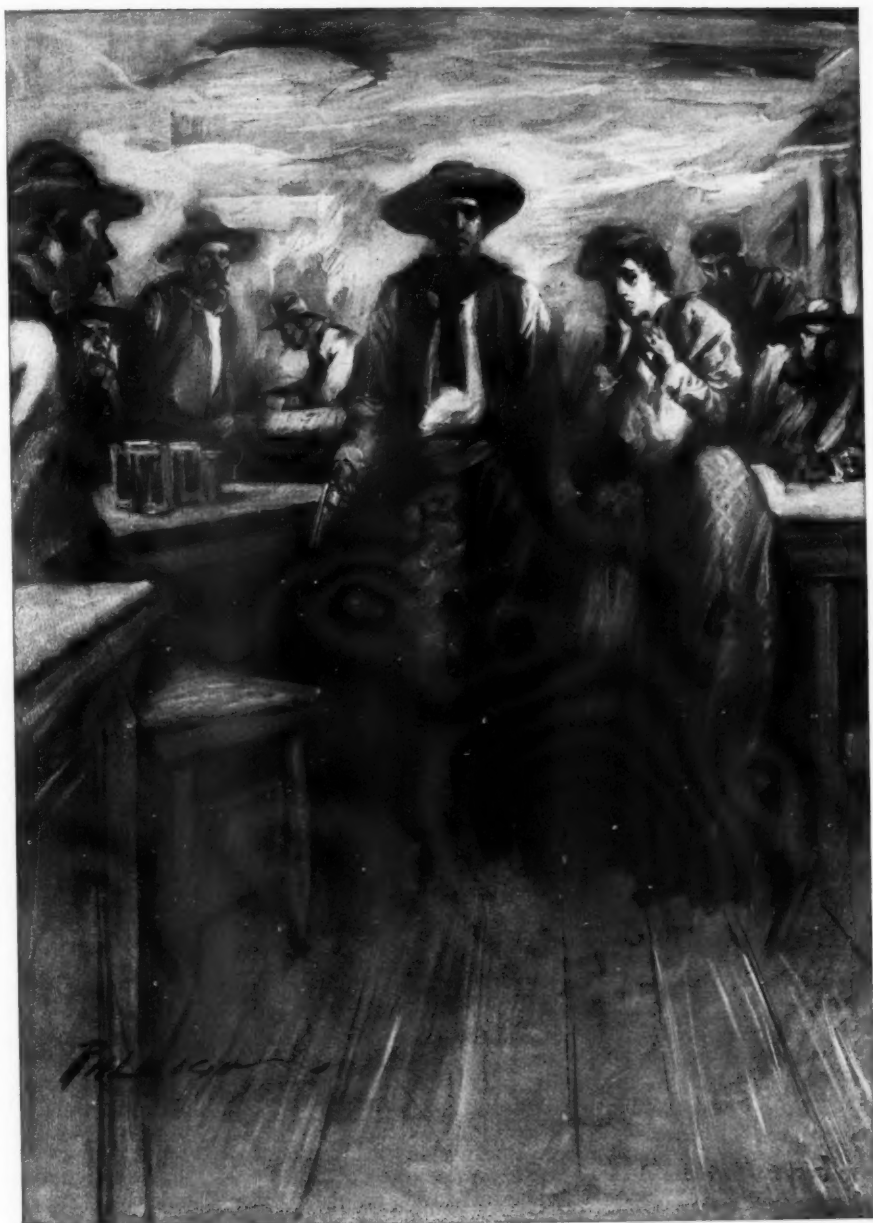
The other nodded. "Th' same," he confirmed.

"Wy, I don't know, Al. Ever since th' night they shot 'er up he's stuck closer to her than a jack rabbit to a Spanish bayonet. I kinda got it framed ut they'll be gittin' married one o' these days an' pull freight out of here."

"Think so?" Tunnison ejected a mouthful of smoke.

Jake regarded him curiously. These moods of thoughtfulness on his employer's part had grown strangely frequent of late.

"He sent her more California fruit than forty like her could 'a' et when she was layin'



"'Boy! Boy!' He heard her shrill warning."

upstairs, an' ever since she's been up he's come over two or three times a week t' ride with her. It don't look t' me as though they was what yeh might call enemies, does it t' you?"

Tunnison made no immediate reply. The machine at last "went right" for the "drummer," and the coins rattled into the delivery cup.

"I'd hate t' lose her Jake," was Tunnison's thoughtful declaration. "Jake"—he turned and looked his bartender squarely in the eyes—"Jake, I'd hate like sin t' lose her."

With which confession he strode out of the bar.

Off in the east, riding, he discerned two figures. Half 'an hour before Sadie and Watrous had loped away from the hotel. Tunnison gazed after them until they were lost in a dust cloud of their own raising at the northern end of the mesa.

"Looks like Jake's right," he muttered, as he hooked his heels on the rung of a chair and refilled his pipe.

If he could have projected himself around the north end of the mesa out there, in the east, all doubt would have vanished from his mind.

In the shade sat Sadie and Billy side by side. A little way apart their horses stood in that attitude of deep dejection and monumental thought which is ever the pose of the cow pony, off duty. Sadie was playing with Watrous's gun; now and then she would hold it at arm's length and sight along the blue barrel at a distant cactus.

After a little while she tired of this and, reaching out, slipped the weapon into its holster. Watrous caught her wrist. Her face was very close to his; an instant they gazed into each other's eyes, then hers fell.

"Sadie," he said, "I've never asked you before, and you've never told me. Won't you now? Why did you do it?"

"Do what?" Her eyes opened wide. He smiled.

"What made you cut in when that sneaking 'sheep' opened up?"

"Oh, *that* time, you mean!" she replied. "What *made* me? Why, Billy, that's a funny question; *what made me*? Why, boy, *I couldn't help it*."

About these two was spread a dead nature. They and the dozing horses were the only live things in all the world.

"But you'd never seen me up to half an hour before," he insisted.

"That don't cut any ice, Billy," she replied. She looked down. "And *I did* see you, *didn't I*—Billy?" she asked slowly.

"Yes—I know, Sadie, but——"

She lifted her face. Into her cheeks there came a flush of color; her eyes misted as she gazed at him.

"Well?" she murmured.

He leaned forward. "You did, *then*, Sadie?" he whispered, "the first time you saw me?"

She nodded and dug into the sand with her heel. She looked down at the hem of her skirt.

"And right off the bat, Billy"—there came a little tremor in her voice—"though I'd never felt that way before, it seemed as though *I had forever*."

"That was why you jumped in?"

"Sure it was," she told him, and her eyes met his squarely, frankly, now.

"Sadie!" He seized her hand and, bending over, kissed it again and again. Through the tears her smile played, such a smile as she had given him when she placed the glass on the table before him, back in the bar of the Palace, that night, and unconsciously she drew into her lap the hand that he had kissed and covered it with her other hand.

The shadow of the mesa was creeping out upon the desert which stretched away to the world's end before them. The silence was broken by Watrous.

"Sadie," he said, "I've been out here a couple of years; nobody knows anything about me; I haven't told anyone. Do you want me to tell you?"

"You needn't if you don't feel like it, Billy."

"But I do," he declared, and continued: "I was in Harvard, Sadie—that's the big college down by Boston, you know. I was a regular mitt those days. I learned to ride on a bang-tailed polo pony and belonged to a pistol club. The boys here never could figure it out how it happened that I could ride and shoot. Well, that's how. I was almost through there in college when something happened—it don't make any difference what—and I was fired. My dad stood up on his hind legs and danced like a locoed bronco. Anyway I guess he was sick of paying for the polo pony. He told me to duck. I ducked. I hit the trail for Utah, then Nevada, then here. I hear from 'em once in a while. I don't write often, though. Of course I'd go back if I had



"You did then, Sadie?" he whispered, "the first time you saw me?"

to, but I guess I never will. If there's anyone that'll get me back it's my mother. Some day maybe I'll have some money. Not that I care, but maybe I will. Besides, I've got a little claim of my own back north of Timber Mountain, and if the railroad they're building ever goes through I guess I can manage to make both ends meet. Don't think I've been lying around out here for my health. That's all. No story in it, is there? Tame as shooting sage hens, isn't it? But, Sadie, the past three weeks I've been thinking it all over, and while it depends on the railroad whether the strike I've made pans out or not, I want to ask you something. Promise me one thing, Sadie?"

"What, Billy?" she asked quietly.

"That you'll answer me fair."

"But there's something you're holdin' back, boy," she said; "what about the girl? Billy, can you look me square in the eye and tell me there wasn't a girl back East somewhere?"

He leaned toward her, and one of his hands closed over one of hers where it lay passively in her lap.

"I'll not lie, Sadie—not to you—there was, but that's all past, now."

She smiled. "Oh, no, Billy!" she said slowly, "it ain't. It'll never be past. No, Billy, don't ask me what you were going to; don't for your own sake, Billy, for I've got my answer all framed up now, and it's 'No.' Billy, no." She raised a restraining hand. "Do you suppose I didn't think you'd finish like this. Oh, boy, I knew it the first time I looked into your eyes and saw yours lookin' into mine! And don't you suppose I knew—then—what you were. I know what that girl is like; I lived in Kansas City up to seven years ago and used to see lots of 'em, an' God! how I hated 'em! That was before I got wise. Billy, it's like ponies; there's broncs that'll follow you 'round all day and there's others that'll never be tamed this side of—you know. Billy, you're for that girl; you're hers. You ain't mine. I'm all right—out here. I like it—I'm going to stay here always. Probably when I die I'll grow up again—a cactus. Billy, just because a girl tells a fellow she'd die for him don't mean she'd marry him—out here. Mebbe I'm shy on

making myself clear, but Billy"—she gripped his shoulders firmly and leaned forward, her face close to his—"tell me you understand."

It was to him, then, as though she had wrapped him about in the garment of her spirit, shielding him from himself.

"Tell me you do, Billy," she whispered.

"Yes," he answered.

With a little sharp cry she flung both her arms about him and, drawing him to her, kissed him again and again, murmuring, "Oh, boy, boy!" Then she sprang up, ran to her pony, and, mounting, rode away, leaving him to follow as he chose.

A little time he sat there, thinking, gazing, the while, at a huge cactus ball out in the sand, beyond the *mesa's* shadow line. But presently he rose and, mounting his horse, rode away.

Cottonwood lay before him, its uneven white fronts glaring in the sun. At the farther edge of town he saw the fresh green of the oasis which gave the place its name; on his left, to the south, the railway; beyond, in every direction, within the ring of distant, ragged peaks—the desert. No. 5 had pulled out ten minutes before, yet some of the locomotive's smoke was still visible, floating like a violet gossamer against the unflecked blue of the sky.

The polished brass work on the observation platform of the private car that No. 5 had left upon the little cinder siding glinted in the sunlight. In the shade of the red box station, sat, hunched, half a dozen thin-faced "breeds." As Watrous rode up they stared at him from beneath the dipped brims of their tinsel-shot *sombreros*. A private car on the siding at Cottonwood was an anomaly, and Watrous brought his cayuse to a walk as he approached. The animal's nose was not three feet from the glittering platform grill when the narrow door opened and a man, wearing a suit of khaki and russet leather puttees and a wide-brimmed hat, stepped out. Between him and Watrous there passed a flash of recognition.

As the man in khaki leaned over the rail, Watrous sprang from his horse and dropped the reins.

"By Jove, Mr. Cleveland," he exclaimed, "how are you?" And Billy Watrous permitted himself to be dragged within the private car of the first vice-president of the Arizona and Pacific Railway. Nor was he aware that the little scene was witnessed from

the porch of the Palace Hotel by Sadie and Tunnison.

And thus it came about that on the next day he rode forth into the desert with the man in khaki, and the next, but the next day he came to Sadie. They walked together a little way down the tracks where they found a seat on a pile of ties in the shade of the water tank.

"You've come to say good-by, Billy, haven't you?" she asked.

He took her hand; she did not attempt to withdraw it.

"Yes, Sadie," he replied.

She turned wide eyes to him. "What's the use makin' a funeral of it?" she asked. "I'm glad." He did not reply. "Is that fellow in the car a friend of yours?" she inquired indifferently.

"Yes," he told her; "he's a friend of my people, back home—back in Philadelphia. He's out here to look at the new line; it's going through. Work will begin next month. Cottonwood will have a boom yet, Sadie, when they tap that gold country up there." He ran on hurriedly. "Sadie, his is the only old face—the only old-home face I've seen in two years. He's told me all about my people, and the fellows I used to know, and the town. Lord! we've sat up all hours down there in the car talking. It was like being back just to hear him. His talk made me crazy, Sadie. I've got to go; I've got to walk up Chestnut Street, and cross over to Walnut and go down Broad to Market, and just walk and walk and dodge the cabs and the street-cars and buy a paper of a newsboy—to-day's paper to-day! And I'm going to sit in a theater again, Sadie, and eat a meal in a swell restaurant, and loaf in the lobby of that new hotel he told me about." His grip upon her wrist tightened, "And in a week, Sadie, I'll be doing it all—in just—"

"A week!" She leaned forward, tense, her hand on his arm. "When are you going, Billy?"

"To-day—on No. 8."

Her hand slipped from his arm and a little shiver passed over her. She turned away that he might not see her face.

"It'll be here in a little while," she said steadily.

"I know it," he replied. "I put it off till the last minute, Sadie."

She turned to him, then, and though her lips smiled her eyes told him how grateful she was.

He took the hand that she held out, in both his own.

"Good-by—boy," she whispered.

The Bar Y outfit came up the cinder siding in a bunch as No. 8, East bound, took on the car. Billy and the vice-president stood on the rear platform.

"Good-by, Curly Locks," shouted "Bub" Evans, waving his quirt.

"Good-by, boys," Watrous called back. "When I get home I'll eat lobsters and crabs for every man in the outfit—back there where they never saw a horned toad!"

Up ahead the engine bell rang. With one accord every "puncher" on the siding whipped out his gun and a salvo of shots was the Bar Y outfit's Godspeed to Curly Locks.

But Billy Watrous's thoughts were not of "the bunch" just then. Over their heads, misty eyed, he shifted his gaze past the little red station, across the white, dusty Main Street of Cottonwood, to the glaring porch of the Palace Hotel, where stood the white-clad figure of Sadie. He waved his hat. She saw the motion and waved her handkerchief, and to him, on the desert breeze, was carried her shrill cry:

"Good luck!"

Tunnison came upon her half an hour later in the little inclosed back yard of the Palace. The open gate in the fence framed a narrow picture of the desert. At the sound of his footsteps Sadie turned. That she had been crying somewhat disconcerted Tunnison.

"Has—has he gone, Sadie—fer good?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

From the kitchen, behind, came the sound of the Chinaman's high-pitched voice berating the girl Juanita. Calmly indifferent, Filipa sat just within the doorway smoking a cigarette. Tunnison selected a box that once had held six dozen cans of peas and, standing it on end, sat down. He pressed the coal in the bowl of his pipe, cleared his throat, and said:

"Sadie, mebbe I hadn't oughta mention it, but I couldn't help but notus th' way things have been goin' between you'n that young feller that's jus' pulled freight. Where he's gone an' what fer I don't know an' I don't know as I care a whoop; howsomever, he's gone. An' seems t' me more'n likely you had somethin' t' do with his goin'. I ain't

said anything before, fer I thought you knew th' length of your own rope, an' it wasn't no business of mine, anyway. But, Sadie, th' las' couple o' months—ever sence you come—I bin doin' a lot o' thinkin'. 'Fore you come, things 'round here was all sorter goin' t' hell, and nobody seemed t' care. But in less'n a week after you took hold you had 'em right ag'in. Even when you was layin' in bed, after they shot yeh up, Juanita an' th' 'Chink' kep' right on humpin'. You see you'd got 'em into th' habit. You'd trained 'em. As I say, th' place was goin' downhill fast till you come, an' I been thinkin' it over an' I want t' know if you won't stay right on here an' keep runnin' it—th' Palace—an' me. It 'curred t' me that mebbe if you an' me was t' git married you'd feel a little surer of your job here; but I don't want you should, Sadie. D' yeh think you could bring yourself t' doin' it?"

Sadie turned and her eyes gazed steadily into his, the while the faint shadow of a smile played about her mouth.

"Al," she said, "you're a good man. You don't know anything about me, but you're willing t' take th' chance; is that what you mean?"

"It shore is, Sadie," he answered solemnly.

"Well, Al," she went on, "I couldn't marry you unless you give me a free hand; I got t' run things my own way or—pull freight."

He removed his pipe from his mouth and, leaning forward, stared hard at her.

"Ain't I made it clear?" he asked. "That's jus' what I want yeh t' do; run th' Palace—an' me—jus' th' way yeh wanta."

She smiled across at him. Looking up at the blue sky, what her eyes saw there seemed to give her courage, for she said quietly:

"Al, I don't jus' now feel like saying 'No,' nor 'Yes.' I'd like t' think it over; do you care if I do?"

He rose. "All right, Sadie," he said, knocking the ash from his pipe. "Thanks; it's all right; take yer time."

He started for the kitchen; halfway to the door he hesitated, turned, and came back.

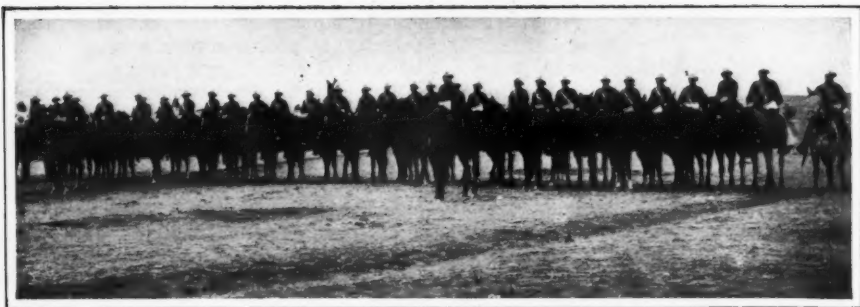
"An', Sadie——"

"Yes——"

His hungry eyes searched her upturned face.

"If you'll lemme know as soon as possible, I'll be much obliged."

"I will," she promised, and looked away, out through the gate, across the desert.



THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE FORCE OF CANADA

By G. E. WILLS



ALL this I do swear without any mental evasion, equivocation, or secret reservation, so help me God." That was the beginning of the end, or rather the end of the beginning, for those are the closing words of the Northwest Mounted Policeman's oath of service. There were forty of us "swore our lives away," as some one remarked, one April morning in the travelers' sample room of a big hotel down East. The "J. P." who did the job would repeat a few words in a singsong tone, then put his finger to the place where he left off, and look at you over the top of the paper, while you repeated after him what he had read, and so on to the end. There had been about twenty sworn in before my turn came, and I remember wondering to myself if he would have it all off by heart when I stood up. Apparently he did not, for his dried-up, wrinkled finger followed along the lines in spasmodic jerks just the same as it had done with the other chaps. After that we were told to be at the depot at two o'clock. And so we departed, some to the bar to have a "booster" on the strength of it, some to the writing room to write parting letters to—it would be hard to say whom.

It happened to be my home town, and as I

went out into the busy streets which I had known since childhood, they seemed strange. Familiar faces that, perhaps, I should never see again passed unrecognized, and I was one with the "Riders of the Plains."

The good-bys and all that, the why I had joined the police, the why the others had, can find no place here. A mounted policeman never discusses or even speaks of these things. True, a fresh young "rookie" may sometimes be heard to ask an old-timer, "How did you come to take on?" But he isn't told, and he never asks anyone that question again. Suffice it, then, that we were all at the depot at two o'clock, and it wasn't a bit like a lot of volunteers going away. There were some who had friends to see them off, but most of them were alone, and they were not communicative. Plainly, each man seemed to feel that he was taking a step, to feel the uncertainty that lay before him. At this moment more than at any other it was borne in upon us that each man there had his past and his reason for joining. I think that was the thing uppermost in the minds of nearly all at the time. Going to Egypt or South Africa was a different proposition. There was the hope of a triumphant return from those struggles, and the enthusiasm of the moment swept all personal feelings before it. But there is no glamour about joining the mounted

police. And after five years of risks run, lonely patrols, and hardships endured, one quits, or takes on for another three years, that's all.

In time, we arrived at Regina, where the headquarters of the police are located, and our car was dropped from the limited. Met at the station by a corporal in uniform, we marched to the barracks, which could be seen about two miles off, chaffing one another and appearing light-hearted; appearing not to notice the difference between the city streets we had left behind and the raw, unfinished prairie town.

The corporal, too, must have heard the chaffing, and I wondered if it made him think of when he had marched up, and if he had laughed and had tried to pretend that it was just as he had imagined it would be. I wondered because he was clearly an old-timer—had three stars on his arm, which I subsequently found out meant that he had served eleven years. After eleven years of service in the police you learn that it doesn't do to allow facial expression to indicate thoughts. Immobility of countenance is characteristic of the police.

Arrived at the barracks, the party was split up and cots were assigned to all in the various barrack rooms, of which there were some ten or twelve. The men of the post were at "morning stables" when we arrived, and we had to wait until this part of the day's duties was over before we had our breakfast. Don't laugh, you militiamen; we soon learned to call it "mess." They were short-handed at the post then and ours was the largest "bunch of rookies" that had ever been taken on at one time, so that when the men came out of stables their curiosity was only mildly noticeable. I think we passed muster all right, for we were a well-set-up crowd, and out West they judge a man as he stands in his boots. What he doesn't know he can learn. I recall, however, a subdued chuckle running around the mess room when we all walked in, and, sitting down at the tables, waited to be served. Gradually it dawned upon the more observing that if we were to get anything to eat at all, we had to go and get a plate and take it to the door of the kitchen which opened off the mess room, where our rations would be slapped on to it. It was amusing to watch



CONSTABLE IN PRAIRIE UNIFORM

some of the chaps sneak up from their seats, get a plate, and come back to the table with it heaped up, as if they had known the system all along. However, we all knew what to do at noon mess, and the mistake provoked nothing more than the chuckle to which I referred. Hazing, which is so common in most military outfits, is almost unknown in the police. It doesn't "go" with the kind of men that are in it. I believe there have been occasions when it was tried on, but some one was always hurt, and there are too many guns around, and too many men quick to use them, to make it a safe practice.

For the first few days most of us had nothing to do. We had lost our homogeneity as a "bunch" and each one of us pursued his way as interest or inclination called him. Some had found old friends at the post, some were trying to make them with a view of obtaining pointers, while others appeared to do nothing but write letters all day long. It was quite noticeable, however, that this practice soon lost its hold. The letter writers became fewer daily.

By this time most of us had our uniforms and equipment. One day my turn came, and I was sent over to the assembly hall, where the floor was covered with rows of mounds. Each mound was one man's outfit. Part of it was to last him during his whole term of service, and the rest consisted of his yearly issue, such as shirts, boots, socks, etc. Every article in each pile bore a uniform number which was the number of the pile. There was a sergeant in charge with an assistant to move his desk from pile to pile as the kit was issued. When your name was called you would go to the desk and the sergeant would say, "Constable So-and-so, your number is 1,500." From that time you were a man no longer, but a sort of automaton designated by a number. After you were apprised of your number you were handed your pilliasse, a kind of large bag made of ticking, which, when stuffed with hay, served as your mattress during your term of service. When it is issued to you, however, it is empty, and one by one, as their names are called out to you, you throw the other articles comprising your outfit into your pilliasse, right down to "One shaving brush, one boot brush, one clothes brush, one button brass, one razor," quickly followed by a peremptory "sign the book." I think every mounted policeman uses his government razor to shave with—once. After that he probably uses it for cutting plug

tobacco, or shaving off bath brick; it doesn't matter, one has to sign for it anyway, even if it isn't worth the proverbial "damn." In due course of time we all had our kits issued to us, and our uniforms had been altered to fit at the tailor shop, but by this time we also had had our first taste of drills and rides, for your mounted policeman is put through these like any British army "swaddy." It started with two drills a day and ended with five drills and three rides. The first drill was at five in the morning, an hour and a half before morning mess, and although it would be blazing hot at noon, there would be small frozen pools on the ground when "fall in" sounded for this drill. Immediately after mess would come a carbine drill for an hour, then a ride in the *ménage* for an hour and a half, and after that there were fatigues till noon. The afternoon was also taken up with drills and rides, and as you may imagine, after a month of this we were beginning to get into condition. About this time, too, you might frequently hear some "buck" remark as he saw the Transcontinental worming its way across the prairie to the east, "Why in hell did I ever come out here?" Yet the chances are he wouldn't have taken that train with free transportation and expenses.

It is at this stage of the recruit period that a man finds the change from his former life most noticeable. The memory of his previous surroundings is still fresh and in most cases must contrast sharply with the grimness of the life in the police. As a general rule, however, one cannot tell how his fellows accept the situation. Probably he is too bound up in his own acceptance of it to care about his comrades. For my part, after a month of it, five years loomed before me as an interminable space. Your young recruit takes more stock in five years, after a month of service, than he did before he took on.

Occasionally an empty cot in the morning will indicate that some spirit weakened in the night, and the next day it will be announced at noon mess that "Constable — having deserted, his name is struck off the pay list and ration return of depot division and placed on the deserters' roll from this date." Generally no effort is made to apprehend deserting recruits—the force is better off without such men—yet one cannot look at the empty cot in the morning without thinking of the struggle that must have taken place, and what, after all, may have lain behind it.



BARRACK ROOM AND "ROOKIE"

In due time most of us qualified in drills and riding, and at noon mess we all listened eagerly when "orders" were read, because it had become known that many of us were to be drafted to the various district headquarters.

For policing purposes the Territories are divided into some eight divisions, and there are two divisions in the Yukon Territory, which is also under the jurisdiction of the mounted police. Each division is designated by a letter and has its divisional headquarters, which is, as a rule, the largest town in the district. These divisions are again subdivided into detachments, and the most envied man in the police is the man who gets a good detachment. This will account for our rapt attention to "orders," and for my delight when one day I heard my name called out along with a dozen or so others and we were instructed to pack our kits and be ready to proceed to Calgary the next day.

It is a twelve hours' journey by rail from Regina to Calgary. Our party consisted principally of men who had taken on at the

same time as I had, but there was a different atmosphere about this trip from that which prevailed on our way to Regina. We were a step nearer to a detachment, and the discipline relaxed at each step. It must not be inferred that when a man gets a post of his own he is a free lance—far from it. There are weekly reports to be sent in to the divisional headquarters, reports on the "stock" in the territory he has to patrol, reports on the condition of the trails, weather reports, ration returns, and a host of smaller matters to attend to. These are all checked and compiled, and at the end of the year each division sends its annual report to headquarters division, which, in turn, sends its report to Ottawa, and the whole comes out in the form of a "Blue Book" and is "laid before the House." To have this publication complete and authentic close watch must be kept on the individual returns of each constable on his detachment, and in this respect there is no relaxation of discipline. There is a cessation of barrack routine, however, and a man is, to a large

extent, left to rely on his own discretion and judgment.

The barracks at Calgary are much the same as those at Regina, only smaller. There is, of course, a guard room in the barracks at each divisional headquarters, and this guard room is the common jail of the district. Here are incarcerated prisoners who have been committed to stand trial at the spring or fall assizes, and also short-term convicts. The guard room at Calgary was, as a rule, well filled all the time, and the prisoners who were at hard labor had to be taken out under escort. Thus we had our first taste of "doing guard." Each man would be in charge of three prisoners and was responsible for the manner in which they did their work. The characters to be met with in mounted police guard rooms throughout the Territories would do credit to Chelsea or Portland; it would need the pen of a Dickens to describe them.

Notwithstanding the fact that most of the work around the barracks was done by the prisoners, the life was becoming more monotonous, and each of us eagerly looked forward to his turn to get a detachment. Plainly, everybody could not get one, and I, being shorter in stature than most of my comrades, had but little hope of doing so. Yet, at last, even my turn came, for I had acquired a good seat, and not one of the boys had ever seen me bucked off. What may have happened when I was alone behind the barracks trying things on my own account is another matter.

Out of a total of over eight hundred, including officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, something like two hundred are kept constantly on detached duty. The territory to be covered is, however, so extensive that the detachments—which as a rule do not consist of more than one or two men—are at an average distance of forty miles apart. The "organized" portion of the Territories is more closely looked after than the outlying districts, and in the former there is one constable for five hundred square miles and for about three hundred and seventy-five of the population.

At least three-fifths of the population of the Canadian Northwest is foreign born, and it would be hard to exaggerate the good influence exercised by the force over these. A very large proportion of the settlers consists of Europeans, people from Mediterranean countries, southern Russia and Poland. These people have always been accustomed to the

closest police surveillance at home, and did they not feel the restraining influence of the mounted police in their new-found liberty, license would soon take the place of law and order. As may be imagined, the constable takes a very broad view of his duties, but his tact and discretion have led these people not only to respect the laws, but to look upon the police as friends who are willing to aid and assist them in every way. During the last few years immigration has probably doubled, and that from the Western States has grown until now it very largely preponderates. These Americans have, in their own country, been accustomed to a very large degree of liberty, yet the fairness and justice with which the laws of Canada are administered by the mounted police have entirely won them over.

Once on a detachment, a constable is supposed to cover his district at regular intervals, according to its extent. He takes with him a patrol sheet, which every rancher signs, and at the end of the trip it is sent in to headquarters. In this way the commanding officer at the post knows whether or not the ground is being covered. Some of the boys have been known to get two, or even three, patrol sheets signed at the same time in order to save trips, but this is one of the tricks of the trade.

A mounted policeman on patrol is generally pictured as carrying a Winchester carbine, and although this arm is included in his equipment, it is seldom carried and less often used. The revolver is, however, the sign of office, and must be carried by every man when on duty whether its use is required or not. Once a year each man has to come in from his detachment and "go to the butts" for a course of target practice, and in this way is maintained the high standard of marksmanship for which the force is famed.

For such a large body of men, considering the importance of the duties they perform, there are comparatively few commissioned officers, and they are seldom called upon to perform duties outside of the various barracks at divisional headquarters. If a special patrol has to be sent out for any reason, such as capturing a band of renegade Indians and taking them back to their reserve, it almost invariably consists of three or four men and a non-commissioned officer. The typical policeman does not seek responsibilities, and seldom avails himself of opportunities for promotion. A constable who shows that he is catering to his superiors, ostensibly to "get his stripes,"



TYPICAL CONSTABLES' QUARTERS

is looked upon by his comrades with scant favor.

It is, of course, the rancher, and not the farmer or the townspeople, who derives the greatest benefit from the police. To illustrate this let us say a certain rancher has lost half a dozen horses branded —U (Bar "U"). As soon as he misses them he finds the nearest policeman and apprises him of his loss. The policeman immediately sends word to headquarters and in a surprisingly short time every policeman within a radius of many miles is on the lookout for six horses branded "—U." This service costs the rancher nothing, and, as may be imagined, it is very seldom that lost or stolen stock are not recovered. Along the American border smuggling is more or less extensively carried on. But justice works swiftly in this section of the country, and as every commissioned officer of the force is also a fully accredited police magistrate, there is very little delay between the time of capture and sentence. As a general rule these men avail themselves of the option of a fine, and it is surprising to note the good-fellowship which exists between them and the members of the force. There is, however, no laxity of duty on the part of the police on this account, and

the whole thing is looked upon as a game. Sometimes, indeed, a man on either side may be "dropped" in the course of a chase. I well remember an instance when one of our boys who had been shot by a smuggler was being buried. His funeral was attended by several quiet individuals, who apparently came for no other reason than that of idle curiosity. Yet we of the police knew who they were, and their glasses clicked against ours that night at "Murphy's," when we drank to poor old "Moose."

It is on detachment that the real life of the mounted policeman commences. I recall one chap I met who was serving his fourteenth year as a constable, yet was the owner of a beautiful estate in Scotland which yielded him a handsome income. They say the life gets so strong a hold on some men that when they go to sign off they find they cannot do it, and so take on again. After my own experience I can quite easily credit it, but I also feel sure that in most cases there is something else behind it all. Undoubtedly, there are a great many "vagrant sons" in the mounted police; while occasionally, for reasons seldom known, some will put an end to themselves, as is evidenced by holes in the plaster and an



A QUARANTINE CAMP

ineradicable stain on the floor beneath it, to be seen in almost any of the barracks.

In the police one gets to know only one's comrades in work and routine. Yet, sometimes, when two happen to be on a particularly long and dangerous patrol together, there will flash past moments of intense intimacy, barely realized ere they are gone; sometimes, while engaged in some labor, there will come moments of fellowship which never get beyond intuition.

A taciturn comrade and I had been on the trail together for several days, when one evening I saw him writing. In the night I crawled out of our tent and found among the grass the crumpled paper. I knew that the man who had written on it was an English University man, Baliol, I think; I knew that, if he wished, he could put half a dozen letters after his name; I also knew that he had served over eighteen years in the police as a constable, and under the circumstances it struck me that that paper might be worth while. This is part of what was on it:

They brand our lives with failure,
But how should they know, who dwell
Secure in the homeland harbor,
Of work in the outside hell,
Who ne'er felt the wheel spokes tremble,
As they faced the smashing seas,
Nor headed the bunch on a wintry night,
In the teeth of a northern breeze?

We drown in unknown waters,
We burn in forest flame,
We freeze on northern barrens,
Some meet a self-sought shame;

Fever, frost, and hunger,
Thirst 'neath a cloudless sky,
Bullet, spear and knife thrust;
Thus do your wastrels die.

What should they know of our trouble,
Our hopes or fears or care,
Who sit in the ingle corner
When the glowing embers flare?
Truly, they dream of Empire,
In their listless Island way,
But little they reckon that Empire's cost,
Their vagrant sons must pay.

We also dream at twilight
In the long gray shadows' haze,
Of the blooming May in springtime,
Of primrose-studded ways,
Of the lilac-scented garden,
Of the drone of bees at noon,
But we wake from the twilight dreaming
In the sheen of an alien moon.

How should they know the longing
That craves, when the gray veldt's dry,
The green of a Devon moorland,
The gray of an English sky,
The yellow thatched eaves peeping
From the orchard blossoms fair,
The voices heard in the years' agony,
And the love our youth met there?

The old romantic days of the police will soon be a thing of the past. But their day is not yet done, and as the settler advances from the south and brings with him his towns and municipal police, the "Riders of the Plains" will extend their patrols farther to the north, and prepare the way for future generations in the more distant yet equally fertile and habitable valleys of the Peace and the Athabasca.

LITTLE WATCHER

BY ELEANOR GATES



ICKED from among the litter by the slack of his neck, the coyote whelp opened round eyes of grayish amber and blinked into the face of the Old Woman. The Navajo looked back at him, noting with satisfaction that he did not wriggle. Then she put him carefully to one side and leaned over the other cubs, whimpering and crawling about in their shallow burrow like so many helpless puppies. These she caught up, one by one, and gave each a swift flick against a stone.

But with the baby she had chosen, she was most tender, holding him tucked in a fold of her bright-striped blanket as she descended the steep trail from the butte. When they came out upon the level below, she made at once toward the goats, which were pasturing at some distance, and from the flock drove a young female, fat, and black as the coal streak that furnished her cooking fires. Still carrying the coyote, she led the goat by a riata to the corral at the foot of the mesa precipice, tied her to a cedar post, and promptly put the whelp up to the udder for his first meal of goat's milk.

He was a wee ball of downy, mouse-colored fur then, with soft ears, a head shaped like a peach, and a mere wisp of tail. At night, he slept near the Old Woman in the dirt-covered hogan, his bed a square of red flannel on the bottom of a great, olla-like basket which he could neither tip over nor crawl out of. In the daytime, riding in the crook of the aged squaw's arm, he accompanied her to the desert, where she went to herd, or he lay beneath a brush sun shelter while she worked in the cornfield.

But soon, well suckled by the she-goat, he began to grow amazingly. First he found his legs, and was able to go wabbling after his foster mother as she lonesomely circled the

corral. Next, the wabble became a stout little trot. And now the Old Woman found no need of holding him up for his dinner. The goat, when heavy with milk, stood without being tied, and even *uh-uh-uhed* to him invitingly if he was slow to come; while he had so lengthened and heightened that he was able to drink without aid. He gave over the olla-like basket, therefore, and the corral became his home. Here he showed an increasing love for the she-goat by yelping mournfully if she started off down the inclosure, and by barking in noisy delight at her return. The squaw still saw him often, and stroked him much so that he might not become hand shy.

Changed in looks he was by now. The black-tipped nose was longer and more pointed; the grayish amber eyes were paler and narrowed in their slits; the head was flat; the ears were upright; the hair was not downy, but coarse to wiriness, blackish and brindled along the back and mane, striped burro-wise across the shoulders, elsewhere of a dusty, sunburned, tawny gray.

With his change in looks there came a change in appetite. He began to crave other food than milk, when the Old Woman gave him to eat of wafer bread, and let him lap from a gourd shell filled from her wicker water bottle. Later, the she-goat having gone dry, and there being no second foster mother for him, she fed him with other things—the bean of the mesquite and the sweetish fruit of the prickly pear. One day, he tasted blood. The squaw brought him in a linnet, all plump and juicy beneath its feathery coat. He lay down, holding the tiny thing between his forefeet, and tore at it greedily, with little, throaty growls. When he was finished, she tried to pull away the bit of plumage caught in his paws. And for the first time he showed his teeth.

Then the Boy came. Having got the man



"He was no less a friend to his foster mother."

scent before he reached the hogan, the young prairie wolf was not frightened at the stranger whose blanket was as bright with stripes as the Old Woman's, and who was otherwise very like her in appearance—except that a gay banda kept back the hair from his forehead. On the other hand, the Boy was startled as, on entering the low hut, he saw two eyes burning out at him from a dim corner.

"What is it?" he asked the Old Woman, speaking in the Navajo tongue.

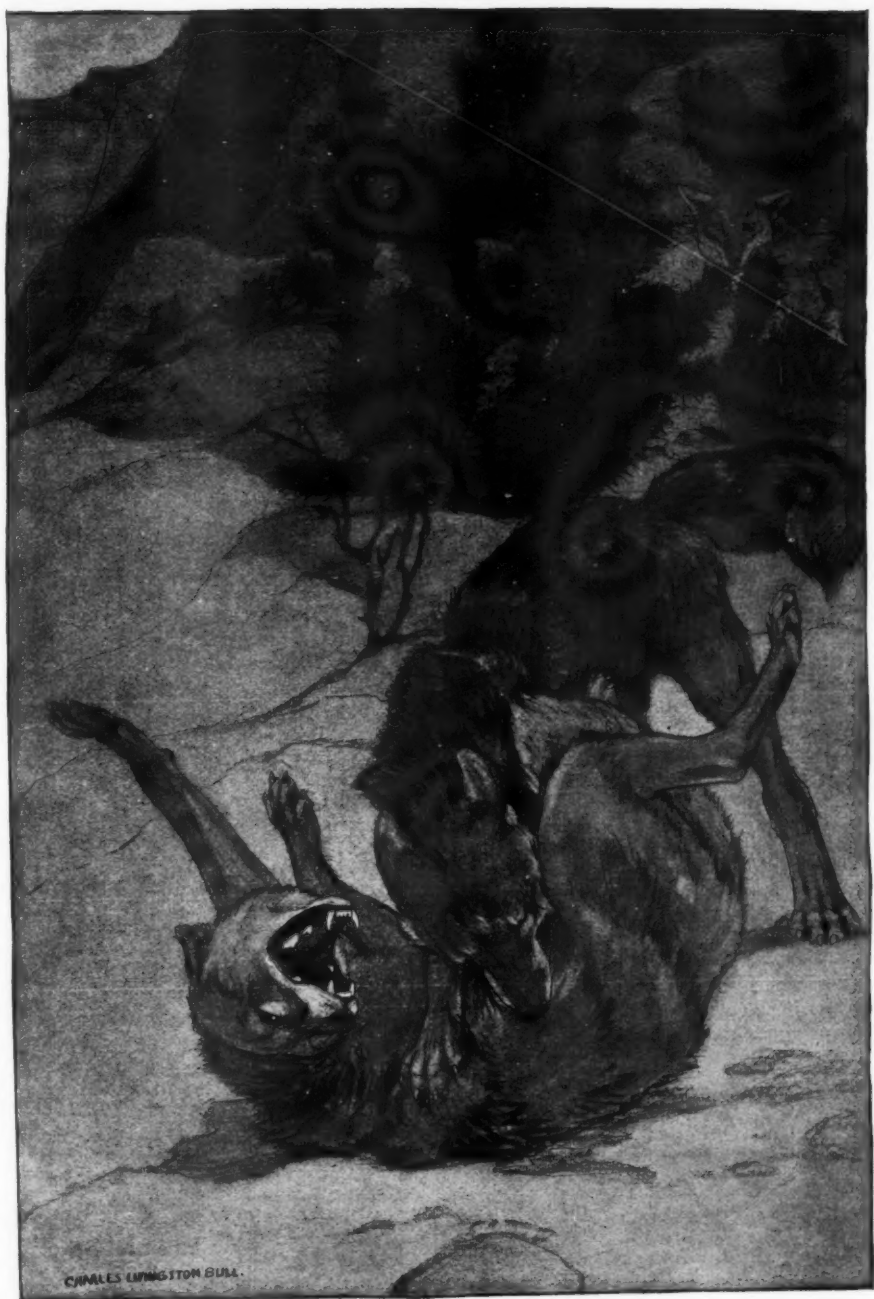
"It is Little Watcher," she answered. "For so I have named him. The kids were all stolen away by night. When I prayed to Those Above, I was bidden to do what my father had done—fight poison with poison."

With the Boy's coming, the coyote had much meat. For every day the Boy took bow and arrows and climbed to the mesa top. Here grew juniper, piñon, and cedar, and here

rabbits were to be found, and reptiles, ground squirrel, buzzard, and hawk. Returning, the hunter threw the whole of his quarry to Little Watcher, who was easy to please but hard to satisfy. The coyote dragged the game out of reach and then fell upon it as if he feared interruption, mumbling his delight.

Meanwhile the Old Woman was not neglecting to train him. When the sunrise sheen was on the desert, and the squaw, singing the early morning song, drove the flock to its scant feeding, she took Little Watcher along. And as the goats slowly traveled, browsing, she taught him to follow and round them.

By the end of twelve moons, what with no long runs and plentiful food, Little Watcher was larger than the wild of his own kind and as big as his kinsman, the gray wolf. Now a wren was not a mouthful for him: a snap, a



"The female watched them rather indifferently."



"The Old Woman and the Boy saw, at the

swallow, and it was gone, and the amber eyes were pleading for more. Yet for all his gorging and his hankering after flesh, he was no less a friend to his foster mother, the she-goat, than before, and having skirted the flock, liked to sprawl near by her, and perhaps tease a lizard by way of entertainment.

There came a night when for the first time his strength, his training, and his affection for her were put to the test. Enemies came.

Only the stars were shining, and the corral lay in the heavy shadow of the precipice. But Little Watcher needed no light to tell him that danger threatened. He lifted his muzzle to the rough path from the mesa, perked his ears, and snuffed noiselessly. Then, as noiselessly, he rose.

Presently, along the foot of the precipice, came several forms like his own. He was down the wind from them, and they skulked forward with no halts, their feet softly padding the sand. Soon the foremost was beside the inclosure and reared upon his hind legs.

Once more Little Watcher rose—his body rigid, his head stretched out, his brush on a stiff line with his back, and from crest to tail his hair stood up belligerently. Then, with a shrill yelp of defiance he leaped forward and caught the other by the throat.

His fangs were sharp, his hold was a vise. One rending pull, and the strange coyote pitched end for end between his fellows. They smelled the warm blood—and leaped upon him with a wrangle of exultant cries.

Out of her hogan rushed the Old Woman waving a pine torch above her head and shrieking to scare the intruders. They ran to a safe distance, from where they stopped to look round. The Old Woman did not follow them nor trouble to wake the Boy. When she had gone among the goats to see that none was hurt or missing, she dragged the dead coyote some rods away, and returned to give Little Watcher a caress.

But there was no rest for Little Watcher. Still bristled, he stayed inside the corral, now skirting the goats on fleet foot, now pausing beside his black foster mother, but always licking his chops and mumbling crossly.

It was then the season that follows the first rains. A haze of green lay on the desert—a haze touched here by the yellow of sunflower and marigold masses, there by the purple of the larkspur's slender wand, again by a fleck of gleaming alkali.

But all too soon that haze was gone again, melting away with the hot kiss of the sun. Greasewood and mesquite showed the only verdure now, and the flock found the picking poor.

So, one dawn, a burro was loaded with blankets, the cooking pottery, and some water bottles filled at the precious spring. Then the squaw said farewell to the Boy, who stayed to tend orchard and corn strips, and drove her bearded company out of the cedar corral. Soon she was well on her way, and the gray and the red sandstone ribbons



summit of the lava stretch, a lone coyote."

of the mesa precipice were blending and fading behind her.

Finally, when more than a score of camps had been pitched and broken, the goats were stopped near the cottonwood-lined bed of a dry stream. Here the burro was unloaded, the Old Woman made a sun shelter of boughs on the bare gravel of the arroyo, and dug for, and found, water.

Grazing was good, and the goats fattened. So did Little Watcher, who fared well on the daily spoil of the squaw's snares. Here, too, almost in the shadow of the wooded Tunicha Mountains, was peace—for a period.

Each night the goats were driven in to the line of cottonwoods, where, bunched together, they lay down. On one side of them was the shelter of boughs, where the Old Woman slept, rousing occasionally to put a length of mesquite root upon her torch fire; on the opposite side, close to his picketed foster mother, dozed Little Watcher, flat upon his belly, his hind legs stretched out straight with his tail, his muzzle on his forepaws. But, like the squaw, he waked now and again, and listened—head high, ears upright and moving, amber eyes glowing in the dark. And he often heard what the other did not—the far-off staccato *yip! yip! yip!* of the prairie wolf on a scent.

Then, for a second time during his term of guarding, enemies appeared—boldly, in broad daylight, when the Old Woman was away looking to her traps. It was now the season

when the coyote runs in pairs. And but two appeared, out of a patch of cactus to the mountain side of the goats. From the cacti, they came darting down upon the nearest of the flock—Little Watcher's black foster mother.

But before they could reach her, a streak of tawny gray shot between. And as the she-goat scrambled up, bleating in terror, to join the herd, Little Watcher, all bristled from crest to tail, met the male of the coyote pair and buried his teeth in his flank.

They fought furiously, rolling over and over, sending the sand into the air, tearing up the greasewood, mingling their cries of pain and rage. From the edge of the cactus patch, the female watched them, rather indifferently, however, and with frequent hungry glances in the direction of the goats.

The gaunt stranger was no match for the guardian of the flock. Very soon the battle was over. Then Little Watcher looked up, and at the female. There she was at the summit of the gentle rise, apparently waiting, and turning her head prettily this way and that. Little Watcher loped toward her. She let him come close, then wheeled and sped away through the cacti. He followed.

He was back before nightfall, and lay down at the feet of the aged Navajo, his eyes furtive, as if he were conscious of neglected duty, his tongue lolling with a long, hard run. Alternately scolding and caressing him, the Old Woman gave him a few laps from her gourd

shell, and presently he sought out his foster mother and rested beside her until the goats sought the cottonwoods.

But thereafter he often left his charges to go bounding away toward the mountains, and not even the proffering of food could tempt him to stay. Sometimes of a night he would rise and sneak off. Sometimes of a morning he would trot to the top of a near-by rise, stop, look round upon the goats, give a troubled whine—and disappear.

Then, one day, as suddenly as these excursions had begun, they came to an end. He was returning to the flock after a long jaunt, when, not far to his right, there appeared a moving figure, wound in a blanket and topped with white. It was not unlike a yucca, crowned by a cream-colored bloom. Now, in a new posture, it was not unlike a stumpy saguaro with one outspread branch. The curiosity of his kind impelled him to halt. As he did so, placing his forefeet on a rock, the better to see, he caught the familiar scent of the Boy, and saw that the latter was holding out toward him a long, strange something upon which the light glistened. The next moment there was a puff of smoke—a report—and Little Watcher fell to the sand.

He lay flat upon his side for a short space, his tail limp and thin, his eyes closed. Then, striving to rise, he found himself able only to control his forelegs, for his hinder ones would not obey his will, and at the small of his back was a spot that stung. This he could reach, and he alternately snapped round at it with a doleful cry or licked it tenderly.

It was early morning then, and he did not mind the heat. But later, as the sun mounted and burned the sand, he pulled himself along to some spiny buck brush, and spent the rest of the day in its meager shade. He knew the flock was not far, for their rank odor was borne to him on the wind. And so, the sun gone, leaving only great strokes of orange upon the sky and a fire-edged hill where its last light rested, he took his way toward home, dragging his hind quarters.

Twilight was yet on the desert as he came in sight of the goats. There they went, trailing across the purple levels to the long, black, wavering line of cottonwoods, behind them, two herders. Faster he pulled himself along, giving a quick little bark, now and then, that ended in a howl. But he was not able to cross the summit of the ridge from which he looked. And so he dropped down upon a red-black stretch of glassy lava. For hours

thirst had cruelly assailed him. As often in times past he had drunk from rain-filled pockets in the sandstone, he now licked feverishly at the still blistering rock.

There night found him. Between his lappings, he lay flat, being too hurt and weary to hold himself up. His muzzle was toward the flock and he could see the place of its lying down. For there burned the evening fire, a dot of light on a vast sheet of blackness. He shivered, giving puppy-like barks, as when, a whelp, he tagged his foster mother, the she-goat; he lifted his muzzle to the stars and mourned.

Behind him, other cries answered—faintly, against the wind. He perked his ears, listening.

Yip! yip! yip! yip! yip!—the running cry of prairie wolves on a scent!

He looked down upon the level, where sparks were flying up from the Old Woman's fire. Once more, rallying all his strength, he tried to make headway toward the goats. Once more, he could not cross the ridge. He whined helplessly.

Nearer and nearer sounded the coyote cries behind, dulling a little as the pack descended into a draw, redoubling in strength when they came out upon higher ground.

And now they were so near that Little Watcher could hear their short panting as they loped forward. And now he could see them coming his way through the dark. With a growl, he sat up, ears laid back, hair on end.

Yip! yip! yip! yip! yip!

Up from behind the pine-covered Tunichas rose the moon—full, white, spreading a day-like radiance upon the great slopes and levels of the desert.

From the brush shelter among the cottonwoods, the Old Woman and the Boy lifted their eyes to look, and saw, silhouetted against it, at the summit of the lava stretch, a lone coyote, seemingly seated upon its haunches.

The squaw got to her feet, wristlets and chain tinkling, and leaned to peer among the goats. The Boy sprang up, too, his gaze toward the ridge top.

"Little Watcher!" he called anxiously; "Little Watcher!"

Then into the moonlight on the distant summit they saw other wolf forms race; and as these centered to where the lone coyote sat, saw him struggle forward to meet them. And through the desert night, there came a shrill yelp of defiance—then a wrangle of exultant cries.

THE REFORMING OF AIDIN

BY WARDON ALLAN CURTIS



THAT house over there on the hill lookin' down the bay, that big house? That there is the old Norton place. All dead? Why, no. They ain't dead or poor or in no ways unfortunate, even if the grandfather of the present tribe, old Truman Norton, done some stealin', you might say. Nothin' wuss than stealin' his wife, which bein' a commodity without a price in this country, couldn't hardly be called felony, but in the country where he done the stealin' women cost money, and he violated all sorts of laws a-gittin' her. Still, there was an exchange, too, so to speak.

He was a captain of a vessel at twenty-six, Truman Norton was. His folks was vessel owners and that's how it happened. Capable enough, but of course so young a man didn't usually work up to skipper of a fust-class ship out of a State so full of good sailors as the State of Maine. It was when he was twenty-six and he was skipper of the *Governor Bowdoin* and he had taken her to Turkey and there she was, layin' in the harbor of Smyrna, takin' on a cargo.

He used to walk around on shore a good deal, bein' of an inquirin' disposition, you might say, and went ashore every day. But the women interested him the most. He used to look at them shapeless white bundles with veils over their faces, and wonder if they had any fun, if anybody was ever nice to 'em. He got a sorter romantic notion in his head of how kinder nice it would be to have a chance to be polite and decent to some of them poor things that never expected nothin' of the kind, to take some girl who would never be nothin' but a slave in a Mohammedan house and make her queen in a Yankee home. He got a sorter notion of this and kept thinkin' about it until the idee kinder possessed him. He thought how a girl of that kind would jest

worship him and he'd jest worship her, and from imaginin' how love and gratitude would work back and forward like this, he got dead in love with a dream girl who might be hidden in any of them shapeless white bundles of clothes that looked like bags walkin' around.

Well, the loadin' of the vessel had progressed right up to the point where it was the last day and he had about come to the conclusion that he would never have a chance to even speak to one of them women. Besides, he couldn't speak no Turkish. Then, too, he thought probably most of the girls didn't know nothin', would embarrass him before company by havin' bad table manners, and would want to eat heathen things, and it was jest as well to forgit all about 'em and go home and see if he couldn't git another girl instid of Maria Mills, who had thrown him over for a feller 'twarn't so good as he was, too.

The last bit of cargo would be aboard by half past five or thereabouts. There would be a moon by eight or so, and they calculated to be all ready to slip out of the harbor and off for home as soon as the moon was well up. Truman went ashore for a last look around and took in the cemetery, because it was handy right there by the shore and because it interested him. It was full of cypresses and gloomy old hedges and bushes, a regular old woods, with benches stuck around through it, though very seldom anybody ever came there and sot on 'em. But if they wanted to, they could.

Well, when he come into the cemetery this day at about half past two, there was a couple of women on two benches near each other, the only folks in that part of the cemetery, anyway. One of 'em, a big, tall, and fat one, was stretched out on her bench, and from the way she was snorin', anybody could see she was asleep. "Tother dropped her handkerchief, and he stepped up quick like and picked it up for her.



"She had the tie wrong, though."

To his surprise, she spoke to him in French, a language Truman had learned, like a good many other State of Maine folks, up in the lumber camps and in Canada itself, foolin' around as a boy. Lots of Turkish girls was taught French. She spoke in the sweetest and saddest and longest tones.

"No man ever picked up a handkerchief for me before and no one ever will again," she said, and she lifted her veil and let him see the most stunningly handsome girl he had ever set eyes on.

"By hookey," rather "*sacre bleu*," it was he said; "*sacre bleu*, if you will run away with me, I'll pick up your handkerchief a hundred times a day!"

He spoke right out. He could see as plain as he could see her great big black eyes, that the girl would sell the soul the Mohammedans said she didn't have, to be the wife of an American, and there warn't no time to go slow and fool and beat around the bush and shilly-shally and work up to things and approach 'em gradually. She had shown her face. She had acted direct, and so would he.

"Will that woman with you keep on sleepin'?"

"She sleeps like the dead," said the girl.

"Stand up," said Truman.

Truman wasn't small, but he wasn't big. He was five foot eight. The girl was a good chunk of a girl. She was five foot seven.

"All right. Git behind that hedge. Take off your clothes and throw 'em over to me, and do you then git into my things, which I will throw over to you. Ain't forty folks in the city who have seen you unveiled, and when I am veiled, won't nobody know me, so there ain't scarcely anybody, you might say, who'd be likely to recognize either of us."

He threw his clothes over, and him and the girl exchanged costumes, and she come out dressed in American skipper's clothes. She had the tie wrong, though, and he fixed it, and when he had done that, as was natural like, he kissed her. She threw her arms around his neck and wanted to delay things for a couple more. But he stopped her.

"My ship is the last one to the right in the harbor. There's the French warship, and then mine. If anybody notices you are a woman,

which somebody is more than likely to suspect if he looks at you hard, he won't think you are a Turkish woman. He'll think it is an outlandish American custom to have women sailors. You go down opposite to my ship and wave your handkerchief three times, so fashion, and they'll send a boat off for you, and you'll give 'em this note and they'll take you out to the ship. The watch on deck is lookin' to see me signal and he'll see you."

"But how'll you git away?"

"Ain't nobody got no business to lift my veil or try to see who I am. Can't nobody do that. Even if they're searchin' the hull town for a lost woman, ain't nobody got no right to lift a woman's veil to see who she is, because she might be the wrong woman. Besides, only the husband or dad could do that, in case they felt sure it was the right woman. Why, I'm as safe from detection, almost, as if I was invisible, walkin' around here, you might say. Can't nobody make me out. Between sunset and moonrise, I'll git down to the shore, shuck myself out of these duds, and swim out to the ship. Long swim, but I can do it. Tell my Aunt Mehitabel—she's there—to have my other clothes ready for me. Or

she can put some of her things on you. There. Tuck your hair up under the hat more and run along."

So he fixed her hair better and kissed her, and she wanted another kiss and he did, too, so they had it and another, and then she went.

He follered along and seen the girl signal the *Governor Bowdoin*, seen a boat come and git her, seen her go up over the side.

"So she's safe. That is, she's safe if they don't git me, and I guess they won't."

Well, he didn't know what to do or where to go, anyway, so he jest sat down right there. It was somewheres around three, mebbe, when the girl went out to the ship, and it had got along to almost six when his attention was attracted for no particular reason to a small boat that was comin' ashore from the French man-o'-war, and he looked back and see a French officer all dressed up in his best, sword and all, comin' down to the shore.

He looked at the officer, thinkin' what a real good-lookin' feller he was and how pretty he looked in his gold lace and all when he see a woman and five or six Turkish soldiers comin' along down.

Well, the woman was so tall and so fat that



"He clapped his hand over the officer's mouth."

he knew it was the old woman that had been with his girl. Who, what she was, he didn't know. Hadn't had time to find out nothin', only he knew his girl was the handsomest one he had ever seen. Must have come from a fust-class Turkish family, too, seein' they had had her learned French.

When he see them soldiers and that old rip come hyperin' down to the waterside, he didn't know whether to sit still or git up, but it was natural for a Yankee sailor when he see trouble handy to stand up, so he stood. The old rip give a look; she pointed at what he hadn't noticed before, three white stripes woven along the border of his dress, if you could call the bag he had on a dress. Of course the hull thing was white and the stripes was, too, but it was like the markings woven on a tablecloth.

She made some sort of remarks to him. Sounded like she was pleadin' and re-provin'—both. Well, he couldn't do that, and there wasn't any pleasure and profit standin' there, and he had to git away from them some time if he was ever goin' to shuck himself out of his duds and swim to the ship. So he jest started to go away. Then he see where he had miscalculated when he had planned out his escape when talkin' with the girl. Men folks couldn't lift his veil, and women folks couldn't when men folks was around. But men folks could take hold of him and carry him to some place

where women folks could examine him. Them soldiers or police or whatever they was, they made a break at him. If they got him, he'd be bowstringed and his body in the harbor before midnight.

Well, sir, quick as a flash he thought of yellin' in French, as the girl might have done, and abandoned the idee as a bad one because they would know it was a man's voice, and this put still another idee in his head by contrariwise, and with the Turks at his heels, he run up to the French officer, who was right there now, clapped his hand over the officer's mouth, standin' in front of him, and yelled in French to the crew of the boat, jest landin':

"Help! Help! I'm attacked. These Turks are attackin' me!"

Them French sailors see their officer strugglin' in a crowd of Turkish soldiers and heard a voice yellin' in French for help. They didn't stop to ask or think whether it was his voice, and when he

struggled out of Truman's grasp, it was his voice, for he naturally couldn't know Truman and the Turks wasn't one and the same gang.

The Frenchmen come runnin' up with their cutlasses, such as all man-of-war's men carried in them days, drove off the Turks and got around their officer, and then all of 'em, with Truman hangin' right alongside, run for the boat and jumped in, for it was the devil to pay now and a whole lot of other Turks had rushed up to help the soldiers.



"And fell right over backward, kersplosh."

Well, there Truman was in the French boat and the French didn't know what to think, but the Turks on shore, thinkin' the whole muss was created by them and that they was stealin' a woman, was shootin' away at 'em.

So the only natural and sensible thing for the French to do was to row for their ship, and they done it, too, like the old scratch.

They all piled aboard their ship, Truman, too, and the whole crew gathered around that mysterious Turkish female standin' a-facin' of 'em, back agin the bulwarks of the starboard side, which was the side toward shore. They was standin' lookin' at her, amazed and awed and kinder respectful because she was a woman, not knowin' what to do, when she up and jumped on the bulwark, threw up her hands, fetched a blood-curdlin' screech, and fell right over backward, kersplosh.

They rushed to the side and looked over, some of 'em jumped in, and boats was lowered, but the poor mysterious female, she didn't come up, she was gone.

When Truman fell over that way, he jest swum under the ship and come up on the port side. The hull French crew was on t'other side. It was gittin' along toward dusk now and the water was still as a mill pond, and pushin' the white hood back from his head, he struck out for the *Governor Bowdoin* without anyone seein' him at all.

Now, when Truman got to his own ship, he done the only fool thing he done during this hull occurrence. Otherwise, he acted with good and quick judgment. He had orter

gone around on the port side of the ship and called to 'em to haul him up. But in order to save all trouble—and he was a great hand to hate to bother folks—he went around to the starboard side, because the ladder was on that side and he could go up all right by himself. That was the side toward shore, and when he went up, somebody on shore made out his white clothes goin' up the dark side of the ship.

Well, he got right into his other clothes, and Fatima, for that was her name, told him how she was the daughter of a Turkish general and how she and three other girls was scheduled to be married that night, casual like, to the governor of that province, an old boy of sixty who had thirteen wives already. She hadn't liked that. It seemed like the heaven the Turks didn't believe she could go to to have one young, handsome, and good young man all to herself who loved her like Truman did.

Truman translated most of this to his Aunt Mehitabel, who had put some of her

things on Fatima. Aunt Mehitabel was a woman of fifty, spry, nice-lookin', capable, as good a woman as there was in Maine. This was her fust trip to a foreign shore.

Jest when Truman had finished tellin' Aunt Mehitabel, cuttin' it short because he had to see to makin' the men hurry about gittin' anchors up and sails on the ship, for he wanted to git out jest as quick as he could, the second mate stuck his head in and said:

"A boat is comin' out full of Turkish soldiers."

Truman leaped up frantic, ordered 'em to



"Aunt Mehitabel had put some of her things on Fatima."



"I can't allow this awful sacrifice."

clap on sail as fast as could be, to git up the firearms and cutlasses, and to hide Fatima 'way down in the hold. Didn't have no definite plan. He would try to keep 'em from findin' the girl at all, or he would delay 'em and git under way and run and fight for it with 'em on board, or perhaps git to goin' before they could git to the ship.

Aunt Mehitabel, she grabbed the white baggy dress and run to the cook's galley and slammed a couple of flatirons on the fire. She had already wrung the thing out and had had it dryin'. She held the damp cloth over the stove, and pretty soon she was ironin' it.

"Too wet to wear the things the way they was and looked too mussy, besides," said she to the cook. Which the cook couldn't make no meanin' out of.

Hurry though they did, the crew of the *Governor Bowdoin* couldn't git her ready before the Turkish boat got out to her. There the boat was, hooked on to the ladder.

Jest then, a white figure stepped to the top of the ladder and paused, about to go down.

"Fatima!" cried Truman.

"Psst! Shut up!" said the figure.

"Aunt Mehitabel!" Truman stepped for-

ward. "I can't allow this sacrifice, this awful sacrifice. We'll run for it and fight. We'll shoot the cusses as they come up the ladder. I'll not permit this sacrifice."

"Keep still. Don't be a fool. Don't give me away. 'Tain't a sacrifice. I have always wanted to live abroad. I jest love this climate. I'll keep low until after I'm married to-night in Fatima's place. The governor is a gentleman of sixty. A very suitable proper age for the partner of a lady of fifty. And Jane Nutting can't say I'm the only single woman in Yarbury."

And with that she went down the ladder as spry as a girl and the Turks rowed off with her.

What happened to Aunt Mehitabel? You ain't never read much about Turkish history? Never heard about the great reform governor of the province Smyrna is capital of, and all the improvements he put through after he was sixty year old, too? Never heard about the woman's rights movement there which got to goin' so well that the old sultan himself had to interfere, dogged if he didn't? That there episode of Oriental history never has been writ up proper, so a noted historical feller from Boston said right here in Yarbury.

JAPAN:

OUR NEW RIVAL IN THE EAST

By HAROLD BOLCE

III. JAPAN'S NEW COMMERCIAL ACTIVITIES*



WHILE Japan is making the whole Orient move, we are standing pat. And just as England politically lost the thirteen colonies, so America commercially is losing the empires of Asia. We are failing to keep pace with the progress there. China, under the influence of Japan, is demolishing its ancient wall. We refuse to lower ours. To learn the secret of success of modern nations China has 4,000 students abroad. It is an indication of national awakening unprecedented in history. We have sent out six Government clerks for six months and we imagine we are blazing a trail to big opportunity. America has fancied that as the Far Eastern nations emerged, they would be compelled to buy our wares. Japan has demonstrated that the brown or yellow workingman may be trained to industrial efficiency as great as the Caucasian's. It marks the beginning of a new age—the age of universal distribution of looms and engines. It is the triumph of world-wide diffusion of knowledge. There was a time when Venerable Bede knew it all. Now that monopoly is not enjoyed even by sophomores.

America's confident assumption that it was destined to be the manufacturer for the Orient is a survival of the old serenity that has misled various nations into believing that they

were specially ordained to be the maker of finished goods for other races. Clinging to that policy, empires have lost their colonies and manufacturing centers have seen their trade pass to the industrial leadership of newer people. It was a derision of the fifteenth century among the manufacturers of the Old World that fox skins were bought in England for a groat and the tails alone resold to that country for a guilder. To-day America, with the other Western nations, imagines that China and India will continue indefinitely to send out their cotton raw and, after they have paid freight on it around the world, buy it back as yarn and colored cloth.

The forms of American industry whose prosperity is based upon present or future trade with the Orient are built upon a precarious foundation. We are underestimating our rivals. Had Mr. Markham lived when Holland ruled the commercial world he would have wondered who blew out the light in the Briton's brain. The farmers of that island seemed doomed to grope on in their fogs, gathering wool for the looms of Flanders. But England became a great manufacturing country and proved to the world that it was actually possible to beat the Dutch. Then the British developed the delusion that America could not and should not become a manufacturing country, and that the New World must continue to depend on Manches-

*This is the third of a most important series of articles (the first of which appeared in the November number) on the future of our commerce with the Orient in the light of the new era which begins for Japan with the conclusion of her war with Russia. The series has been specially prepared by Mr. Harold Bolce, of the Treasury Department, Washington, from information gathered by him during a recent trip to China and Japan, taken specially for this magazine.—The Editor.

ter and Liverpool for its wares, just as we have imagined that the Far East must send to our factories for its modern merchandise.

Our sanguine assumption that Japan cannot wrest from us the markets of the Pacific would be shaken if we realized the unnatural and insecure character of much of the world's foreign trade. China with 400,000 square miles of coal fields now imports annually more than 1,000,000 tons of that fuel. Under the guidance of Japanese engineers China's vast stretches of anthracite and bitumen are to be developed. It will not be long before the Celestial Empire will mine coal either for outgoing cargoes or to operate its own factories. Next to cotton goods, America's most important export trade with China is in kerosene. It is believed that some of the provinces of China are reservoirs of petroleum. Natural gas already spouts through fifteen hundred feet of bamboo tubing at Sze-chuen, where it is used for fuel in the evaporation of salt. In the production of that commodity China has displayed an unexpected degree of mechanical up-to-date-ness; but until the Japanese demonstrated the capacity of the Oriental to compete with Western engineers in all lines of industry there was a lack of uniformity in China's progress. Now China is mobilizing its industrial forces, and it is not likely that American kerosene shipped ten thousand miles in tank cars and tank ships and sold at two shillings a gallon in the interior cities of China can continue to monopolize that trade.

But our statisticians are very careful to include kerosene in the totals of our "manufactures" sold abroad. The value of this product sold in Asia in the fiscal year ending June, 1904, was nearly 100 per cent greater than that of iron and steel manufactures, and was \$9,000,000 more than the value of our entire cotton-goods trade that year in all the Orient. In fact, throughout the world the Standard Oil Company has done more to extend our trade in "manufactures" than any other one institution in the United States. It may not, however, be a marked triumph of commercial genius to sell illuminating oil to nations that would otherwise sit in darkness. The point is that inasmuch as we transport much of our oil to lands that need but to be tapped to gush forth an abundant supply, the traffic is unnatural and unenduring. And as kerosene comprises a vast proportion of our Far Eastern commerce, of which we have said many boastful things, the mineral develop-

ment of China, under Japan's direction, and the consequent loss of our petroleum trade in Asia, would mean more than merely a \$15,000,000 red-ink entry in the Standard Oil ledger. That company could stand the loss with more unconcern than our jubilant statesmen could.

A little of the traffic of the world flows along inevitable courses; the bulk of it does not. Japan, having inaugurated the industrial transformation of the Orient with eligible millions of cheap and efficient workmen, and possessing the ships and the maritime opportunity and ambition, can readily not only divert to itself the commerce of the Pacific, but can even bring about grave economic disturbance in many nations. It has been said that you can kick a barrel of flour in Minneapolis and it will roll to New Orleans. It is another kind of law that forces millions of pounds of raw cotton from the Gulf for triangular shipment to Japan across Montana and the mountains of Idaho and via Puget Sound and the Aleutian Islands.*

JAPAN AND THE WASTE OF WORLD ENERGY

That is not gravity, but genius. And the same power can send back from Japan the laces, embroideries, knit goods, and other cotton articles we now import from Europe. When we get a clear conception of the roundabout character of most of the world's foreign trade, and the direct determination of the Japanese people, we shall be less confident of our future in the Pacific and better prepared for the international readjustments which the Orient's awakening portends. To-day a false economic law draws tons of American raw cotton halfway across Europe and up into the mountains of Switzerland. There it is manufactured, sent down to the European seaboard, and shipped back to America and sold among the people who produced the raw material, and who in the meantime have been expending their energies sending cotton garments to Asiatics 13,000 miles from our factories.

Japan's opportunity is measureless, for there is absolutely no element of security in foreign trade in general when a little frozen nation on the roof of Europe—a land whose mountains produce no coal and whose valleys no cotton, a country without a ship or a

* Ships from Seattle to Yokohama, taking the northern circle route, which is the shortest across the Pacific, pass within sight of the Aleutian chain.

seaport—exports more cotton goods to the United States by many million dollars' worth annually than we, with our great plantations of cotton, our mills, our coal mines, and our miles of seaports, ship to all the nations of Europe combined. In fact, Switzerland sends us more cotton goods than we export to all the world, exclusive of the Orient. When Japan, therefore, succeeds in forcing us out of the Asiatic field, we shall, at the present rate, import from little Switzerland a greater value of cotton articles than is wrapped up in our entire foreign trade in that commodity. No sane student of the economic transformations that have taken place in the progress of nations will believe that such a condition can be permanent. There was an age when the country that controlled the herring catch was master of the world's commerce, but when that fish, in its migrations, changed its path to the western banks of the Baltic, the traffic of a continent was disturbed!

If, in addition to the vast quantities of cotton goods we produce at home, we are to continue as an importer of \$50,000,000 worth of cotton articles from oversea nations, it is more natural that Japan should supply us, rather than Switzerland or Belgium or England, for the factories of Japan, manned by labor cheaper than Europe's and equally skillful, are just across the bay from the cotton fields of Asia. Every year the world is compelled to add a million acres to its cotton area. The future cotton plantations of China will feed the mills of the Orient. There is no enduring reason why the Alps should manufacture cotton for America. It is equally vain for North Carolina to dream of spinning cloth permanently for the inhabitants of China, which already exports raw cotton in prodigious quantities. We are very proud of our raw cotton exports to Japan. In 1904 that empire took from us cargoes of this commodity valued at 9,082,577 yen; from India it took a supply valued at 28,610,728 yen, while from China the factories of Japan secured raw cotton valued at no less than 30,678,242 yen! It is not difficult to see who is to make the cloth and the yarn for the markets of Cathay. It is possible that America will not even furnish the raw material.

Largely as the outcome of the conviction that certain nations are blessed with a monopoly of industrial genius, sixty per cent of the energy of mankind, according to an estimate recorded by John P. Young, the economist, is devoted to moving merchandise

around the planet. Much of it in raw and finished forms travels twice across wide seas and continents. In the carrying of thousands of unnecessary cargoes the whole world is wasting time and money. Eugene T. Chamberlain, United States Commissioner of Navigation, found that the international freight bill in 1902 on steamships alone amounted to \$680,000,000.

But in the search for foreign markets the world has overreached itself. Idle ships ride at anchor and rot in all the harbors of the earth. The tendency of all nations to manufacture for themselves would add enormously to the long line of unemployed vessels but for the fact that all the manufacturing countries are likewise attempting to turn out wares for the rest of the world. It is a curious complexity. If the bulk of the world's foreign trade is to consist of the staple articles now known to commerce, it would appear, as I indicated last month, that the nation that has the greatest of economic advantages—a monopoly of cheap and skillful labor—would have the right of way to any open market. And that country conspicuously is Japan.

INTRIGUE AS A COMMERCIAL FACTOR

In the past ten years more than fourteen thousand trade-marks, stolen for the most part from America and Europe, have been registered by Japanese citizens in Tokyo. In the same period patent rights in Japan have been secured giving to subjects of that empire exclusive right to manufacture about six thousand modern inventions. Many American wares advertised throughout Japan cannot now be sold there, for some Japanese has secured the legal right to the name of the goods. So the counterfeited article, bearing the American trade-mark, controls the market, and the American firm, if it attempts to sell its merchandise, can be brought before the courts and compelled to pay heavy damages. It is true that American trade-marks are stolen in several European countries; and a Chicago firm was caught making mummies for sale to antiquarians in Egypt; and in Antwerp, I think, Eugene Field found a royal bed of the sixteenth century which unwillingly bore the imprint of the company that manufactured it at Battle Creek, Mich. But no other country except Japan has built its prosperity, almost in a national way, upon business dishonor. In San Francisco I met a man who had just received a cable order

from Japan for 2,000 horses, ostensibly to be used in the war with Russia then in progress. He could find the horses, but he could not find a single exporter who would take the risk of sending the animals to the Sunrise Kingdom until the money was deposited to American credit at Yokohama.

Japanese importers do not hesitate to repudiate contracts and refuse to accept cargoes shipped to them in good faith at great expense. The goods then must be sold at auction, and the Japanese usually get them at a bargain. The case may be taken into court and judgment secured, but then the industrial guilds of the city and adjoining cities will meet, and the next day a smiling and deferential delegation will call upon the foreign plaintiff and inform him, as "an act of friendship," that if he exacts payment, according to the privileges of his decree, no native firm in Japan will thereafter give him the slightest trade. There are many indications that Japan is a nation of diplomats!

Subtle appraisers sit at the receipt of customs in Japan. This fact should be given careful study by Western nations, and particularly by America, for the Japanese are becoming entrenched upon the Asiatic mainland and will doubtless have much influence in the future tariff administration of that empire. It is not likely that alien cargoes competing with Japan's will have easy sailing hereafter into the harbors of Asia. In Japan the first importation of a commodity from a new firm in America or Europe usually enjoys an encouraging classification. I was informed, however, by American agents in the Japanese ports that the second shipment runs the risk of a higher classification, more fruitful of revenue. There are certain provisions for the registration of trade-marks in the name of a foreigner, but American firms do not as a rule care to take advantage of them, as the ownership of the wares, so far as Japan is concerned, passes to the resident thus securing the registration. If this happens to be merely an agent, it makes him the dictator of his firm's business in the Japanese Empire. When one of the members of an American firm is handling the affairs of the company in Japan the course seems clear enough until he runs into the customs system. If his wares, duly protected in the courts, promise to take precedence over Japanese goods of a similar character, the tariff suddenly goes up until it reminds him of the wall at home!

The Western nations have taken great

chances in permitting Japan to be the guardian of the Open Door.

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION OF JAPAN

In spite of the fact that Japan is expanding territorially at a rapid rate, its diplomats are strangely and busily denying it. Japan, as the record clearly shows, is acquiring every available parcel of empire in its path. Because we have not yet awakened to the danger of our exclusion from the commercial opportunities of Asia and are, therefore, not thus far making a big business success of the Philippines, timorous advocates like Edward Atkinson and the *Washington Post* favor the cession of our Oriental archipelago to our Far Eastern rival. There is probably little ground for the gloomy foreboding that the Sunrise Kingdom is planning forcibly to drape our Goddess of Liberty over there in a kimono! Congressman Hull is responsible for that alarm. It is another Iowa idea.

Japan's disavowal of that programme is doubtless genuine. But it is another thing for Japanese diplomats to claim that their country is not advancing in territorial dominion when Japan's new title to outlying islands and peninsulas gives it an area larger than that of any nation of Europe outside of the Russian Empire. Including the Pescadores, the Kuri s, and Formosa, Japan had an area of 162,153,000 square miles. Half of Sakhalin adds 14,500 square miles and Korea adds an estimated area of at least 90,000 square miles, making a total domain larger than that comprised in the Austrian-Hungarian Empire and considerably larger than the European possessions of France or Germany. It is easy for Oriental statesmanship to confuse Western minds into believing that these little-known islands and projections of Asia are inconsequent.

If we accept the assurance of the Mikado's spokesman the acquisition of Formosa was not a step in that nation's expansion. It is true that this gave Japan the camphor monopoly of the world, but that was only a balm for the wounds of the Chinese War! Long before the Treaty of Portsmouth or of Westminster, Japan had acquired political dominion over Korea. At the outset of the Russian War, a treaty was made with the Hermit Kingdom by which its emperor agreed that henceforth Japan should control the political affairs of his realm. Now England has been induced to recognize and approve

Japan's "benevolent assimilation" of Korea and has pledged itself to make war upon any nation that does not. When it is realized that Formosa is bigger than Belgium and that Korea is as large as England and Ireland combined and about six times the size of Denmark, the diplomatic disavowals of Japan's imperialism are figures of speech.

Japan starts in its new rôle as the leader of Asia with a mighty population. It is true that Sakhalin is sparsely populated. But Formosa, by the census of 1905, adds 3,000,000 people to Japan's population, and Korea over 10,500,000. The latest figures from the Sunrise Kingdom show that its home islands now have a population of 47,812,000, making a total of more than 61,000,000 inhabitants in the Japanese Empire. That is a greater number than Germany has in Europe.

The Sunrise Kingdom now owns and operates railway lines in Manchuria and has secured the right to maintain a military force there to protect its interests. Branch lines and tributary properties, including valuable coal mines, have become the property of the Japanese Government. And Japan has acquired from Russia the rights to Port Arthur and Talien and "*to adjacent territory and territorial waters.*"

AMERICA'S TARIFF MAY AID JAPAN

Even if Japan had not launched a great merchant fleet carrying cheap cargoes to the markets we hoped some day to dominate, there is at work behind our tariff wall an economic law which in time would have probably barred us from sharing in the commerce of the empires, colonies, and islands of the Orient, now beginning to install modern mechanical equipment. America's industrial plants are vast; they constitute the running gear of the Republic, and their rumble has been heard around the world. Yet the goods these huge institutions deliver bear the brand of the syndicate. Their market is a national monopoly. Prohibitive duties keep out competing goods and, in doing so, remove from the American manufacturer the necessity of introducing the latest scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions.

A significant indication that we are not keeping up to date in technical equipment is disclosed in Japan's purchases of some of the machinery for its factories. In such transactions Japan has no national prejudices. It sent its experts into all the world, and they

brought back the best models, machinery, and system to be found. For one of the Japanese electric railways, the steel rails came from Belgium, the trucks from Germany, and the carriages from the United States. The Sunrise Kingdom has adopted the Morse alphabet, but it buys its submarine cable from England. From 1894 to 1904 Japan bought from Great Britain spinning machines valued at 7,300,000 yen, while the value of such machines purchased by Japan in the United States was only 49,000 yen. In chemical industry, which is the foundation of a manufacturing nation's success, Japan went to Germany for instruction. To-day Germany supplies practically all the dyes imported into Japan. When we begin to reach out seriously for the disappearing trade of the Far East we shall find much of our merchandise outclassed, even if our manufacturing plants, to compete with Japan, managed the impossible feat of forcing the rate of union wages in America down to the schedules of the Oriental labor guilds.

Even the United States Government is discovering, as Japan is, that some of the European nations are getting ahead of us in special lines. We depend, for example, upon the parabolic mirror of the foreigner to illumine the path for our navy. It may astonish many readers to learn that we import \$200,000,000 worth more of manufactures than the value of all our strictly factory goods sold oversea. And the significant thing is that a big proportion of these foreign goods is bought by America, not because the wares are cheap, but because they are better than we can get in the home market. It has been considered unpatriotic to refer to these facts. At a moment when we are threatened with the loss of our Oriental trade and when a new power, taking without prejudice the best mechanical equipment from all manufacturing nations, has arisen to dispute our commercial advance in the whole Pacific field, it is vain and absurd to ignore our failures—boast of our outgoing cargoes of unmanufactured materials and ignore the goods we buy abroad. As a matter of official record, our sea-borne export trade in factory wares is a farce, and, in many things, we shall probably be no more ready to meet Japan commercially than Russia was in a military way. Even the Government statistician, after a day's work in compiling selected figures to suit the optimistic spirit of our people, washes his hands of the whole matter and dries them on a towel made in Germany!

CURRENT REFLECTIONS

By EDWARD S. MARTIN



NO ONE COULD ASK for a more hopeful demonstration of the recuperative powers of American morals than was afforded by the fall elections of 1905. The New York *Sun* put the case in few words when it said: "The universal rout of the bosses Tuesday was caused primarily by the universal disgust with dishonesty." That was it. The people turned on the bosses because they were tired of being robbed; tired of political ascendancy for the sake of pecuniary opportunity; tired of "honest graft," dishonest graft, and graft generally; tired of being ruled in the interest of the rulers; tired of being fooled, swindled, exploited, and led by the nose. The notable results of the election of November 7th were so many expressions of anger and disgust, not with the bosses alone, but with all scamps. The wonderful election of Jerome, the hamstringing of Charles Murphy, the overwhelming overturn in Pennsylvania, the upset of Cox in Cincinnati and the consequent election of a Democratic governor in Ohio, the frustration of Gorman in Maryland, the victories of Colby and Fagan in New Jersey, the close vote for lieutenant-governor in Massachusetts—they all meant the same thing, disgust. It was splendid! It was well done—a reviving and reassuring election, but chiefly important as a symptom of the condition of the popular mind.

THE LATE ELECTION was one of the early fruits of the remarkable campaign of education that has been raging more or less violently most of the time for the last two years. Undoubtedly the great boom years that followed McKinley's second election were demoralizing. In the great rise in railroad stocks and the watered reorganization of industrials too many people made too much

money too easily, and money and money-making came to be far too nearly the exclusive subject of American thought. Nothing seemed to be considered for a time but "millions" and how to get them. Everybody who had an opportunity bent himself to improve it, and folks who lacked a tempting opportunity searched for one. A large proportion of the population gambled in stocks. The game of trying to get something for nothing was played very hard by a great many people, with the usual result that there were some winners and a great many losers. The markets had their ups and downs. There were panics, jolts, and depressions, and rises again as the prosperity of the country triumphed over speculation. The game left many of the players sadder but wiser, and very many of the lookers-on in an acutely critical condition of mind. So many people got so conspicuously rich, so many others got so much richer than they were before, that it stirred up a natural curiosity in beholders as to the methods and processes by which all this wealth was attained. Then to a public grown inquisitive about finance came successive well-told stories of municipal and legislative corruption and the close alliance all over the country of the financiers and corporations with the political bosses and the political machines. Folk, as leader in a splendid struggle which every intelligent reader in the country followed, broke up the rotten political machine that had looted St. Louis. In that fight was shown what there was to do and what could be done to cleanse municipal governments. The cleaning up of Minneapolis followed, and following that a sputter of sporadic fights for honest city government all over the country. The newspapers and magazines—especially the magazines, and more particularly *McClure's*—made the whole process of ring rule and the alliance of political rascality with fiscal and

corporate respectability thoroughly clear to hundreds of thousands of readers. Then followed the story of the Standard Oil Company, the sensational fulminations of Lawson which reached millions of readers, and the discussion about tainted money. Coincidentally cropped up the slow-moving scandals of the life-insurance companies, which eventually, gathering irrepressible force from the jealousies of managers, crashed from the inside through a heavy shield of capitalized respectability into a series of investigations of enormous importance and value. Finally the great stronghold of licensed loot in Philadelphia capitulated to a sudden assault backed by popular wrath, and when election day came along the bosses went down like ninepins before one of those big balls that hold near the middle of the alley and catch the head pin on its side.

THERE SEEMS TO BE a healthy public displeasure with all the rotten ways of making money. *Collier's Weekly*, following up a fight in which the *Ladies' Home Journal* experienced some misadventure, is at it hammer and tongs with the patent-medicine people whose prodigious advertising habit makes the general run of newspapers wary of meddling with them. The Post Office Department, after some weeding out of its own rascals, is making a brisker effort than common to keep out of business the various swindlers who operate through the mails. Thefts of Government land have been rediscovered to be culpable, and illegal besides, and important men have been punished for committing them. The trusts are under the microscope night and day. The railroads and their rates and their private car lines and their private dealings with shippers and with legislators are receiving perhaps not more attention than usual, but a quality of attention that is much more than usually promising of beneficial results. There is going on with vigor what the *Wall Street Journal* several months ago called "a great popular movement in the direction of larger liberty, wider democracy, increased opportunities, an equal chance, a square deal, a stricter obedience to law, a more comprehensive publicity, and a higher standard of accountability on the part of the directors and trustees of the invested wealth of the country." That seems to cover most of the ground. The most hopeful sign of all is the earnestness of the disposition to win back the respectable part

of the community to respectability. If our respectable men can only be induced to stop hogging, we shall have taken a long step betterwards. Once the respectability of illegality and dishonesty is seriously impaired and men cease to be able to argue that whatever is necessary to profitable business is right, we shall have a much better chance to keep the common rascals in order.

CERTAINLY WE HAVE MADE a good beginning toward return to a better standard of behavior. How are our feet to be kept in the paths in which they seem now to have been set and on what restraints may we rely to withhold us from mischievous extremes and mistakes done in the name of reform? Publicity has been the chief instrument in calling into effectual life the revolt against graft whereof election day gave such substantial evidence. We are a nation of readers, and we voted as we did primarily because of what we had read. Speakers made speeches, there was a vast deal of ante-election work of an unusual sort, but the speakers spoke to minds already awakened, and there was yeast already in the dough that the workers kneaded. Our great press has done us a great service. It has kept us informed, set before us stories that we needed to read, brought home to us day by day and month by month the record of events and occurrences with which we needed to be conversant. The agitating penny papers, penny-dreadful and otherwise, have done a very useful work of agitation; the soberer sheets have agitated almost as hard in more conservative type, the journals of criticism have scolded to abundant purpose, and they have all printed the news. The low-priced magazines and the weeklies, some of which have come to be extremely important vehicles of political information, have swung away largely from literature and into reform politics, and have helped enormously to awaken the popular mind. Can we count now on having wise direction from the same sources from which has come so much useful agitation?

A THOUGHTFUL OBSERVER of the American people who likes British standards in some things, and feeds his mind chiefly on English books and the British reviews as being the best worth reading, said the other day that in public questions involving morals our people could be trusted in the end to make a wise decision. They knew right from wrong when

they finally got hold of the facts, and were sure to prefer what was right. But in questions partly technical, involving study, knowledge, and painstaking thought, he was much less confident of their reaching wise decisions. There was a lack, he thought, of political teachers qualified to thrash such questions out, or else it was that the popular head was not hard enough to follow argument in such concerns and choose the stronger case. More or less in line with his observation is the complaint that our people are content to read very poor books. The *Independent* puts this complaint into quotable words when it says: "No other people in the world, boasting of its intelligence, has so small a percentage of readers of serious books [as ours]. . . . The reading of one-half of the American population consists of ephemeral novels and newspapers. The reading of the other half consists of the nickel magazines and 'scare heads.'" In evidence of the truth of this assertion it quotes New York publishers as declaring that there is almost no market in this country for any volume of a genuinely scholarly or scientific quality, and that, although the country contains 20,000 somewhat pretentious public libraries (not counting the little ones), from 250 to 300 copies of any new high-grade book ordinarily suffices for them all. Books that are some trouble to read are not read. An echo to the same effect comes from an American Rhodes scholar at Oxford, who writes home that the English students at Oxford are much better read in history, literature, and politics than the American students; that the English youths seem to have read real books at home, but the American youths give no evidence of having formed such a habit. The English Oxford students who had read books were mainly sons of well-to-do families, scions of the leisure class. Does our leisure class read good books? A master in an American private school says: "The modern rich boys don't have time to read. I remember when a lucky boy had either a horse or a sailboat to play with. Such boys now have a horse *and* a sailboat *and* an automobile. They don't have time to read books." The case is much the same with the elders in the same group. Their lives are too distracted to read books that are worth reading. And in one way or another the minds of all the rest of us seem to be distracted too, for we read the newspapers and some of the magazines and more or less novels

and very little else. To be sure, as I have said, what we do read we read at times to exceedingly good purpose. We can be stirred and we can act, but steadiness of purpose and permanent standards of expectation and of behavior require a stronger and deeper basis of thought and opinion than the stuff the contemporary American habitually feeds his mind on. If we were better readers than we are—better fed mentally—the prospects of a political millennium would seem surer than they are, and if we said our prayers better and more generally, and provided our souls with a little more substantial nourishment, that too would greatly help our prospects. The average contemporary American soul gets a pretty thin and irregular diet nowadays, and yet the roots of most of the decent conduct that we know most about have been in religion.

THE NEWS THAT Charles Dana Gibson has gone abroad to study painting has interested the American public a good deal, and been a subject of widespread comment in the newspapers. The points about Mr. Gibson's departure that have been most emphasized have been that in detaching himself to some extent from black-and-white drawings he has turned his back on the Gibson girl, and on an assured income of \$65,000 a year. As for the Gibson girl, she is only one star in the Gibson constellation; the brightest star no doubt, but one of many. He has studied and drawn contemporary human life for twenty years, and the small collection of his drawings that was shown in November at the American Art Galleries was big enough to indicate the variety of his subjects and the pains and skill with which he has treated them. As for letting go of a large income handsomely earned—what is the use of earning a large income if one can never let go of it? What better thing can money buy than the liberty to work in whatever way or field seems best adapted to develop the best that one has in him? Gibson's talent is so admirable and so very remarkable, and the uses he has put it to already have so greatly rejoiced and benefited his contemporaries that his resolve to have a try at being a painter is something that deserves all the sympathy that it can get. It is truly an exhilarating spectacle to see a man in the prime of great powers, achieve a noble discontent with a great success in hand, and press on, at some risk, to win a bigger one in a greater field.

THE WORLD FOR A MONTH

OCTOBER 30th will be memorable in history, for on that day Nicholas II, Czar of Russia, abandoned autocracy and gave his people civic liberty. By a manifesto which the Czar communicated through Count Witte, the new Premier, the people, so long under despotic rule, are to enjoy the inviolability of the person, freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, and freedom of union and association, the inviolability of domicile, and the right of habeas corpus. The National Duma (Assembly) is to pass on all laws, all repressive laws are gradually to be abolished, and the right to vote is extended to all classes. Also, greatest of all boons, a constitution is to be drafted by the Duma. For weeks a widespread strike preceded this act, which is attributed to the pressure the strikers brought to bear on the Russian Government. Immense congregations on the following day gave thanks in the churches for the promise of liberty.

SIR HENRY IRVING, the distinguished actor-manager, died suddenly on the night of October 14th, at Bradford, England, where he had been playing in repertory. His ashes were put in Westminster Abbey.

GREAT BITTERNESS was aroused in Germany against England recently after the *Paris Matin* and *Figaro* gave full airing to the fact, hidden at first, that Great Britain would aid France in case Germany attacked her as a result of the Moroccan crisis. The effect of Britain's promise to France was to check the Kaiser's aggressive policy, but anti-British hostility keeps on increasing.

SOME FURTHER TESTIMONY in the insurance inquiry before the Armstrong Committee disclosed a beautiful piety in President Richard A. McCurdy, of the Mutual Life (salary, \$150,000 per annum). Dividends fell off while his salary kept increasing, because the great object of insurance was not to give men money in their lifetime which they might

spend for cigars, he believes, but in the missionary spirit to pay them after they are dead. "The life-insurance company," he said, "is an eleemosynary institution."

In support of that theory testimony showed that the Mutual maintained at Albany out of the company's "legal expenses" a house in which insurance committee members of the New York Legislature enjoyed without cost Mutual hospitality. Senator McClelland, of Westchester, it appeared, not only dwelt in this "house of mirth," but drew \$8,947.32 in a year and a quarter for "legal services." Several State Superintendents of Insurance, it came out, were either employed or pensioned by the Mutual after their retirement from office, and one of them drew an annual "retainer" until his death.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S tour through the South, begun on October 18th, was so brilliant a success that it has been designated "the winning of the South." The President in going South had as his ostensible object to visit New Orleans and thereby put a stop to the blind panic on the subject of yellow fever. No President had ever received such a reception as did Mr. Roosevelt at Richmond. The first part of his journey seemed sentimental rather than practical. In his speeches made in Virginia he felicitated the South on national reunion and congratulated it on its venerable virtues. By the time he reached North Carolina, however, he had become certain of his welcome and fell to inculcating his railway rate propaganda. He told the South that he did not believe in government ownership, but that he did firmly believe in the exercise of governmental supervision and regulation of roads to insure fairness and justice toward all the public. And his demand for railroad supervision, he pointed out, was only a part of his programme for the control of large corporations. This campaign of the President's was a direct appeal to the nation for its support when Congress comes to act upon these measures.

THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

"It is one of the strangest and silliest notions ever developed by man," says Gilbert K. Chesterton, "that fiction is a light matter, a thing less ambitious than the chronicles of knowledge. . . . Fiction attempts in the full sense of the terrible words to give a picture of life."

In the full sense of the terrible words Edith Wharton has given us a picture of life in *THE HOUSE OF MIRTH* (Scribner) that marks an epoch in Mrs. Wharton's development as well as in our literary annals. So long as America can produce a book like that, we need enter upon the new year with no misgivings. Mrs. Wharton's work is a satire upon that class of New York society whose doings are most often recorded in the newspapers. Her keen humor lays bare the pathos of that existence. Lily Bart, the heroine, born to that class and dowered with all the so-called social gifts, including beauty, lacks the one great requisite, money—which proves her undoing. It may be that at times the reader will cease to see in Lily a reality and behold moving through the pages only a symbol, an idea. But is there not a certain unreality in the life Lily belonged to? In Mrs. Wharton's words: "All the men and women she knew were like atoms whirling away from each other in some wild centrifugal dance." And that *danse macabre* Mrs. Wharton has described with admirable vividness and with magnificent skill in what is indubitably the American novel of the year.

And speaking of social satire, one comes to Bernard Shaw's *THE IRRATIONAL KNOT* (Brentano), written when Mr. Shaw was only twenty-four and never before published in book form. The aim of the book is to show marriage a failure. Even though the heroine is a lady and the hero a realistic electrician, their marriage is still a failure. The irrational Shaw! All he proves is that he, too, in his youth wrote poor stuff, and that if it were not for the boom America has so strangely given him, he would not now be resuscitating it. The preface, however, written last June, is worth the price of admission.

But Anthony Hope's *A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC* (Stokes) is not. He attempts to describe the life of a charming popular actress, her relaxed code of ethics, her tendency to the line of least resistance, and so on. Ashley Mead, the hero, gave up prospects ever so brilliant for Ora Pinsent, who in the end married her manager. It is a story, doubtless, but where is the old Anthony Hope, who wrote of Peggy and her intrusions, and of Quisante? Can it be that the slough of dullness has engulfed even the author of the "Dolly Dialogues"?

But to return to America, there is a totally different work, *JULES OF THE GREAT HEART* (Century), the maiden effort of Lawrence Mott, a young man who is going to do things. Jules Verbaux, a sort of *coureur de bois*, who steals the fur from the trappers of the Hudson Bay Company, is constantly returning good for evil to the Indians and half-breeds who pursue him. One expects certain crudities of execution from so young an author, but the book is instinct with life, and even though Mr. Mott were illiterate he would still be a good story-teller, for he has the rare gift of narrative.

Two recent books of short stories show that the vogue Kipling gave to the short story is not yet dead. The most notable of the three is James Huneker's *VISIONARIES* (Scribner), which the author describes as "occult and pagan, mystical and Gothic"—Gothic in the eighteenth-century sense. Mr. Huneker aims always to catch a psychological moment on the wing, and his themes frequently suggest Poe, Droz, Baudelaire, and, at times, Maupassant. Fantastic studies these of musical mysticism, of anarchy, of the artistic temperament, full of nuance and light and shade. The characters are ideas rather than beings, but there is a dazzling brilliancy of language and erudition that covers their nakedness and makes the book strangely fascinating. Elliott Flower's *THE BEST POLICY* (Bobbs-Merrill) is at the opposite pole. The life-insurance stories in this book are full of shrewdness and common sense of the "Gorgon" Graham order.

WITH THE PUBLISHERS

SIX MONTHS ago we asked the readers of this magazine to tell us what they thought of it—what they liked in it, what they did not like, and what they wanted added. We frankly acknowledged that no one editor could make a magazine to-day. We stated honestly that nobody could in these times make a great periodical without the assistance of its readers. Then we asked you again, as a reader, to write us as frankly and give us advice, criticism, help.

THE RESULT has been more than interesting. More than eight thousand letters have been received in this office about the magazine. It did not seem possible that so many people would really take the time, the trouble, to sit down and actually write a straightforward letter of advice. Almost every note had some bit of meat that was really worth while. Every single one was serious. Every one was friendly. Many—a great many—criticised the magazine unfavorably, but the most sensitive, cautious publisher could find nothing in his heart but honest pleasure in what was said.

WE HAVE PROFITED by those letters at once. We are going to make an American magazine that shall be sound, honest, and interesting for American readers; a magazine to go into American homes. Of course there are and there will be mistakes; but after all the man who is afraid to make a mistake will never make anything else in this world.

WITH THIS NUMBER of APPLETON'S BOOK-LOVERS MAGAZINE we begin a series of articles on Alaska that are full of the real West and Northwest. Every citizen of Alaska and the Northwest should read them all. They will run for five months, telling a story of the growth of a great community—not a cheap attack on individuals. That would be foolish journalism and bad literature, and besides that part is ancient history. But the people of our country do not know the truth of the

beginnings of the new Alaska, and they do not realize that such history can occur in this twentieth century. The trouble with our people is that each man working so hard for himself forgets what he owes to his country and his community until now and then, in such an episode as this, he wakes up suddenly to find that his rights as a citizen have been tampered with by a group of individuals. He needs to be waked to this situation so that it may never happen again. If you will read these papers—all five of them—you will see why everyone should study and know such a history. It is a blot on our escutcheon and it should never be repeated.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, the great author of "Ben Hur," the general, the diplomat, who died only a short time ago, left in the care of his friend, General James Grant Wilson, the story of his conduct at the Battle of Shiloh. For nearly half a century his name was under a cloud on account of charges against him for his conduct on that famous day. He defended himself at the time. He took his stand in after years, maintaining the integrity of his actions; but he left with General Wilson a long letter to be published after his death, telling the whole story of his doings and his actions on that fateful day. This now comes to light.

THE FICTION in the coming numbers will constantly improve. Mrs. Lane, the author of "Nancy Stair," perhaps the novel which has attracted the widest attention in this country for two years, has written for APPLETON's a two-part story which begins in this issue. In February and March we shall publish short stories by Mrs. Edith Wharton and Sir Gilbert Parker.

AGAIN, IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER we shall publish a collection of most remarkable Russian paintings in full color. These pictures show the life, the customs, and some of the strange, dreadful traditions of the

Russian people. Later, in another number, there will be reproductions in full color of selections from the famous Evans collection of paintings.

THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY of Benjamin Franklin's birth, to be celebrated on January 17th, makes timely an article on "Franklin and the French Intriguers," by Mary C. Crawford. This paper throws an interesting light upon the ripest and most interesting phase of Franklin's career, when all the experience which had accrued to him up from the period when he was in reality "Poor Richard" easily made him *par excellence* the shrewd and accomplished diplomat so much needed at that time by our new-born Republic.

AN ARTICLE of considerable interest will be that by Glen Brown, upon "The Relations of the Federal Government to Art." Mr. Brown's position as Secretary of the American Institute of Architects has brought before his notice a very widespread interest in art matters throughout our country, and a desire for better public art. As Mr. Brown points out, our public art and architecture belong to two distinct periods—the period which began in the early days of the Republic, and the period of decline which began in 1850. It is the belief of Mr. Brown and others that we find the beginning of a new period at the present day, in which a return is being made to the correct canons of taste of earlier days.

THE CONCLUDING ARTICLE on Japan, "Our New Rival in the East," by Harold Bolce, will round out the view of the remarkable situation which confronts our commerce in the Orient, where we had fondly dreamed the great outlet, not only for our Pacific coast development, but also for the manufacturing industries of our whole country, was inevitably to be.

THE SHORT FICTION for February will include an East Indian racing story by W. A. Fraser, the only writer worthy to be classed with Kipling in his portrayals of Indian life. This is a story of a rajah, two race horses, and an army officer who were all mixed up by a baboo. A young writer who has recently come into prominence by her remarkably picturesque tales of the Pennsylvania Dutch localities contributes a charming little love story entitled "In Defiance of the Occult." Edith Rickert draws an amusing picture in

fiction, founded upon fact, or at least upon tradition, of Barney of Bruges, an Irish adventurer who, over a century ago, startled the quiet city of Bruges in many ways, and finally married out of hand the city's most reluctant and somewhat mature maiden. Frederick Walworth Brown writes for the number a thrilling story of Philippine waters, the characters of which remind us of some of the human timber with which Stevenson constructed some of his South Sea tales. The plot is woven around a pearl looted from the fisheries of the Sultan of Sulu. A vivid picture of social conditions in the extreme Northwest is given in a story by Ada Woodruff Anderson, entitled "The Prince of Sixteen Below." As fiction alone this story is extremely interesting. But it also shows very clearly the conditions that arise in the development of a raw country, and how one of these was met by a young hospital nurse who had started West to the Philippines, but was stranded in Seattle.

ONE OF THE MOST timely features of the February number of APPLETON'S will be an exhaustive article on the two Territories of the Southwest—New Mexico and Arizona—by Alfred Henry Lewis. In January Congress is likely to be stirred by the discussion of the new Statehood bill which is to bring up the question of admitting these two Territories, as well as Oklahoma and Indian Territory, to Statehood. New Mexico and Arizona have been a veritable battlefield since America was first settled, and the growth of these strange lands—now part of our country—made up of Mexicans, Americans, ranchmen, desperadoes, railroad syndicates, mining sharps, each and all with their historic and contemporary claims, makes a fitting subject for Mr. Lewis's pen.

INDEED, this APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, planned now carefully in advance, will jump forward in human interest from month to month. The results even now are extraordinary. Of the Christmas number we were obliged to go to the labor of printing three separate extra editions besides the original edition. It was some trouble and some expense. But that is the kind of trouble and expense we like, because we cannot help being pleased when the public shows in such an unmistakable way that it approves and wants to read more and more each month the periodical that we are making.



EMILY POST
Author of "Purple and Fine Linen."

APPLETON'S BOOK GOSSIP

THE idea that a man must be a big man in order to be an author is borne out by the fact that Lloyd Osbourne has just joined the Aero Club of America in order to gain by the contact with men of big enthusiasms and big ideas. The Aero Club has just been started on the theory that the preliminary work in regard to flying machines is finished, and that now there will be improvements and real developments. Mr. Osbourne is an ardent automobilist but he says that he does not think that he will make many ascents. It is to be inferred that he will be content with the contact with his fellow-members in the Aero Club when they come down. Mr. Osbourne has already written a delightfully humorous novel in regard to automobiles, "Baby Bullet," but D. Appleton & Company, his publishers, say that he is not yet enough of an aereophile to produce an equally good book on flying machines.

ANOTHER example of a big man with a big purpose is Robert W. Chambers, whose books of all kinds are also published by the Appletons. Mr. Chambers's latest novel is "The Reckoning," the fourth book, chronologically, in a series dealing with early American history which has cost him much consistent study and thought. That Mr. Chambers is also a keen observer of modern tendencies and events is proved by his humorous novel "Iole," which pokes fun at the poses of the "Art Nouveau" faddists. Still a third side of a big thoughtful nature is revealed by his series of children's books, the latest of which is "Forest-land." They are all instructive as well as amusing, but the manner in which the pill of erudition is coated with the sugar of entertainment shows what a sympathetic insight Mr. Chambers has into juvenile psychology.

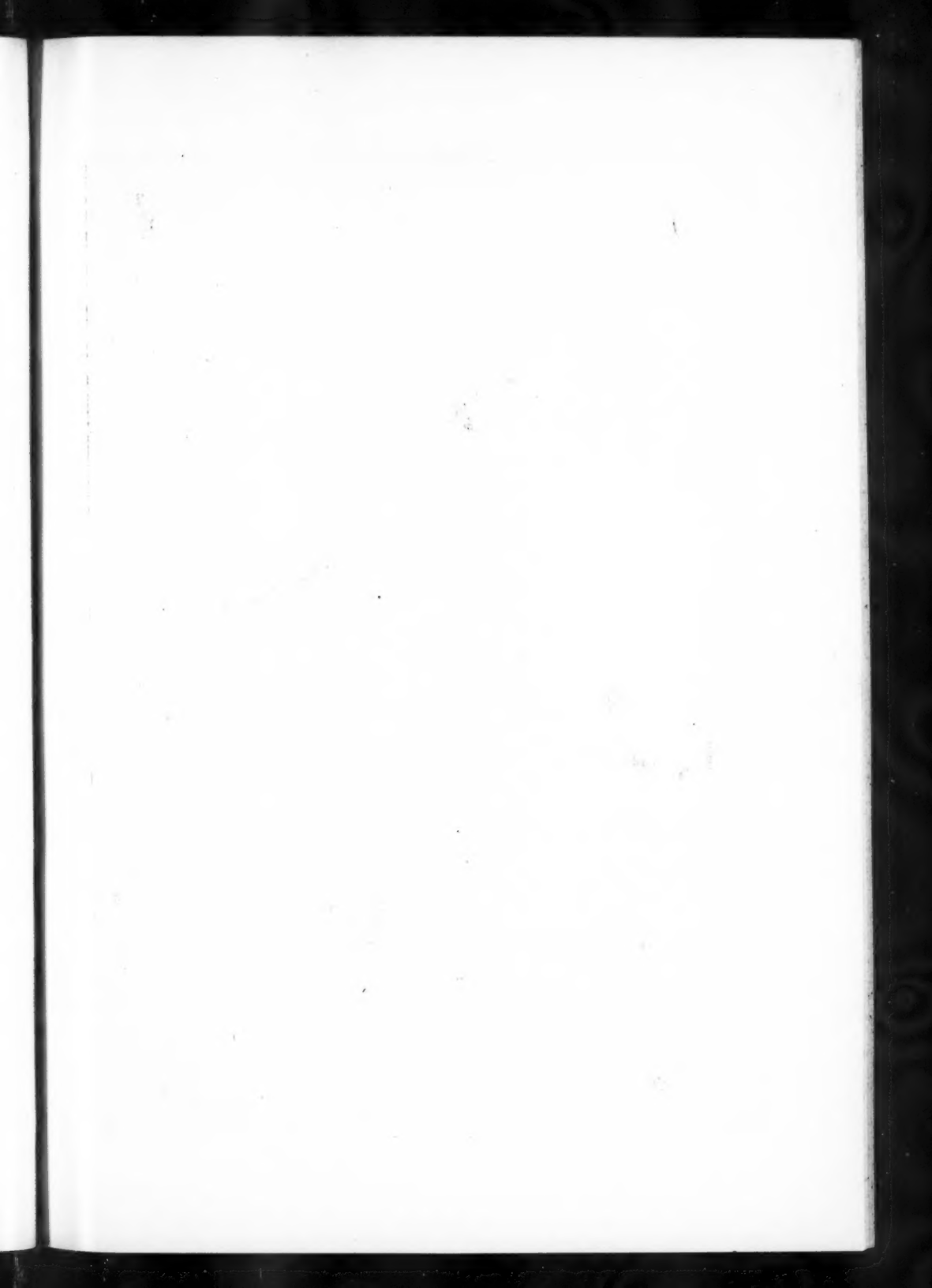
MRS. EMILY POST, the author of "Purple and Fine Linen," whose picture appears on the opposite page, has chosen a big subject

to treat in her society novel. Her theme is that love is the greater part of a woman's life, and though it be the lesser interest in a man's there comes a time when he realizes that it is all in all to him too. Mrs. Post has drawn a skillful picture of a *mariage de convenance*, and in the ensuing story she proves her point. Unlike most novelists, who begin with love and end with a wedding, Mrs. Post begins with a wedding and ends with love.

A FOURTH writer on the Appleton list who is "big" in every sense of the modernized word is Senator Albert J. Beveridge. It is seldom or never that publishers bring out a book because there is a large public clamoring for it, but that was the case with "The Young Man and the World," by Senator Beveridge.

"I have read with the deepest interest some of Senator Beveridge's articles on the young man as they appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and wished that they might be put into more permanent shape, and might go before a still larger audience."

The above is a quotation from one of the hundreds of letters requesting that Senator Beveridge's articles might be preserved in book form, pamphlet form, any form in which they would be available for future generations. These letters induced D. Appleton & Company to publish the book. The letters were not only from young men and young women, fathers and mothers, all over the country, but from many senators and representatives, and men prominent in art, literature, and politics. Representative Champ Clark, Speaker Cannon, Alfred Henry Lewis, Albert Shaw, William P. Frye, president *pro tempore* of the United States Senate, and David Warfield have all expressed their appreciation of the book. The numbers of the periodical in which it appeared in serial form were even inclosed as precious relics in the corner stone of a church, and Senator Beveridge notified by the church corner stone committee of the honor that had been done him.





"You drive me daft with your way of telling."

—*"All for the Love of a Lady,"* page 213.